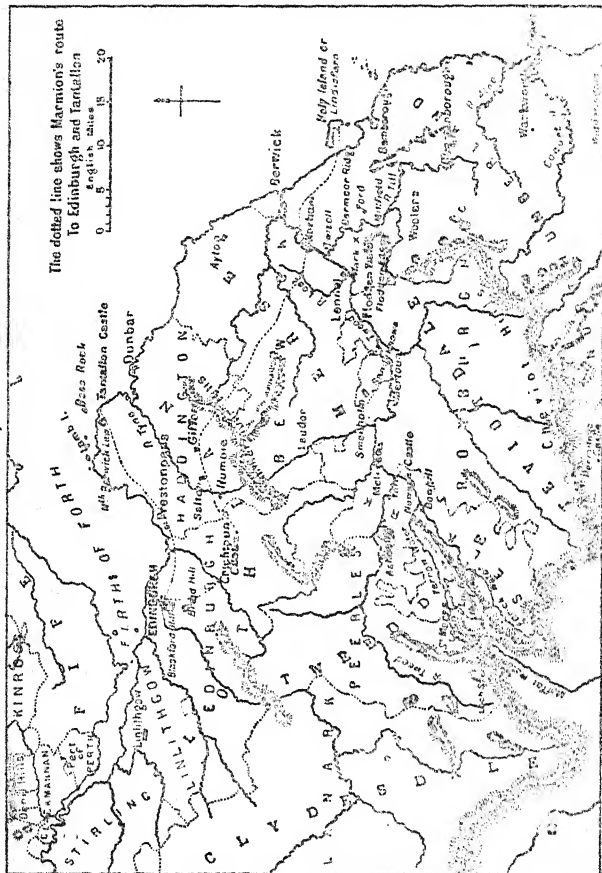


The dotted line shows Marmion's route  
To Edinburgh and Tantallon



ENGLISH SCHOOL-CLASSICS

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# SCOTT'S POEMS

## Marmion

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY

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Part I

CANTO I

RIVINGTONS

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN this edition of *Marmion* I have endeavoured to illustrate Scott by himself

- (1) By extracts from and references to his novels and poems, some of which (*e.g. Ivanhoe*) most boys will have read before they begin *Marmion*
- (ii) By extracts from his other works, illustrative of Scottish history and the days of chivalry, *e.g.* from the *Tales of a Grandfather*, the *Border Minstrelsy* and the notes to it, the *Essay on Chivalry*, &c

In this way I hope both to make *Marmion* itself more interesting to young readers, and to induce them to read more of Scott afterwards

I have tried to make the course of the story clear and I have not shrunk from explaining many words and phrases, which to an older reader seem plain enough, but which (from my experience as a teacher) I believe boys who are beginning to read poetry, find difficult and confusing. If I have been profuse in illustrations from old Scottish history and tradition, and from legendary history generally, I may plead in excuse that this is only following

the example Scott himself has set in his notes I should like to mention that often, when I wished to use an extract, I have been unable to quote it without alteration, as many hard words needed simplifying, but in all cases (I believe) I have indicated at the foot of the note the source from which it is drawn. I have not, however, thought this necessary where I have drawn from dictionaries and books of reference like those of Skeat, Nares, Jamieson, &c &c. The glossary is practically taken entirely from the invaluable work of Prof. Skeat. The many references, without quotation, in the notes may not be much used by boys generally, but they will be exceedingly useful to the teacher. In a quotation from an early English writer I have sometimes ventured to modernize the spelling, to make the meaning clear to beginners.

I ought perhaps to say, that in the general introduction, as in the notes to the cantos, I have tried as far as possible to write only what could be understood by young boys, but that I have not concerned myself about this in the notes to the introductory epistles, which should be read apart from the rest of the poem, and seemed to require a somewhat different treatment. Some of the extracts from Lockhart, given in illustration of these epistles, may, however, be of interest to the youngest reader.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. P. Z. Round, B.A., of the New Shakspere Society, for valuable suggestions with reference to some disputed etymologies, and especially for the revision of the proofs of the whole of the Glossary.

## INTRODUCTION

*DATE of Marmion*—*Marmion* was begun in November, 1806 (when the author, Walter Scott, was thirty-five years old), and finished by the beginning of 1808. It was not the first of Scott's great poems for in 1805 he had published the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and had with one bound placed himself among the chief poets of the age. But this, as Scott himself tells us, made him the more anxious to make his next poem a success. Accordingly, to quote his own words, "particular passages" of *Marmion* were "laboured with a good deal of care, by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed." But he tells us something more. "Whether" (he continues) "the work was worth the labour or not, I am no competent judge, but I may be permitted to say, that the period of its composition was a very happy one in my life, so much so that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed." The poet, then, strove to give us his best: the work was a labour of love to him. Add to this that the subject, as we shall see, was just suited to his genius, and we shall not be surprised that *Marmion* is a masterpiece, and the greatest of Scott's poems.

*Title of Marmion*—If we want to understand and enjoy any poem fully, we must try to discover what the author's idea was, what objects he set before himself in

writing it. Now the full title of this poem is *Marmion · A Tale of Flodden Field*, and Scott tells us in the advertisement to the first edition (see p 22) that it is a *Romance*, and that he is tying in it to "paint the manners of the feudal times," *i.e.* of the days of chivalry.

*Marmion a Romance*—We ought then first to understand clearly what Scott means by a romance.

In the days when Norman and Plantagenet kings ruled England (*i.e.* in feudal times, or, as they are sometimes called, the Middle Ages), and when all through Western Europe the mail-clad knights held sway over the common people by their strength and prowess in war—in those days grew up *the romance of chivalry*. Those were times of much fighting and little knowledge, and so minstrels sang strange tales of knightly adventure, tales full of wonder and of war.<sup>1</sup> The knight of course had his encounters with earthly foes, but he had more to fear than these. For in the Middle Ages men believed in spirits, good and evil, and in enchanter who had dealings with these spirits, and so the knight had to be prepared for the dreadful struggle with these wizards and their ghostly allies. And while he encountered all these dangers, spurred on by his

"Valour high,  
And the proud glow of Chivalry,  
That burn'd to do and dare,"<sup>2</sup>

he was supported also by "Love's keen wish;" for the dangers he sought were often met by command of his lady-love, and her hand was the reward of his success.

*Marmion* then being a romance, we shall expect to find the principal character or *hero*, as Scott calls him,<sup>3</sup> Lord Marmion, meeting with many warlike adventures, and distinguishing himself in the day of battle. We shall expect too to hear strange tales of ghosts and

<sup>1</sup> Introd. Ep VI 135

<sup>2</sup> See Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*, III vii

<sup>3</sup> See Advert. p 22

wizards, such as the host's tale of Lord Gifford, and of the fight between Alexander III and the ghostly knight,<sup>1</sup> and Sir David Lindsay's tale of the ghostly warning given to James IV,<sup>2</sup> and we shall not be surprised at the phantom summoners of Edinburgh Cross,<sup>3</sup> or at Marmion's riding out to the Pictish camp in the hope of challenging a spirit to combat.<sup>4</sup> Again, there will naturally be in the romance a love story, though in this poem it is not Marmion himself, but De Wilton, his rival, who is beloved by Clare, the heroine.

Lastly, it may be noticed that Scott follows the example of the old minstrels in the number and extent of his *descriptions*. The old romances were full of long accounts of tournaments, &c. the singer was always pausing in his story to paint in glowing colours the scenes, amid which his characters were moving and in the same way Scott gives us in *Marmion* a series of pictures of life in the days of chivalry. The very names of the six cantos into which the poem is divided—the Castle, the Convent, the Inn, the Camp, the Court, and the Battle—these very names show how completely Scott discovers to us in *Marmion* the past which he knew so well.

As regards the details of the story, the reader is referred to the notes, where an attempt has been made to trace the plot carefully, and to point out the skill with which the tale is told by the poet—who was in a few years (we must remember) to become the greatest of English storytellers—the author of the Waverley novels.

*Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field*—But Scott is not writing merely the adventures of Marmion—he calls his poem also *A Tale of Flodden Field*. Indeed, he is hardly likely to have put the date of his story so late—

<sup>1</sup> III xix-xxv

<sup>2</sup> IV xv-xvii

<sup>3</sup> V. xlv-xlvi

<sup>4</sup> III xxviii-xxx, IV xix-xxi

the events in it are supposed to happen between August and September, 1513, a time when the days of chivalry were fast passing away—he would, we may imagine, have chosen a period nearer the golden age of knighthood, the days of Cressy and Poitiers, but for his wish to tell the tale of Flodden, that “fatal field” which left such a dreadful mark on his country’s history,

“Where shiver’d was fair Scotland’s spear,  
And broken was her shield”<sup>1</sup>

*England and Scotland, 1500-13*—To understand the poem, we ought then to know clearly what was happening in England and Scotland during the years immediately before 1513

In Scotland, James IV, a young, able, warlike, and chivalrous prince, had been ruling for some years<sup>2</sup> Down to 1509 he had had to deal with Henry VII. of England, a man cautious and crafty, who had come to the throne at the close of a long civil war—the Wars of the Roses—who was most anxious for peace in order to crush the English nobility, and who was in serious danger from the Yorkists and the Yorkist pretenders, Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck Had he lived as long as James IV, very likely there would never have been anything like Flodden Field It is true James took up the cause of Perkin Warbeck, and made war on England in his behalf but Henry succeeded in winning Scotland over to his alliance, gave James his daughter Margaret in marriage, and showed himself most conciliatory and anxious for peace in all the petty disputes that arose between the two countries. When, however, Henry VIII succeeded his father in 1509, things changed rapidly for the worse between England and Scotland A young, ambitious, and warlike prince was not likely to be careful to avoid

<sup>1</sup> VI xxxiv 1065-6.

<sup>2</sup> Since 1488, when he became king at the age of fifteen

giving offence to James, as the cautious Henry VII had been. On the contrary, he was likely on his own part to resent highly even the slightest aggression on the part of Scotland. His feeling therefore speedily arose between the two kings, and when Henry joined the Holy League against France, James was easily persuaded to make war on England. We need not here give any account of the Holy League. Ours

“Is a tale of Flodden Field,  
And not a history”<sup>1</sup>

It is enough to remember that, when Henry invaded France, James determined to take advantage of his absence to invade his dominions. Besides the grievances he had against Henry,<sup>2</sup> his chivalrous nature was worked upon by the French queen, who called on him as her knight.

“For her to break a lance,  
And bid the banners of his band  
In English breezes dance”<sup>3</sup>

He sent a herald with a message of defiance to Henry, who was then besieging Terouenne, and, without waiting for an answer, invaded England. He found that country defended by the Earl of Surrey, and ere the herald returned, Flodden had been fought, and James and a multitude of the Scottish nobility slain. Full particulars of the battle, of the campaign, and of the causes of dispute between the two countries will be found in the notes.

*The Metre of Marmion*—When a poet has chosen a subject, he has next to choose his metre. Poetry differs from prose, in that the syllables with accents and without follow one another in poetry according to a certain law. The poet may choose what arrangement he likes—in other words, what *metre* or *measure* he pleases, but when

<sup>1</sup> V. xxxiv. 1013-4    <sup>2</sup> See V. xliii. 380-3 and note, etc.    <sup>3</sup> V. x. 272-6

he has once chosen it, he must obey the rules he has laid down for himself. For example, he may take a metre in which as a rule there are two unaccented syllables for one accented (or, in other words, two *short* syllables for one *long* one), as in the ballad of *Lochinvar*<sup>1</sup>—

"O, yóung | Lochinvár | is come óút | of the wést,  
Through áll | the wíde Bōr | dēr hīs stēd | wās the bēst ;" &c.

Or again, he may take a metre in which the accented and unaccented syllables come *alternately*, this being the metre of *Marmion*—the unaccented syllable in this poem going before the accented<sup>2</sup> one—*e.g.* in Marmion's defiance of Douglas—

"And íf | thou saídst | I ám | not péer |  
Tō ān | ý lōrd | ín Scōt | lānd hēre,  
Lówland | or Hígh | land fár, | or néar, |  
Lord Án | gus, thóu | hast líed !" | <sup>3</sup>

Each of the divisions marked off above is called a *foot*, and the poet may vary his metre by taking more or less of these feet, thus making the line longer or shorter. Now in selecting his metre, and in using it, he will consider what suits his subject best. Pope has told us, in lines that cannot be quoted too often, that

"The sound should be an echo to the sense.  
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar ;  
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line too labours, and the words move slow ;  
Not so when swift Camilla scours 'he plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> V. xii.

<sup>2</sup> N.B.—There are exceptions to this rule. Occasionally we find the accented syllable going before the unaccented, especially at the beginning of a line; *e.g.* in the third line of the above extract. ("Lówland, etc.")

<sup>3</sup> VI. xiv. 425-8.

<sup>4</sup> *Essay on Criticism*, l. 365-73.

For the success of a poem, therefore, much depends on the metre chosen, and the skilful use and variation of it. Now the metre Scott adopts in *Marmion* is, as he tells us, the eight-syllabled line, "which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the *Romantic stanza*, by way of distinction"<sup>1</sup> (See the first three lines of Marmion's defiance, given above) But to prevent monotony he varies the metre; and the most frequent variation is the use of a short line of three feet (or six syllables), instead of one of four feet (or eight syllables), *e.g.* in the fourth line of the passage just referred to—

"Lord Án | gus, thóu | hast líéd!"

This example shows well the value of the short line to Scott. It makes Marmion's defiance ring like a pistol shot in our ears. Take as another example, showing the advantage of the occasional short line, the description of Eustace's leaving Clara—

"Then Eustace mounted too yet staid  
As loath to leave the helpless maid,  
    *When, fast as shaft can fly,*  
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,  
    *Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by,*  
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
A look and sign to Clara cast  
To mark he would return in haste,  
    *Then plunged into the fight!"*<sup>2</sup>

Generally speaking it may be said that the short line occurs rarely, if at all, in the tamer parts of the poem—*e.g.* in the description of the Abbess<sup>3</sup> and of Lord Gifford<sup>4</sup>—but that when the story takes fire, so to speak—*e.g.* in Marmion's account of his ghostly encounter,<sup>5</sup> or the battle

<sup>1</sup> Intro to *Lay*, 1830

<sup>2</sup> VI xxvii 833-43

<sup>3</sup> II iii iv.

<sup>4</sup> III xx xxi

<sup>5</sup> IV xx xxi

scene at Flodden <sup>1</sup>—then the short line occurs often, and with the finest effect

Further variations of course occur. Rapidity of action is expressed by the insertion of extra unaccented syllables, *e.g.* (of a border raid by moss-troopers)—

“Have drúnk | the mónks | *of St Bóth* | an’s ále, |  
And dríven | the beéves | of Láu | derdále,” | etc <sup>2</sup>

Or again, the line is made more impressive by leaving out an unaccented syllable, while keeping the number of the accented syllables the same, *e.g.* in the Abbot’s sentence on Constance—

“Sís | ter, lét | thy sór | rows céase; |  
Sín | ful bró | ther, párt | in peáce.” | <sup>3</sup>

where the short syllable at the beginning is omitted

Further remarks on the variation of the metre—*e.g.* on the ballad-like opening of Sir David Lindsay’s tale<sup>4</sup>—will be found in the notes

*Marmion a Great Poem, and Why*—When we pass from the consideration of the story of Marmion, the metre, etc., to the criticism of the poem, as a poem—that is, when we try to estimate its poetic merits and defects—we are met with the following difficulty. To criticise a poem, or even to get much good from reading criticism by others, we require to have read a good deal of poetry for we cannot see the peculiar merit of one poem except by comparing it with others. But the readers of *Marmion* for whom this book is intended, will probably have read no poems of considerable length except Scott’s—possibly not even these. In this case, all that can be done for them is to direct them, as they read, to the beauties of the poem, and this has been attempted in the notes. They will have gained much, very much, if they learn to enjoy *Marmion* they must

<sup>1</sup> VI 225 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> I XIX 306 g

<sup>3</sup> II XXXII 600-1

<sup>4</sup> IV xv

not expect to be able to say, as yet, *why* they enjoy it. In other words, they may appreciate the poem, they can hardly hope to be able to criticise it. This much, at all events, may be told them. In *Marmion* they are reading the highest work Scott did as a poet. "Judge Scott's poetry," it has been said, "by whatever test you will—whether it be a test of that which is peculiar to it, *its glow of national feeling, its martial ardour, its swift and rugged simplicity*, or whether it be a test of that which is common to it with most other poetry, its attraction for all romantic excitements, its special feeling for the pomp and circumstance of war, its love of light and colour—tested either way, *Marmion* will remain his finest poem. The battle of Flodden Field touches his highest point in *its expression of stern patriotic feeling, in its passionate love of daring, and in the force and swiftness of its movement*, no less than in *the brilliancy of its romantic interests, the charm of its picturesque detail, and the glow of its scenic colouring*."<sup>1</sup>

If we ask *why* Scott produced a masterpiece in *Marmion*, the secret of his success is this. *Marmion* is a great work because it is such perfectly *true* work. There is nothing artificial about it, no straining after effect. Scott is not *forcing himself* to write about the days of old, and the scenery and history of Scotland—he is not labouring to find what is fitting to say on these topics—rather his mind and heart are so full of love of legend, love of nature, and love of country, that he can hardly *help* pouring out his soul in song.

If he is able to make the days of chivalry live again for us, it is because from his earliest childhood he had delighted in the old Border traditions, and had never ceased to "fasten like a tiger"—to use his own words—upon all the old stories he could find. So, too, *the love of*

<sup>1</sup> HURTON'S *Scott*, p. 59

*nature*, especially when to beauty of scenery was added *the interest of legend and tradition*, had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Speaking of the wild Border country he loved, he said once to Washington Irving, "If I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die*" And every one who knew him was struck by his passion for stories of old times, and by the inexhaustible supply of old ballads and legends he poured forth for their delight. "He carried us," says the friend to whom he dedicated *Rokeby*,<sup>1</sup> "one day to Melrose Abbey or Newark, another, to course with mountain greyhounds by Yarrow braes or St Mary's Loch, *repeating every ballad or legendary tale connected with the scenery*" "Show me," he tells us himself, "*an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description*" In crossing Magus Moor, near St Andrew's, the spirit moved me to give a picture of the assassination of the Archbishop of St Andrew's to some fellow-travellers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep."

The same reality that inspires his pictures of scenery and of old times, also fills his outbursts of patriotic feeling. The lines on Edinburgh in Canto IV,<sup>2</sup> and the introduction to the sixth Canto of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,<sup>3</sup> would not thrill us as they do, if the love of Scotland had not glowed so intensely in the heart of the writer. Again, to take another example, Scott is able to realize and display to us the feelings of Marmion at the Pictish camp,<sup>4</sup> and of the Abbess during the demon summons at Edinburgh Cross,<sup>5</sup> because his Border blood

<sup>1</sup> Mr MORRITT See LOCKHART

<sup>2</sup> IV xxv

<sup>3</sup> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead," &c

<sup>4</sup> IV xx xxi

<sup>5</sup> V xxiv-xxvi.

sympathizes with, if it does not share, the superstitious terrors of the personages he describes. Lastly, if it is true—and we believe it is—that “no one since the days of Homer has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle,”<sup>1</sup> this is because no one has ever felt more than Scott “the fierce delight”<sup>2</sup> of war. The very circumstances under which the story of Flodden Field was written, show how Scott himself felt what he wrote. He had a great deal to do with forming a body of volunteer cavalry, of which he was quartermaster,<sup>3</sup> and his friend, Mr Skene, tells us that “many of the more energetic descriptions in *Marmion*, and particularly that of *the battle of Flodden*, were struck out while he was in quarters with his cavalry, in the autumn of 1807. In the intervals of drilling,” he says, “Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge, and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me, to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise.” Like all his best work, the battle scene of Flodden, the finest of all his poetry, owes its life and power to the fact that what he wrote was so very real to himself.

*The Introductory Epistles*—In discussing *Marmion* we have not alluded to the Epistles in verse, placed as Introductions before each Canto, and addressed to friends of the author. These Epistles should be read, not where they are placed, but apart from the main portion of the poem. The poet Southey, when he told Scott his opinion of *Marmion*, expressed as follows the almost universal

\* A. CUNNINGHAM

<sup>2</sup> *Lord of the Isles*, IV xx

<sup>3</sup> See *Introd Ep IV n*

opinion about them "The introductory epistles I did not wish away, because, as poems, they gave me great pleasure, *but I wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning—anywhere except where they were*"

The truth is, as Scott's biographer tells us, that "they were not originally intended to be interwoven in any fashion with the romance of *Marmion*. Though the author himself does not allude to, and had perhaps forgotten the circumstance when writing the Introductory Essay of 1830, they were announced, by an advertisement early in 1807, as *Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest*, to be published in a separate volume"

But read apart from *Marmion*, and in connection with Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, they are invaluable in helping us to look into Scott's mind and appreciate his genius aright. Only let them not be allowed to interrupt *Marmion*, and we are prepared to agree with Lockhart, when he says, "Are there any pages among all he ever wrote that one would be more sorry he should not have written? They are among the most delicious portraiture of that genius ever painted of itself—buoyant, virtuous, happy genius—exulting in its own energies, yet possessed and mastered by a clear, calm, modest mind, and happy only in diffusing happiness around it"

As, however, the Introductory Epistles can hardly be fully appreciated by the young readers, for whom this edition is mainly intended, we shall reserve any further remarks for the notes to these Epistles, where they will be found illustrated by many passages from Lockhart, and where an attempt has been made to show how important they are to a right understanding of Scott.

# MARMION

*A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD*

In six Cantos

Alas ! that Scottish maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell  
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,  
The triumph of our foes to tell !

LEYDEN

---

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY LORD MONTAGU,

ETC ETC ETC

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION

*It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of MARMION must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character, but is called A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale, yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSIELE, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.*

*The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.*

ASHESTIEL, 1808

# MARMION

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

To William Stewart Rose, Esq.

*Ashetel, Eltrick Forst*

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,  
November's leaf is red and sear .  
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,  
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,  
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through  
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen  
Through bush and brier, no longer green, 10  
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed

No longer Autumn's glowing red  
Upon our Forest hills is shed ,  
No more, beneath the evening beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ,  
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell  
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell ; 20  
Sallow his brow, and russet baie  
Are now the sister-heights of Yair  
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,  
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,

Where yet some faded herbage pines,  
And yet a watery sunbeam shines  
In meek despondency they eye  
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,  
And far beneath their summer hill,  
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's ill  
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,  
And wraps him closer from the cold,  
His dogs, no merry circles wheel,  
But, shivering, follow at his heel,  
A cowering glance they often cast,  
As deeper moans the gathering blast

30

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,  
As best befits the mountain child,  
Feel the sad influence of the hour,  
And wail the daisy's vanished flower,  
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,  
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,  
And birds and lambs again be gay,  
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray

40

Yes, prattlers, yes The daisy's flower  
Again shall paint your summer bower,  
Again the hawthorn shall supply  
The garlands you delight to tie,  
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,  
The wild birds carol to the round,  
And while you frolic light as they,  
Too short shall seem the summer day

50

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings,  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory reappears.  
But oh ! my country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate ?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike and the wise,  
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,  
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?  
The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows;

60

But vainly, vainly may he shine,  
Where gloiy weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine;  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,  
O never let those names depart! 70  
Sav to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave,  
To him, as to the burning leyn,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given  
Where'er his country's foes were found,  
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,  
Till buist the bolt on yonder shore,  
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth, 80  
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war  
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar,  
Who, born to guide such high emprise,  
For Britain's weal was early wise,  
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,  
For Britain's sins, an early grave!  
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,  
A bauble held the pride of power,  
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,  
And served his Albion for herself, 90  
Who, when the frantic crowd amain  
Strain'd at subjection's buisting rein,  
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,  
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,  
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,  
And brought the freeman's aim, to aid the freeman's  
laws

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,  
A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,  
When fraud or danger were at hand, 100  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright,

As some proud column, though alone,  
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne  
 Now is the stately column broke,  
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,  
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
 The wardeil silent on the hill !

Oh think, how to his latest day,  
 When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey, 110  
 With Palinure's unalter'd mood,  
 Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;  
 Each call for needful rest repell'd,  
 With dying hand the rudder held,  
 Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
 The steerage of the realm gave way !  
 Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,  
 One unpolluted church remains,  
 Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound, 120  
 But still, upon the hallow'd day,  
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray,  
 While faith and civil peace are dear,  
 Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
 He, who preserved them, PRY, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
 Because his rival slumbers nigh,  
 Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
 Lest it be said o'er FOX's tomb  
 For talents mourn, untimely lost, 130  
 When best employ'd, and wanted most,  
 Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
 And wit that loved to play, not wound ;  
 And all the reasoning powers divine,  
 To penetrate, resolve, combine,  
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—  
 They sleep with him who sleeps below  
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save  
 From error him who owns this grave,  
 Be every harsher thought suppress'd, 140  
 And sacred be the last long rest  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;

Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung,  
*Here*, where the fletted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
"All peace on earth, good-will to men,"  
If e'er from an English heart,  
O, *here* let prejudice depart,  
And, partial feeling cast aside,  
Record, that FOX a Briton died!  
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,  
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,  
Was baiter'd by a timorous slave,  
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,  
The sullied olive-branch return'd,  
Stood for his country's glory fast,  
And nail'd her colours to the mast!  
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave  
A portion in this honour'd grave,  
And ne'er held marble in its trust  
Of two such wondrous men the dust

150  
160

With more than mortal powers endow'd,  
How high they soar'd above the crowd!  
Theirs was no common party race,  
Jostling by dark intrigue for place,  
Like fabled Gods, then mighty war  
Shook realms and nations in its jar,  
Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
Look'd up the noblest of the land,  
Till through the British world were known  
The names of PITT and FOX alone  
Spells of such force no wizard gave,  
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,  
Though his could drain the ocean dry,  
And force the planets from the sky  
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,  
The wine of life is on the lees  
Genius, and taste and talent gone,  
For e'er tomb'd beneath the stone,  
Where—taming thought to human pride!—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.

170  
180

Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,  
 'Twill tickle to his rival's bier,  
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,  
 And FOX's shall the notes rebound  
 The solemn echo seems to cry,— 190  
 "Here let their discord with them die  
 Speak not for those a separate doom,  
 Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb,  
 But search the land of living men,  
 Where wilt thou find their like again?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries  
 Of dying Nature bid you rise,  
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce  
 The leaden silence of your hearse,  
 Then, O, how impotent and vain 200  
 This grateful tributary strain!  
 Though not unmark'd from northern clime,  
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme  
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung,  
 The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names  
 has sung

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,  
 My wilder'd fancy still beguile!  
 From this high theme how can I part,  
 Ere half unloaded is my heart!  
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew, 210  
 And all the raptures fancy knew,  
 And all the keener rush of blood,  
 That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,  
 Were here a tribute mean and low,  
 Though all their mingled streams could flow—  
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,  
 In one spring-tide of ecstasy!—  
 It will not be—it may not last—  
 The vision of enchantment's past  
 Like frostwork in the morning ray, 220  
 The fancied fabric melts away,  
 Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,  
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;  
 And, lingering last, deception dear,  
 The choir's high sounds die on my ear.

Now slow return the lonely down,  
The silent pastures bleak and brown,  
The fain begirt with copsewood wild,  
The gambols of each frolic child,  
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone  
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on

230

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,  
Thus Nature disciplines her son  
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,  
And waste the solitary day,  
In plucking from yon fen the reed,  
And watch it floating down the Tweed;  
Or idly list the shrilling lay,  
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,  
Marking its cadence rise and fall,  
As from the field, beneath her pail,  
She trips it down the uneven dale  
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,  
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,  
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,  
Lest his old legends tire the ear  
Of one, who, in his simple mind,  
May boast of book-learn'd taste refined

240

But thou, my friend, can'st fitly tell,  
(For few have read romance so well,)  
How still the legendary lay  
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway,  
How on the ancient minstrel strain  
Time lays his palsied hand in vain,  
And how our hearts at doughty deeds,  
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,  
Still throb for fear and pity's sake,  
As when the Champion of the Lake  
Enters Morgana's fated house,  
Or in the Chapel Perilous,  
Despising spells and demons' force,  
Holds converse with the unburi'd coise;  
O! when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,  
(Alas, that lawless was their love!)  
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,  
And freed full sixty knights, or when,

250

260

A sinful man, and unconfess'd,  
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
He might not view with waking eye 270

The mightiest chiefs of British song  
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong  
They gleam through Spenser's elfin diction,  
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme,  
And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again,  
But that a rascal King and Court  
Bade him toil on, to make them sport,  
Demanded for their niggard pay,  
Fit for their souls, a looser lay, 280  
Licentious satire, song, and play,  
The world defrauded of the high design,  
Profaned the God-given strength, and man'd the lofty  
line

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,  
Though dwindled sons of little men,  
Essay to break a feeble lance  
In the fair fields of old romance,  
Or seek the moated castle's cell,  
Where long through talisman and spell,  
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept, 290  
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept  
There sound the harpings of the North,  
Till he awake and sally forth,  
On venturous quest to prick again,  
In all his arms, with all his train,  
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,  
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,  
And wizard with his wand of might,  
And errant maid on palfrey white  
Around the Genius weave their spells, 300  
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells,  
Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd,  
And Honour, with his spotless shield,  
Attention, with fix'd eye, and Fear,  
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;

And gentle Courtesy , and Faith,  
Uchanged by sufferings, time, or death ;  
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
Leaning upon his own good sword

Well has thy fair achievement shown, 310  
A worthy meed may thus be won ,  
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade  
Their theme the merry minstrels made,  
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,  
And that Red King, who, while of old,  
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,  
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—  
Ytene's oaks have heard again  
Renew'd such legendary strain ,  
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul, 320  
That Amadis so famed in hall,  
For Oriana, foil'd in fight  
The Necromancer's felon might ,  
And well in modern verse hast wove  
Paitenopex's mystic love  
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,  
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

## CANTO FIRST.

*The Castle.*

## I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fan river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loophole grates, where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seem'd forms of giant height  
Then armour, as it caught the rays,  
Flash'd back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light

10

## II

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung,  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,  
So heavily it hung  
The scouts had parted on their search,  
The Castle gates were bar'd,  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The Warder kept his guard,  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border gathering song.

20

## III

A distant trampling sound he hears,  
He looks abroad, and soon appears,  
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of spears,  
Beneath a pennon gay, 30  
A horseman, darting from the crowd,  
Like lightning from a summer cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,  
Before the dark array  
Beneath the sable palisade,  
That closed the Castle barricade,  
His bugle horn he blew,  
The Wardei hasted from the wall,  
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,  
For well the blast he knew, 40  
And joyfully that knight did call,  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

## IV

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,  
Bring pasties of the doe,  
And quickly make the entrance free,  
And bid my heralds ready be,  
And every minstrel sound his glee,  
And all our trumpets blow,  
And, from the platform, spare ye not  
To fire a noble salvo-shot, 50  
Lord MARMION waits below!"  
Then to the Castle's lower ward  
Sped forty yeomen tall,  
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,  
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,  
The lofty palisade unspar'd  
And let the drawbridge fall.

## V

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,  
His helm hung at the saddlebow;  
Well by his visage you might know

He was a stalworth knight, and keen,  
 And had in many a battle been ,  
 The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd  
 A token true of Bosworth field ,  
 His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,  
 Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire ,  
 Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
 Did deep design and counsel speak  
 His forehead, by his casque worn bare, 70  
 His thick mustache, and curly hair,  
 Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,  
 But more through toil than age ,  
 His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,  
 Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,  
 But in close fight a champion grim,  
 In camps a leader sage

## VI

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,  
 In mail and plate of Milan steel ,  
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost, 80  
 Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd ,  
 Amid the plumage of the crest,  
 A falcon hover'd on her nest,  
 With wings outspread, and forward breast ,  
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
 Soar'd sable in an azure field  
 The golden legend bore aright,  
~~Who checks at me, to death is right~~  
 Blue was the charger's broder'd rein ,  
 Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane , 90  
 The knightly housing's ample fold  
 Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold

## VII

Behind him rode two gallant squires,  
 Of noble name, and knightly sies ,  
 They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim ,  
 For well could each a war-horse tame,  
 Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,  
 And lightly bear the ring away ;

Nor less with courteous precepts stor'd,  
 Could dance in hall, and carve at board,  
 And frame love-ditties passing rare,  
 And sing them to a lady fair

100

## VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,  
 With halbert, bill, and battle-axe  
 They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,  
 And led his sumpter-mules along,  
 And ambling palfrey, when at need  
 Him list'd ease his battle-steed  
 The last and truest of the four,  
 On high his forky pennon bore,  
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,  
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,  
 Where, blazon'd sable, as before,  
 The towering falcon seem'd to soar  
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,  
 In hose black, and jerkins blue,  
 With falcons broder'd on each breast,  
 Attended on their lord's behest  
 Each, chosen for an archer good,  
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood,  
 Each one a six-foot bow could bend,  
 And far a cloth-yard shaft could send,  
 Each held a boar-spear tough and strong.  
 And at their belts their quivers rung  
 Their dusty palfreys, and array,  
 Show'd they had march'd a weary way

110

120

## IX

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,  
 How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,  
 The soldiers of the guard.  
 With musket, pike, and morion,  
 To welcome noble Marmion,  
 Stood in the Castle-yard,  
 Minstrels and trumpeters were there,  
 The gunner held his linstock yare,  
 For welcome-shot prepared.

130

Enter'd the train, and such a clang,  
As then through all his turrets rang  
Old Norham never heard

## X

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,  
The trumpets flourish'd brave, 140  
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,  
And thundering welcome gave  
A blithe salute, in martial sort,  
The minstrels well might sound,  
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,  
He scatter'd angels round  
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion !  
Stout heart, and open hand !  
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,  
Thou flower of English land !" 150

## XI

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,  
With silver scutcheon round their neck,  
Stood on the steps of stone,  
By which you reach the donjon gate,  
And there, with herald pomp and state,  
They hail'd Lord Marmion  
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town , 160  
And he, their courtesy to requite,  
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,  
All as he lighted down  
"Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,  
Knight of the crest of gold !  
A blazon'd shield, in battle won,  
Ne'er guarded heart so bold "

## XII

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,  
Where the guests stood all aside,  
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,  
And the heralds loudly cried, 170

"Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,  
 With the crest and helm of gold !  
 Full well we know the trophies won  
 In the lists at Cottiswold  
 There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove  
 'Gainst Maimion's force to stand ,  
 To him he lost his lady-love,  
 And to the King his land  
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,  
 A sight both sad and fair , 180  
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,  
 And saw his saddle bare ,  
 We saw the victor win the crest  
 He wears with worthy pride ,  
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,  
 His foeman's scutcheon tied  
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !  
 Room, room, ye gentles gay,  
 For him who conquer'd in the right,  
 Marmion of Fontenaye !" 190

## XIII

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
 Baron of Twissell, and of Ford,  
 And Captain of the Hold  
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,  
 Raised o'er the pavement high,  
 And placed him in the upper place—  
 They feasted full and high  
 The whiles a Northern harper rude  
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud, 200  
*"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Riddleys all,  
 Stout Willimondswick,  
 And Hardriding Dick,  
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,  
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,  
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw"*  
 Scantly Lord Maimion's ear could brook  
 The harper's barbarous lay ,  
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,  
 And well those pains did pay . 210

Fo! lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,  
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain

## XIV

"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heiron says,  
"Of your fair courtesy,  
I pray you bide some little space  
In this poor tower with me  
Here may you keep your arms from rust,  
May breathe your war-horse well,  
Seldom hath pass'd a week but guest  
Of feat of arms befell 220  
The Scots can rein a mettled steed,  
And love to couch a spear,—  
Saint George! a stirring life they lead,  
That have such neighbours near  
Then stay with us a little space,  
Our northern wars to learn,  
I pray you, for your lady's grace!"  
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern

## XV

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,  
And gave a squeeze the sign, 230  
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,  
And crown'd it high in wine  
"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion  
But first I pray thee fair,  
Where hast thou left that page of thine,  
That used to serve thy cup of wine,  
Whose beauty was so rare?  
When last in Raby towers we met,  
The boy I closely eyed,  
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet, 240  
With tears he fain would hide  
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,  
Or saddle battle-steed,  
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,  
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,  
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,  
The slender silk to lead.

His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,  
 His bosom —when he sigh'd, 250  
 The russet doublet's rugged fold  
 Could scarce repel its pride!  
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth  
 To serve in lady's bower?  
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
 A gentle paramour?"

## XVI

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest,  
 He roll'd his kindling eye,  
 With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,  
 Yet made a calm reply 260  
 "That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,  
 He might not brook the northern air  
 More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,  
 I left him sick in Lindisfarne  
 Enough of him —But, Heiron, say,  
 Why does thy lovely lady gay  
 Disdain to grace the hall to-day?  
 Or has that dame, so fair and sage,  
 Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"  
 He spoke in covert scorn, for fame 270  
 Whisper'd light tales of Heiron's dame

## XVII

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,  
 Careless the Knight replied,  
 "No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,  
 Delights in cage to bide  
 Norham is grim and grated close,  
 Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,  
 And many a darksome tower,  
 And better loves my lady bright  
 To sit in liberty and light, 280  
 In fair Queen Margaret's bower  
 We hold our greyhound in our hand,  
 Our falcon on our glove,  
 But where shall we find leash or band,  
 For dame that loves to rove?"

Let the wild falcon soar her wings,  
 She'll stoop when she has tied her wing "

## XVIII

"Nay, if with Royal James's bide  
 The lovely lady Heron bide,  
 Behold me here a messenger, 290  
 Your tender greetings prompt to bear ,  
 For, to the Scottish court address'd,  
 I journey at our King's behest,  
 And pray you, of your grace, provide  
 For me, and mine, a trusty guide  
 I have not ridden in Scotland since  
 James back'd the cause of that mock prince  
 Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,  
 Who on the gibbet paid the cheat  
 Then did I march with Surrey's power, 300  
 What time we razed old Ayton tower "

## XIX

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,  
 Norham can find you guides enow ,  
 For here be some have pick'd as far,  
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ,  
 Have drunk the monks of St Bothern's ale,  
 And driven the bees of Lauderdale ,  
 Hairied the wives of Greenlaw's goods,  
 And given them light to set their hoods "

## XX

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried, 310  
 "Were I in wailike wise to ride,  
 A better guard I would not lack,  
 Than your stout forayers at my back ,  
 But, as in form of peace I go,  
 A friendly messenger, to know,  
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,  
 Their King is mustering troops for war,  
 The sight of plundering Border spears  
 Might justify suspicious fears,  
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil, 320  
 Break out in some unseemly broil

A heiald werc my fitting guide ,  
Or friar, swor in peace to bide ,  
Or pardoner, o'r travelling priest,  
O'r strolling pilgrim, at the least "

## XXI

The Captain mused a little space,  
And pass'd his hand across his face  
—" Fain would I find the guide you want,  
But ill may spare a pursuivant,  
The only men that safe can ride 330  
Mine erriands on the Scottish side  
And though a bishop built this fort,  
Few holy brethuen here resort ,  
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,  
Since our last siege, we have not seen  
The mass he might not sing or say,  
Upon one stinted meal a-day ,  
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,  
And pray'd for our success the while  
Our Norham vicar, woe betide, 340  
Is all too well in case to ride ,  
The priest of Shoreswood,—he could rein  
The wildest war-horse in your train ,  
But then, no spearman in the hall  
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl  
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man  
A blithesome brother at the can,  
A welcome guest in hall and bowel,  
He knows each castle, town, and tower,  
In which the wine and ale is good, 350  
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood  
But that good man, as ill befalls,  
Hath seldom left our castle walls,  
Since, on the vigil of St Bede,  
In evil hour, he crossed the Tweed,  
To teach Dame Alison her creed  
Old Bughtug found him with his wife ,  
And John, an enemy to strife,  
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life  
The jealous churl hath deeply swoie, 360  
That, if again he venture o'er,  
He shall shueve penitent no more.

Little he loves such risks, I know  
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go,

## XXII

Young Selby, at the fau hall-board,  
Carved to his uncle and that lord,  
And reverently took up the word  
"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,  
If harm should hap to brother John  
He is a man of muthful speech, 370  
Can many a game and gambol teach  
Full well at tables can he play,  
And sweep at bowls the stake away  
None can a lustier carol bawl,  
The needfullest among us all,  
When time hangs heavy in the hall,  
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,  
And we can neither hunt, nor ride  
A foray on the Scottish side  
The vow'd revenge of Bughtug rude, 380  
May end in worse than loss of hood  
Let Friar John, in safety, still  
In chimney-corner snore his fill,  
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill  
Last night, to Norham there came one,  
Will better guide Lord Marmion"  
"Nephew," quoth Heion, "by my fay,  
Well hast thou spoke, say forth thy say"

## XXIII

"Here is a holy Palmer come,  
From Salem first, and last from Rome; 390  
One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,  
And visited each holy shine,  
In Araby and Palestine,  
On hills of Aïmenie hath been,  
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen,  
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,  
Which parted at the prophet's rod,  
In Sinai's wilderness he saw  
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,  
'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin, 400  
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.

He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,  
Of fair Mont enat, too, can tell,  
And of that Giot where Olives nod,  
Where, dailing of each heart and eye,  
From all the youth of Sicily,  
Saint Rosalie returned to God

## XXIV

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,  
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,  
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede, 410  
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd  
He knows the passes of the North,  
And seeks far shrines beyond the Fouth,  
Little he eats, and long will wake,  
And drinks but of the stream or lake  
This were a guide o'er moor and dale,  
But, where our John hath quaff'd his ale,  
As little as the wind that blows,  
And waimes itself against his nose,  
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes" 420

## XXV

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,  
"Full loth were I, that Friar John,  
That venerable man, for me,  
Were placed in fear or jeopardy  
If this same Palmer will me lead  
From hence to Holy-Rood,  
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed  
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,  
With angels fair and good 430  
I love such holy rambles, still  
They know to charm a weary hill,  
With song, romance, or lay  
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,  
Some lying legend, at the least,  
They bring to cheer the way"

## XXVI

"Ah! noble sn," young Selby said,  
And finger on his lip he laid,

"This man knows much, perchance e'en more  
 Than he could learn by holy lore.  
 Still to himself he's muttering, 440  
 And shinks as at some unseen thing  
 Last night we listen'd at his cell,  
 Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,  
 He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er  
 No living mortal could be near  
 Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,  
 As other voices spoke again  
 I cannot tell—I like it not—  
 FEAR John hath told us it is wrote,  
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 450  
 Can rest awake, and pray so long  
 Himself still sleeps before his beads  
 Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds "

## XXVII

"Let pass," quoth Marmion, "by my fay,  
 This man shall guide me on my way,  
 Although the great arch-fiend and he  
 Had sworn themselves of company  
 So please you, gentle youth, to call  
 This Palmer to the Castle-hall"  
 The summon'd Palmer came in place, 460  
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face,  
 In his black mantle was he clad,  
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,  
 On his broad shoulders wrought,  
 The scallop shell his cap did deck,  
 The crucifix around his neck  
 Was from Loretto brought;  
 His sandals were with travel toie,  
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore,  
 The faded palm-branch in his hand 470  
 Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land

## XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,  
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,  
Or had a statelier step withal,

Or look'd more high and keen ,  
 For no saluting did he wait,  
 But trode across the hall of state,  
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,  
 As he his peer had been  
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil , 480  
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while !  
 And when he struggled at a smile,  
 His eye look'd haggard wild  
 Poor wretch ! the mother that him bore,  
 If she had been in presence there,  
 In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,  
 She had not known her child  
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
 Soon change the form that best we know—  
 For deadly fear can time outgo, 490  
 And blanch at once the hair ,  
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,  
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
 More deeply than despair  
 Happy whom none of these befall,  
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

## XXIX

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ,  
 The Palmer took on him the task,  
 So he would march with morning tide, 500  
 To Scottish court to be his guide  
 " But I have solemn vows to pay,  
 And may not linger by the way,  
 To fair St Andrew's bound,  
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,  
 From midnight to the dawn of day,  
 Sung to the billows' sound ,  
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel, 510  
 And the crazed brain restore  
 Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring  
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,  
 Or bid it throb no more !"

## XXX

And now the midnight draught off sleep,  
Where wine and spices richly steep,  
In massive bowl of silver deep,

The page presents on knee  
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,  
The Captain pledged his noble guest, 520  
The cup went through among the rest,

Who drain'd it merrily,  
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,  
Though Selby press'd him courteously  
This was a sign the feast was o'er,  
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,

The minstrels ceased to sound  
Soon in the castle nought was heard,  
But the slow footstep of the guard,  
Pacing his sober round 530

## XXVI

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose  
And first the chapel doors unclosed,  
Then, after morning rites were done,  
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)  
And knight and squire had broke their fast,  
On rich substantial repast,

Lord Marmion's bugles blew to hoise  
Then came the stirrup-cup in course  
Between the Baron and his host,  
No point of courtesy was lost, 540  
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,  
Solemn excuse the Captain made,  
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd  
That noble train, their Lord the last  
Then loudly rung the trumpet call,  
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,

And shook the Scottish shore,  
Around the castle eddied slow,  
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,

And hid its turrets hoar, 550  
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,  
And met the river breezes there,  
Which gave again the prospect fair.

# NOTES

## ABBREVIATIONS

n = note	cf = compare
Gl = Glossary	st = stanza
Gl I = Glossary to Canto I	l = line
Sc = Scott	p t = past tense
Sc n = Scott's note to <i>Marmion</i>	pp or p part = past participle

## INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE TO CANTO I

*W S Rose*, a man of some literary attainments (see l 320-325), was added to the number of Scott's friends during the latter's visit to England, in 1803. When Scott went south again, in 1807, to collect materials for his edition of Dryden, he paid a short visit to Mr. Rose "at his cottage of Gundimore, in Hampshire, and enjoyed in his company various long rides in the New Forest" (Cf l 312 *et seq.*). Several sheets of the MS (of *Marmion*) and corrected proofs of Canto III were sent to Scotland from Gundimore (LOCKHART).

I-14 *Ashestul, Ettrick Forest*. The first four of the introductory epistles of *Marmion* were written at Ashestiel, and "they point out very distinctly some of the 'spots' which, after the lapse of so many years, he remembered with pleasure for their connexion with particular passages of *Marmion*."

Ashestiel, where Scott lived from 1804 to 1812, although not as famous as the more ambitious Abbotsford, will always be most interesting to readers of *Marmion*. "A more beautiful situation for the residence of a poet could not be conceived. . . . You approached it through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges and broad green terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed (Cf l 3-7). The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is narrow, and

the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose. The heights immediately behind are those which divide the Tweed from the Yarrow, and the latter celebrated stream lies within an easy ride, in the course of which the traveller passes through a variety of the finest mountain scenery in the south of Scotland"—LOCKHART

*Etnuk Forest* See *Introd. Ep. II. 1-21*, and *n*

15-21 An example of Scott's fondness for colour Cf IV xxx 600-635, *n*

22 *Yair* Cf *Introd. Ep. II. 102 et seq*

23-36 "Never in any later poem was Scott's touch as a mere painter so terse and strong. What a picture of a Scotch winter is given in these few lines!"—HUTTON, p. 57 Cf the other picture of bleak November, *Introd. Ep. iv. 55 et seq*

37 *Imps* = 'children'

72 *Gadite wave*, i.e. at Trafalgar, where Nelson conquered and died, October, 1805. Cape Trafalgar is south-west of Spain, near Cadiz (= *Gades*)

73 *Levin* = 'lightning'

79 *His* = 'Pitt's'

82 *Hafnia* = 'Copenhagen' The line commemorates the three great victories of Nelson

83 *Born to guide*, &c. (1) We must remember that Pitt, who had directed the war against revolutionary France and Napoleon, died in January, 1806, just after Austria had been crushed at Austerlitz. His great rival, Fox, followed him to the grave a few months after, just before Prussia was defeated at Jena (October, 1806) as decisively as Austria had been at Austerlitz. In the next year, 1807, Napoleon made the treaty of Tilsit with Russia. He was now at the height of his power. Austria and Prussia he had crushed. Russia was his ally. England alone opposed him.

(11) Now it was in November, 1806, that *Marmion* was begun. Scott was a strong Tory, and full of martial spirit. He had very early (1797) been chiefly instrumental in the formation of a force of mounted volunteers in Scotland. "Unable," says Mr. Skene, "to serve among his friends on foot, he had nothing for it but to rouse the spirit of the moss-trooper, in which he readily inspired all who possessed the means of substituting the sabre for the musket." The tenacity of Pitt in the long struggle with France naturally found in him an enthusiastic admirer. His feeling towards Pitt is well given in the first stanza of a song he wrote in 1814—

"Oh, dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen,  
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughtered in vain,  
And beholding broad Europe bowed down by her foemen,  
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign!"

Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit  
 To take for his country the safety of shame,  
 Oh, then in her triumph remember his merit,  
 And hallow the goblet that flows to his name "

"He must indeed," as his biographer says, "ever be considered as the 'mighty minstrel' of the anti-Gallican war, and it was *Marmion* that first announced him in that character." "Scott had sternly and indignantly rebuked and denounced the then too prevalent spirit of anti-national despondence, he had put the trumpet to his lips, and done his part at least to sustain the hope and resolution of his countrymen in that struggle, from which it was the doctrine of the *Edinburgh Review* that no sane observer of the times could anticipate anything but ruin and degradation." It is noticeable that Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, calls this epistle a "remarkable failure," and there seems ground for Lockhart's belief that political feeling had much to do with his severity, and that "though the Edinburgh reviewers chose to complain of 'the manifest neglect of Scottish feelings' in the poem, the boldness and energy of British patriotism which breathes in so many passages may have had more share than that alleged omission in pointing the pen that criticized *Marmion*."—LOCKHART

84 Pitt was Prime Minister before he was twenty-five years old, and died at the age of forty-six

111 *Palmure* Æneas' pilot See *Ving Æn* v 843-860

120 *Tocsin* The alarm bell sounded by the people of Paris as a signal of insurrection, *e g* before the march of the women to Versailles

128 *et seq* The lines in praise of Fox were altered and expanded when Scott was correcting a second proof. Some copies were printed and got abroad without the additional couplets. It was therefore insinuated by a London journal that Scott had "had his presentation copies struck off with or without them, according as they were for Whig or Tory hands."—LOCKHART.

142 *Here, &c* in Westminster Abbey

146 *Fretted aisles, &c* Cf Gray's *Elegy*, l 39-40—

"Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise "

153-163 The power of Bonaparte was at its zenith about the time that Fox died, September 13th, 1806 (See note 1183) Napoleon at this time was negotiating with England and Russia. A provisional treaty with Russia was made, and the Emperor in consequence threw off the mask, and revealed to Fox the hopelessness of his efforts for an honourable peace. The lines we are reading were written by Scott two months after Fox's death, and a month after Jena. Naturally Scott's praise

of Fox did not satisfy the Whigs. "We are told," says Jeffrey in a bitter passage, "that Fox *did* a Briton, a pretty plain insinuation that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one, and just such an encomium as he himself pronounced over the grave of his villain hero, Marmion" (See VI xxxvii 1139-46)

156-7 D'Oubail, the Russian ambassador, came to Paris, and was induced to sign "a treaty as disgraceful to Russia as it was contrary to the good faith which she owed to Great Britain." In this treaty France and Russia dealt freely with the dominions of Naples, &c, without consulting the allies of Russia or the Powers interested in the changes. The ambassador was declared by the Russian Government "to have exceeded his instructions, and the treaty was *not ratified* by the Emperor Alexander."—ALISON, ix 379-81

202-205 *The bard you deigned to praise*

Lockhart could not discover "through what channel or in what terms Fox made known his opinion of the *Lay*."

Pitt was much impressed by it, and anxious to advance the fortunes of the writer. "'He can't remain as he is,' he said to Dundas. He then repeated some lines from the *Lay* describing the old harper's embarrassment when asked to play, and said, 'This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry.'"

—LOCUS HART

232-309 The concluding part of the introduction is extremely interesting and should be compared with the letter to Eiskine (I 100 L<sub>2</sub> to Canto III)

I The romance and its attractions for Scott

Lines 243-257 reveal Scott's passion for the legend and the romance (Cf Introd Ep III 180 *et seq* and n). He then goes on to justify his love of "the ancient minstrel strain" by the example "of the mightiest chiefs of British song." Finally (l 284-309) the romance is described. First of all, its outside, *its material*, the wizard, the knight, the talisman, the spell, &c (l 284-299), secondly, *its soul*, so to speak, the spirit of valour, honour, courtesy and faith, that breathes through these tales of chivalry, and accounts for their charm.

II Scott's view of his own poetic powers, and his aim in writing these introductory epistles

These introductions, as we know, were comparatively failures (see pp 19, 20) but surely Scott was making a great effort when he wrote them. He tells us in the preface to *Marmion* that "particular passages" of the poem "were laboured with a good deal of care by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed." It seems certain that among these passages are many in the introductory epistles. Thus, in this first one, two of the most successful passages, viz, l 300-309 and 97-108, have been

worked up from the original lines in the MS, and immensely improved in consequence. It is worth while to compare l 105-108 with the corresponding lines in the original MS, which ran thus

"The beacon light is quenched in smoke,  
The warder fallen, the column broke"

There is a great deal besides to make us believe that Scott hoped much from these introductions, and he was doubtless much pained by their comparative failure. He seems never to have fully realized the merit of his own romantic poetry. "I can with honest truth," he says in 1830, "exculpate myself from having been at any time a partizan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million." The poetry he most admired was of a very different kind. He told Lockhart that "he had more pleasure in reading Johnson's *London* and the *Vanity of Human Wishes* than any other poetical composition he could mention." Then, too, he had friends like Erskine to suggest that he should abandon the 'license' of the romance, and

"Choose honoured guide and practised road,  
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,  
With harpers rude of barbarous days"

—Intro. Ep III 40-2

And he had critics like Jeffrey to give him the same lesson, but in a rougher way, to tell him that "his genius, seconded by the omnipotence of fashion, had brought chivalry into temporary favour, but he ought to know that this was a taste too evidently unnatural to be long prevalent in the modern world." Now Scott, with all his strength, was curiously sensitive to popular opinion in his literary life. When the *Lord of the Isles* proved a comparative failure, owing mainly to the rise of Byron, Scott turned entirely to prose at once. "Since one line has failed," he said to James Ballantyne, "we must just stick to something else." "And so," says Ballantyne, "he dismissed me, and resumed his novel." And one has to look very closely to see what it cost him to say 'farewell to the muse' (See e.g. the lines with this title written in 1822, and the introductory stanzas to the *Lord of the Isles*). We must not therefore assume that because he did not again attempt anything like these introductions, he would not have done so had they been more successful. May not indeed the severance of his connection with the *Edinburgh Review* have been owing partly, at all events, to Jeffrey's severity towards these epistles, which he dismisses contemptuously in the last page of his article? Scott had, so it may be supposed, made a great attempt in a new style. He had worked with unusual care. He had decided not to publish the epistles separately, as had been originally intended, but to put them as introductions to the cantos of his new romance, in the place

(st v), and described at length, and before Canto I is at an end, another principal character, the mysterious Palmer, is most carefully delineated (st xxvi-xxviii). Meanwhile much has been done to put the outlines of the plot before us (*e.g.* in st xii xv, &c.)

In this first canto then Scott (*a*) paints in vivid colours the feudal life, which forms the background of his picture; (*b*) sketches much of the outlines of his plot, (*c*) brings out into high relief and with much detail two of the principal characters

### I 1 *Norham* (See Map)

Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank which overhangs the Tweed. The district around was from very early times under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durham. The present castle was built by Bishop Flambard early in the twelfth century, the huge keep, or donjon, being added by another bishop forty years later. But ten years after Henry II took it from the bishop, and made it a royal castle.

Down to the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, in 1603, such border castles were numerous and necessary. Wars between the two countries were frequent, especially after the attempt of Edward I to conquer Scotland led to the alliance between Scotland and France, which lasted for nearly three centuries. In all these wars Norham was highly important. It was repeatedly taken and retaken (*e.g.* in the Flodden campaign). It was here that Edward I gave the crown to John Balliol and received his homage. We must remember too that, even if the two countries were at peace, the Border Land was not "War was the Borderer's game" (V iv). "They dwell," says Fuller, "in the bounds or meeting of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither." The words of that member of the Scott family who acquired Branksome, illustrate very well the state of things on the Border. The former owner of Branksome suffered much from the English Borderers. Scott exchanged estates with him, then dryly remarked "that the cattle of Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale," and began to plunder the English in the same way. Rough moss troopers, as they were called, were always crossing the Border, and carrying off the 'gear' (= 'property') of those who dwelt on the other side, as is described in the gathering song of the *Tray of Suport* (See n 1 26). Sometimes expeditions of more importance took place, when the Wadens of the Marches (= guardians of the Borders) interfered to check the freebooters on the other side (See SCOTT'S *Lay*, IV xxiv, &c.)

It is worth remarking that on the Scotch side of the Border the fortified places were comparatively very insignificant. The Scotch knew they were inferior to their foes in attacking or de-

tending fortresses, so they trusted more to their woods and hills than to their towers "It was better," said the Douglasses, "to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep "

"The ruins of Norham are at present considerable as well as picturesque They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults and fragments of other edifices enclosed within an outer wall of great circuit"—MACKENZIE'S *Northumberland*, SC. n *Boid Minst Int*

4 *Battled*, i.e. 'fortified with battlements or indented parapets' (Gl)

*Donjon* "The strongest part of a feudal castle, a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached (e.g. White Tower, in Tower of London) Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand The donjon contained the great hall and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress, from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*"—SC. n (Gl)

9 *Athwart* 'Across the line of'

II 14 *Saint George's Banner* St George was the patron saint of England, as St Andrew was of Scotland Cf *Loid of Isles*, V xxxii, when the Bruce wins back his castle from the English—

"From the *donjon* tower on high  
The men of Carrick may descry,  
*Saint Andrew's* cross in blazonry  
Of silver waving wide "

24 *Warder* 'One who keeps *ward* or *watch* in a castle' Cf. SPENSER—

"That castle wall,  
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight  
To *ward* the same, nor answer come's call "

(*Ward*, Gl)

26 *Ancient Border gathering song*, such as the *Fray of Supoit* "An Englishwoman residing in Supoit having been plundered in the night by a band of Scottish moss-troopers, is supposed to call her servants and friends together for the pursuit or hot tiod " The song is even more uncouth than the ballad of "The Death of Featherstonhaugh" (see st. viii), which it much resembles in structure. It ends thus

"And the muckle town-bell o' Carlisle is rung,  
My gear was a' weel won,  
And before it's carried o'er the border mony a man's gae down  
Fy, lads, shout a' a' a' a' a',  
My gear's a' gane"—SC. *Boid Minst*

III 29 *Plump* = 'group' "Properly applied," says Scott, "to a flight of waterfowl, but is applied by analogy to a body of horse, *e.g.*, 'There is a knight of the North Country which leads a lusty *plump* of spears'" Is used also of other groups, *e.g.*, "Here's a whole *plump* of rogues"—BEAU and FL (Gl)

30 *Pennon* "The banner of a knight," round which in the fight his followers rallied Thus, at the battle of Flodden (see VI xxvii)—

"Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,  
The *pennon* sunk and rose

It waver'd 'mid the foes "

And then Blount, Marmion's Squire, can bear the sight no longer, and makes his desperate charge to rescue it The *pennon* was "indented at the end like the tail of a swallow" It probably took this shape from being formed by the union of two of the penoncles or triangular streamers which a squire, if followed by retainers, was allowed to display (SC *Essay on Chiv* p 40) Gl

31-2 *A horseman*, &c Cf De Boune's charge upon Bruce (*Lord of Isles*, VI xv) Note the *simile* (l 32) The poet compares the swiftness of the horseman with that of the lightning, and by the comparison or *simile* enables us much better to realize his rapidity

33 *Mettilid* = 'spirited' (Gl)

35 *Palisade* } The outermost defences of a castle (Gl)

36 *Barruade* }

In the attack on Torquilstone Castle (*Ivanhoe* ch xxix) the Black Knight begins by leading his men to "pull down the piles and palisades," and "hew down the barriers with axes"

39 *The captain* Sir Hugh the Heron (See St xiii)

42 *Sewer* The official who set on or removed the dishes at a feast (Cf *Lay*, VI vi—end) Gl

*Squire* (See note, St vii) Gl

*Seneschal*, in romances, means generally 'the principal officer in the household of distinguished persons' It is the seneschal who arranges the defence of Branksome Tower (see *Lay*, IV xx. *et seq*), and rides forth to parley with the English lords who are besieging it It is the seneschal, too, who at Ainstonish Castle marshals the Bruce and his companions to a place of honour. (*Lord of Isles*, II vi.—vii) Gl

IV 43 *Broach* = 'to tap liquor' (Gl)

*Pipe* (Gl) of *Malvoisie* = 'a large cask of Malmsey wine' N B Fr *Malvoisie* = 'Malvasia,' one of the principal fortresses and commercial centres of the Levant during the Middle Ages

50 *Salvo shot* = 'a salute' Scott originally wrote in his MS 'welcome shot' (Cf st 1x 135) N B Lat 'salve'

52 *Lower ward* The part of the castle outside the donjon and central defences, *e.g.* in the Tower of London the part inside the moat, but outside that gateway under the Bloody Tower which leads to the square where the White Tower (the donjon) is situated (*Ward*, Gl)

53 *Sped* = 'hastened,' p t of 'speed'

55 *Portcullis* A sliding door of cross-timbers, pointed with iron, let down to bar passage through the entrance to a castle Cf VI xiv —

"And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?"

Up drawbridge, grooms! what, *warder*! ho!  
Let the *portcullis* fall" (Gl)

56 *Unsparr'd*, *i.e.* took up the *spars* or *stakes* from the pali-  
sade to open a passage for the visitors

(a) The picture of a mediæval castle (st 1-iv) may be illus-  
trated by the description of Tantallon (V xxxiii) See also  
*Bridal of Trianmain*, I xiii, and *Ivanhoe*, chaps xxix-xxxii

(b) Note too the contrast between the briskness and bustle of  
stanzas iii iv and the peacefulness and repose of stanzas i ii  
Each picture has its own harmonious colouring Note, in st  
iii iv, 'pennon gay,' 'horseman darting,' 'mettled couiser,'  
'hasted,' 'joyfully,' &c —all is bright and rapid then contrast  
with the 'fading ray,' the heavily hanging flag, and the low  
hummed song of st i ii, and see how the contrast heightens  
the effect

V 58 *Lord Marmion* In st 1-iv the stage, so to speak, has  
been prepared for the entrance of the 'hero,' or central figure,  
of the story, who is now described Note the skill with which  
Marmion's figure is brought before us, and how detailed and  
vivid is the description of him (which, as the central figure of  
the story, he deserves) What do we learn of the hero? (a)  
Marmion is a man of middle age (wounded at Bosworth, 1485  
events in *Marmion* take place in 1513) (b) He is no carpet  
knight, but from his stalwart build, forehead worn blue by the  
constant pressure of his helmet, the scar upon his cheek, his  
'eye of fire,' &c, he is evidently a tried warrior and a man of  
proud and fierce temper, yet (c) one who could be cautious and  
secret (69, 70), as useful in the council as in the field (76, 77)

59 *Trode* Old p t of 'tread,' used intrans

60 *His helm hung*, &c So de Bois Guilbert (*Ivanhoe*, ch ii)  
wore a scarlet cap, while his "plumed headpiece and hood of  
mail" hung by the side of the saddle of his war-horse.

62 *Stalworth* = 'bold,' 'strong' The more common, but incorrect, form is 'stalwart' Derivation interesting (See Gl)

70 *Casque* . *bare* Cf the description of Glendinning in middle life (SCOTT'S *Abbot*, ch iii) "The locks, which still clustered thick and dark on the warrior's head, were worn away at the temples, not by age, but by the constant pressure of the steel cap or *helmet*" (= *Casque*, Gl)

VI 79 *Mail* . *Milan steel* Armour made at Milan, the artificers of which city were famous in the Middle Ages for their skill in armoury (Sc) (*Mail*, Gl)

81 *With burnish'd* (Gl) *gold emboss'd* (Gl), *re ornamented with relief*, or raised work in gold, *polished* (burnish'd), and thus rendered bright

82-87 The knight was distinguished in battle (when his face was hid by his helmet) by the crest on his helmet and the arms emblazoned on his shield Thus when Ivanhoe wishes to know who the black knight is that leads the attack on Torquilstone, he asks, 'What device does he bear on his shield?' (*Ivanhoe*, ch xxix) "By degrees the crest and the bearings of the shield became hereditary (e.g. the falcon in the Marmion family) There was deadly offence taken if one knight, without right, assumed the armorial bearings of another" In such cases the heralds were appealed to, and so grew up the science of HERALDRY, with all its fantastic niceties Heraldry had its colleges, and had almost a language of its own Thus *field* = 'the ground colour of the shield,' *sable* = 'black,' *azure* = 'blue' (l 86) The persons of the heralds were sacred to strike a herald was a crime which was punished by death Hence besides attending to their "noble science, the very banner of nobleness and glory of generosity," proclaiming the laws of tournaments, &c, they were the usual messengers between princes NB For heralds and heraldry, see *Quentin Durward*, chap xxxiii, and the note there, *Marmion*, Canto IV vi, where Sir David Lindsay and his team are described (SCOTT, *Essay on Chivalry*, 40)

87 *Legend* = 'motto' here (Gl)

88 *Checks at* = 'interferes with' 'Check' is a term used in falconry A hawk makes a check when she leaves her proper game to follow anything that crosses her path Cf Shakspeare—

"Like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before the eye"

Gl

*Dight* = 'prepared,' 'doomed' (Gl)

Marmion's crest and motto are borrowed from the following story In the year 1390 Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for his skill in tilting and the beauty of his person,

paraded the palace dressed in a new mantle, bearing for device a falcon, with this motto—

“I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,  
Whoso pinches at her his death is *d ght*  
In graith” (=aimour)

Dalzell, a Scotch knight of lively wit, who happened to be then in London, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar, but bearing a magpie instead of a falcon, with the motto—

“I bear a pie picking at a piece,  
Whoso picks at her I shall pick at his nose (=nose)  
In faith”

This affront led to a combat with sharp lances. “In the course Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist’s lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice. In the third encounter the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell’s fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn.” As the Englishman naturally declined, Dalzell demanded the forfeit, and after much disputing, the king ordered it to be given him (Sc n)

91 *Housing* ‘The ornamental covering placed over the horse  
Cf *Ivanhoe*, chap. 11, beginning (Gl)

92 *Traff’d* = ‘adorned’ (Gl)

VII 93 *Squires* (Gl) In st vii viii we have an account of the knight’s retinue. Chief among them are the squires (St vii) A noble youth began his training as a page. Then, about the age of fourteen, he became a squire, and as a squire was trained to become worthy to win the “gilded spurs” of knighthood (l 95) The squire was the immediate attendant of the knight, acting as his *valet-de-chambre*, his groom, and his aimourer, following close to him in the battle, and specially bound to support and succour him if in danger. Squires were therefore carefully trained in all warlike exercises (*e.g.* tilting at the ring, l 98) But they were also required to perfect themselves in the accomplishments of the time, to be graceful and courteous in the hall, as well as formidable in the field (Sc *Essay on Chiv* p 28 *et seq*) Chaucer, the great poet of the

fourteenth century (when chivalry was at its height), has given us a picture of a perfect squire—

"*Singing* he was, on fluting all the day,  
He was as fresh as is the month of May

*Will* could he sit on horse and fair ride,  
He could songs make and well indite,  
*Joust*, and eke *dance*, and well pourtray and write

*Courteous* he was, lowly and servisable,  
And *cared* before his father (*i.e.* the knight) at the table "

See also (1) for the accomplishments of squires, *Marmion*, III vii-x, (ii) for then courtesy, V xxix xxx xxxii, (iii) for then behaviour in the hall, I xxii 365-8, xxx 524, (iv) for their service to the knight, III xxviii, IV 1-iii, (v) for their service to the knight in the hour of battle, VI xxvii xxx

VIII 103 *Men-at-arms* Cf V ii—

"*Men-at-arms*,  
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,  
Like iron towers for strength and weight," &c

104 *Halbert* A kind of combination of spear and battle-axe (Gl)

*Bill* A weapon with a broad hook shaped blade, having a short pike at the back and another at the top, attached to a long handle Dogberry says, in Shakspeare, to the watchmen, "Look that your bills be not stolen" (Cf *Marm* VI xxxiv) Gl

106 *Sumpter-mules* 'Mules carrying the baggage' (Gl)

107-8 *Palfrey* *ease his battle-steed* It was very important that the war-horse should be fresh for the battle charge. In journeys therefore it was generally led by an attendant, not ridden by the knight. Thus de Bois Guilbert "rode a strong hackney for the road to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully accoutred for battle" (*Ivanhoe*, chap ii, a chapter which well illustrates st vii viii) And the Bruce, when De Boune attacked him, was, though fully armed, not—

"Mounted yet on war-horse wight,  
But till more near the shock of fight,  
Reining a *palfrey* low and light"

—*Lord of Isles*, VI xiii (*Palfrey*, Gl)

108 *Him listed* = 'it pleased him (to ease)'

*Listed* An impersonal verb See *List* (i) in Gl

*Him* Dative of person after 'listed' Cf (1) *Methinks* = 'It seems to me,' (ii) "(We) bad him say his verdit as *him leste*"  
—CHAUCER

N B *Him*—still often used as a dative, as above (*e.g.* "She gave him a book")—was originally *only* dative. Old English, nom 'he,' dat 'him,' acc 'hine.' The acc 'hine' having dropped out of the language, the dative form 'him' is now used both in its old sense and, more commonly, for the acc. or objective.

110-11 *Pennon* Like swallow's tail. See st 111 30 n (Gl)

115 *Yeomen*, *2e* drawn from that class of small holders of land that made English archery so famous. Cf Hen V's address to his men before Agincourt—

"And you, good *yeomen*,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us there  
The mettle of your pastures" (Gl)

116 *Hosen* Probably means, here, 'the covering of the whole leg' (the original meaning). Cf (ROWLEY, 1633), "The keys of my computing-house are in the left pocket of my hose."

N B The old plural form in 'en' is here retained. Cf *Daniel* 111 21 "Then these men were bound in their coats, their *hosen*," &c. So 'oxen,' still in use. There were several declensions in old English (as in Latin, Greek, &c.), and therefore several ways of forming the plural. After the Norman Conquest, when so many of the old inflections were lost, 's' became the usual plural ending, probably because this form (originally 'as,' then 'es,' and used only with a certain class of nouns) resembled the Norman-French form of the plural.

*Jerkins* = 'jackets,' 'short coats.' Buff leather jerkins were common with the military of this time (Gl).

118 *Behest* = 'command.'

119 *For* = 'as being' here. Cf SHAKS *Hen VIII* 11 4, "The king your father was reputed *for* a prince most prudent," *2e* 'was regarded as being.'

N B Not a little of the difficulty beginners have in enjoying poetry comes from their not understanding unusual poetic uses of common words, *e.g.* 'but,' 'for,' &c.

120 *Hunting-craft* See *Craft* in Gl.

122 *Cloth-yard shaft* The yeomen of England were famous for their archery (see V 1 12-18, n), and actually used arrows of this extraordinary length.

IX 130 *Pike* A long wooden shaft or staff with a flat steel head, pointed, used by infantry till superseded by the bayonet (Gl).

*Morion* A kind of helmet, something like a hat in shape, often with a crest or comb over the top, and without beaver or visor, introduced into England about this time (Gl).

134 *Linstock* A pointed staff, with a fork at one end to hold a lighted match.

"And the nimble gunnei  
With *linstock* now the . . . cannon touches "

—SHAKS (G1)

*Yare* = 'ready' (G1)

X 139 *Morrice pikes* A kind of pike (see n 1 130), borrowed from the Moors N B *Morrice* = 'Moorish' (G1)

140 *Brave* An adverb "In early English many adverbs were formed from adjectives by adding 'e' (dative) to the positive degree, as 'bright,' adjective, 'brighte,' adverb In time the 'e' was dropped, but the adverbial use was kept Hence from a false analogy many adjectives (such as 'excellent') which could never form adverbs in 'e' were used as adverbs"—ABBOT, *Shaks Gram* p 17

146 *Angels* A gold coin, formerly current in England, value about 10s, so called because on one side was a figure of the archangel Michael piercing a dragon

149 *Brook* = (here) 'control' The old meaning of the word is 'use,' 'enjoy,' 'employ' (see G1), the modern meaning is 'endure,' 'put up with' (See st xiii 207) It is used here in a sense half-way between the two.

XI 151 *Pursuivants* Cf *Quentin Durward*, ch xxxiii "At this period (i.e. reign of Louis XI of France, latter half of fifteenth century) heralds were only despatched from sovereign princes to each other upon solemn occasions The inferior nobility employed *pursuivants*, a lower rank of officers at-arms" Pursuivants usually resided at the great border fortresses, because, from their persons being sacred (see st vi 82-87, n), they were, as Heion says—

"The only men who safe can ride

Mine errands on the Scottish side"—St xxi.

Cf also the *Lay*, IV xxiii. (G1)

*Tabart* "A jaquet or sleeveless coat worn in times past by noblemen in the warres, but now only by *heraults*"—SPEIGHT'S *Glossary*, date 1597. On it the herald's armorial bearings were shown (G1)

152 *Scutcheon* = 'shield,' on which armorial bearings were placed For the dress of heralds, see IV. vi (G1)

154 *Donjon* See st 1 4, n (G1)

156-9 'Lord Marmion is entirely a fictitious personage' But there was a family of this name The Marmions came from Fontenay, in Normandy, with the Conqueror, and received from him Tamworth, &c Some of their land they held "by the honourable service of being the royal champion" The champion "had to ride completely armed upon a barbed horse

into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the king's title"—SC n

This ceremony was actually performed by descendants of the Maimons in the female line down to the reign of George IV

161 *Mark* Here a 'weight' Also means a coin, of value 13s 4d Cf German *mark* (Gl)

162 *All as* = 'while,' 'at the same time that' 'All' is used adverbially to strengthen what follows Cf Shakspeare—"Our argument is *all too heavy*"

163 *Largesse, largesse* "The cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights" Cf the account of the tournament at Ashby (*Ivanhoe*, ch ix), and the Scotch ballad, which satirises the nariowness of James V—

"Largesse, largesse, largesse, hay!  
Largesse of this new year day!  
First largesse of the King my chief,  
Who came as quiet as a thief,  
And 12 my hand shid shillings tway (= two)

For largesse of this new year day" (Gl)

The heralds, like the minstrels (see st xiii 211-12), were "a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feats they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions"—SC n

165 *Blazon'd* = 'decorated with armorial bearings' See note on heraldry, l 82-7, and *blazon* (Gl)

*In battle won* See next stanza, l 181-4

Note the degree of detail in the descriptions, not only of Marmion, but also of his followers and the people of the castle Jeffrey, the leading critic of Scott's time, objects to this "Even," he says, "if we can put up with the long description of Marmion himself, our patience is really exhausted when we are forced to attend to the black stockings and blue jerkins of the inferior persons in the train, and to the whole process of turning out the guard with advanced arms on entering the castle This whole canto," he declares, "is filled up with the account of a visit and a supper, which lead to no consequences whatever, and are not attended by any circumstances which must not have occurred at every visit and supper among persons of the same rank at that period" Indeed, Jeffrey considers that the greatest fault in the poem is "the insufferable number and length and minuteness of the descriptions of ancient dresses and manners and buildings and ceremonies and local superstitions, *e.g.* the legends about St Hilda and St Cuthbert (II xiii-lxvi), and the description of Lord Gifford (III xx) These details, he

says, are valuable in *old* romances, because they tell us something of the history of old times, but they are not poetry, and they make the poem harder to understand. In fact, he accuses Scott of having put them in to show off his great knowledge of these old times. Jeffrey, however, is quite wrong in objecting to these descriptions. Scott wants to make the scene real to us, and these little details help us very much to throw ourselves into the life of the Middle Ages, and, so to speak, "to enter the castle with Marmion." Scott too has high authority in giving so much detail, for "the most picturesque of all poets, Homer, is frequently minute to the utmost degree in the description of the dresses and accoutrements of his personages," *e.g.* of the armour of Agamemnon, *Iliad*, xi 15-44 (*Edin Rev* 1808, pp 28, *et seq*, and *Brit Crit*, quoted in Black's edit.)

XII 170 *Heralds* See st vi 82-87, n and Gl

171 *Lordings* Dimin of 'lord' The common address of minstrels to secure attention, *e.g.* "Listen, lively lordings all" (Gl)

175-190 *Ralph de Wilton, &c* Note the significance of this early reference to Marmion's rival, De Wilton. Scott, who is a great master of story telling, is in this first canto sketching the outlines of his plot. He has not, we may be sure, introduced this long speech of the heralds without good reason. When we read further on in the poem we shall see why Scott wishes to tell us so early of (1) the duel between Marmion and De Wilton, (2) the defeat and disgrace of De Wilton, and (3) the triumph of Marmion, who (as the world supposes) has "conquered in the night" (l 189). For De Wilton, we shall find, is not dead, though he disappeared from view after his disgrace. He will again come upon the scene, and renew the struggle with Marmion. Indeed, the rivalry between them lies at the very foundation of the plot. Hence the former history of this rivalry is referred to at the earliest opportunity.

179 *Listed*, *i.e.* 'marked off as the place of fight' *The lists* (l 174) = 'the space so enclosed'. See *Lists* (ii) Gl, and distinguished from 'listed' (l 108).

185-86 *Gibbet-tree reversed, &c* A knight was required to be *sans peur et sans reproche*, *i.e.* without fear and without stain. If he acted falsely, he was liable to be degraded from his rank of honour. "As devotion, the honour due to ladies, valour, truth, and loyalty were the great knightly virtues, so heresy, insults or oppression of females, cowardice, falsehood, or treason, caused his degradation." Such degradation most frequently occurred after what was called the appeal to the judgment of God, by the single combat in the lists. One knight accused another of some foul crime, and the matter was



nothing incongruous, nothing out of place. He must not make his monks protestant, or his Borderers gentle and refined. But we do not expect from him the accuracy of history about details. When, however, he describes well-known persons or events, he is bound to keep fairly close to historical truth. He must not paint James IV as sullen, or Henry VIII as soft and yielding. He cannot give the Scotch the victory at Flodden. For the *bonhomie* of James IV, the strong will of Henry VIII, and the dreadful impression Flodden made on Scotland, these are all familiar ideas to us, and we could no more endure to change them than we could allow Marmion to travel to Edinburgh by railway, or Norham Castle to be illuminated with the electric light. Historical accuracy in every detail, then, is not demanded in a romance, but accurate and harmonious colouring is essential, and familiar figures must not be distorted.

193 *Twissell, Ford* Border Castles (See map). It was at Ford James is said to have wasted time when he invaded England (See V xxxiv for Ford, VI xix for Twissell).

195 *Deas* = 'dais,' the raised floor at the upper end of the dining-hall, where the chief guests feasted (as now in college halls). Gl.

200 *Feud*. Generally (as in this passage) means 'a quarrel between families or clans' (Gl).

201-6 This rugged ballad, in metre very like the *Fray of Suport* (see n l 26), shows very well the wild life of the Borderland, where murder was a subject for jesting. It goes on thus

"The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,  
Ran away afore the fight was begun,  
And he run, and he run,  
And afore they were done,  
There was many a Featherston gat sic a stun,  
As never was seen since the world begun."

—SC *Border Minst*

N B —(1) The feud is between two families only, William -oteswick, Hardriding, &c, being all places occupied by members of the Ridley family. (2) Scott's love of old ballads amounted almost to a passion. "I fastened," he says, "like a tiger upon every collection of old songs or romances which chance threw in my way." His first important work was the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a work in which he showed not only his great literary powers, but also his intense interest in and knowledge of the old ballads. "One of the critics of that day said that the book contained the elements of a hundred historical romances, and this critic was a prophetic one"—LOCKHART, *Life*.

207 *Scantly* = 'scarcely,' 'with difficulty' (Gl).

*Brook* = 'bear,' 'endure,' 'put up with' (Gl).

211 *Minstrel's strain* The minstrel, like the herald, was a familiar figure in the Middle Ages, and, like him, was to be honoured and protected by every true knight. His chief task was, as here, to sing of love and war while his lord was feasting.

"When meat and drink is great plentye,  
Then lords and ladies still will be,  
And sit and solace lythe  
Then [says one of the minstrels]  
It is tyme for mee to speake  
Of keyn knyghts," &c

Cf *Lay*, Introd., and *Lay*, VI iii 2-22111

XIV 214 *Of* = 'out of' Cf l 294

219-20 *But gnost befell*, i.e. 'when some tilting did not take place' (*Gnost*, Gl)

222 *Couch* = 'to fix a spear in its rest at the side of the armour,' 'to prepare for a charge' (Gl)

223, 224 *Striving life*, &c For example, Leland tells us of the adventures of one of the Marmion family in the fourteenth century before this very castle of Norham. "The Scottes cam yn to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland maiches. At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his fiendes defended Norham from the Scottes. It were a wonderfull processe to declare, what mischefes cam by hungrie and asseges by the space of xi yeres in Northumberland, for the Scottes became so proude, after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen. About this tyme there was a greate feste made yn Lincolnshir, to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amonge them one lady brought a heaulme (= 'helmet') for a man of were, with a very riche creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham, whither, within 4 days of cumming, cam Philip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches. Thomas Gray, capityne of Norham, seyng this, becaus t'is garison afore the barriars of the castel, behind wiche ca. William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heaulme, his lady's present. Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet mount up on yowr horse, and ride lyke a valiant man to yowr foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.' Whereupon he toke his cursere, and rode among the throng of ennemyes, the which

308 *Harried* = 'plundered' (Gl)

309 *Given them light, &c* "A phrase by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning of a house"—SC N

XX 311 *Wise* is a noun = 'manner,' 'guise' (See Gl)

312 *Lack* = 'need,' 'desire'

313 *Foayers* 'Those who go on expeditions in search of booty' (*Foay*, Gl)

315-7 These lines show the reason of Marmion's mission, and the relations between England and Scotland at this time. James IV is preparing for war. England is on her guard, fearing she is to be the object of his attack. Her king, Henry VIII, is absent, warring against France. It is on such occasions that attacks from Scotland, the old ally of France, are most to be feared.

"For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat."

SHAKES *Henry V* I II

For the special causes of James's attack upon England, see V xiii 380-3 and notes, and V x 261-78 and notes.

320 This line illustrates well the two great motives of the Borderers. "Thirst of spoil" generally urged them on. They would willingly plunder alike the English Marmion and the Scottish Lindesay (See V iv). But "deadly feud," often continued between families for generations, was the chief cause of bloodshed. Thus Deloaine—

"In raids spilt but seldom blood,  
Unless when men-at arms withstood,  
Or, as was met, for deadly feud"—*Lay*, V xxviii

N B The *Lay* is based on the famous feud between the families of Keir and Scott (See *Lay*, I vii-x, &c). See also the feud between Deloraine and Musgrave (*Lay*, V xxix) and the ballad and note in st. xiii 201-206 of this canto.

324 *Pardoner* "The pardoner, or vagabond, who shows false relics, and sells pardons for all sins, is treated with deserved ridicule by Lindesay and other Scottish writers"—PINKERTON. There is a pardoner among Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims, whose

"Wallet lay before him in his lappe,  
Bret ful of pardon come from Rome all hot.

And in a glass he hadde pigges bones,  
But with these relics, when that he found  
A poor parson dwelling upon land,

with fained flattering and japes  
 He made the parson and the people his apes"  
 —Prol C T, 710 *et seq*

XXI 329-331 *Pursuivant*, &c See st xi 151, n (Gl)

332 *A bishop*, 1 *e* of Durham See st I 1-3, n

334 *Wen* = 'think,' 'fancy' (Gl)

336 *The mass* The communion service in the Roman Catholic Church (Gl)

341 *All too well in case* Case = 'condition' Cf 'in good condition' See also Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, where Scott, speaking of the work he was able to give his poorer literary brethren, says "I could commonly keep half a dozen of the ragged regiment of Parnassus *in tolerable case*"

351 *Holy Rood* 'The Royal Palace at Edinburgh,' where King James IV receives Marmion (V vii *et seq*)

354 *Vigil* 'The eve before a holy-day' (Gl)

359 *Sans* = 'without' From the French, very common in the older poets, *e g* —

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything"  
 —*As You Like It*, II vii

The poets were probably led to use it from the want of a native monosyllable with the meaning of 'without' As it was only needed to make a line have the proper metre, it rarely occurs in prose (NARES)

360 *Churl* = 'rough, boorish fellow' An interesting word see Gl

361 *Venture* Subj mood

362 *Shrieve* (= 'shrive'), 1 *e* 'hear confession, and impose penance' (Gl)

N B The strange list of Border clergy given here throws much light upon the religious condition of the Borderers They had no real religion at all It is true that they remained Roman Catholic longer than the rest of the country But this probably arose from total indifference upon religious questions. The abbays on the Border were respected neither by the English nor the Scotch in the Border wars Friar John (who may be compared in many respects with Friar Tuck in *Ivanhoe*) was the kind of priest they delighted in (See I 346 *et seq*) But while the Borderers had little religion, nowhere could there be found more superstition (*Border Minst.* Int p 36 *et seq*)

XXII 365-67 *Carved*. *reuerently*. See the note on Squires, st vii 93.

368 *Woe were we* = 'we should be very sorry' *Were* is

subj used conditionally Cf 1 416 *Woe* is probably used as an adjective here (= 'woful') Cf —

"I am *woe* for it, sir"—*Tempest*, V 1

"But be you sure I *would be wo*

If ye shulde chance to begyle me so "

369 *Hap*= 'happen,' 'befall' (Gl )

372 *Tabls*= 'backgammon' Latin *tabularum lusus* (N )

377 *Tide*= 'season,' 'time' (Gl )

376-379 Note the monotony of Border life where there is no foraying

387 *Fay*= 'faith' Cf Spenser, "That neither hath religion nor *fay*"—*Faerie Queene*, V viii 19

388 *Say thy say* The second 'say' is cognate accusative. Cf 'Live thy life'

XXIII 389 *Palmer* "A palmer, opposed to a pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines, travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity, whereas the pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage"—SC n The wanderings of a palmer are described in this stanza, and his dress in st xxvii (Gl )

390 *Salen*= 'Jerusalem.'

391 *The blessed tomb* 'The holy sepulchre,' the supposed tomb of Christ at Jerusalem.

397 *Prophet's*= 'Moses'

400 *Thunder-dint*= 'thunder-stroke,' 'thunder-clap'

*Lecin*= 'lightning' (Etymology not certainly known )

401 *Given*, p part agreeing with 'law'

402 *St James's cockle-shell* The body of St. James the Great, the patron saint of Spain, was supposed to be buried at Compostella, in Galicia The shrine of St James was a great resort of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom during the Middle Ages, and the distinguishing badge of pilgrims to this shrine was a *scallop shell* worn on the cloak or hat There is a legend that the shell was worn because, "when the relics of the saint were being miraculously conveyed from Jerusalem to Spain in a ship built of marble, the horse of a Portuguese knight, alarmed, we may presume, at so extraordinary a barge, plunged into the sea with its rider The knight was rescued and taken on board of the ship, when his clothes were found to be covered with *scallop shells*" It is suggested that the shell was really adopted owing to its use as a primitive cup or spoon (CHAMB. *Book of Days*, ii 121 )

403 *Montserrat* (= Mons Serratus), a place in Spain, where is a famous image of the Virgin, said to have been carved by St.

Luke It was at Montserrat that Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, laid his sword upon the altar of the Virgin, and placed himself under her protection in his new work (*Enc. Brit*)

404-407 *St Rosalie* A young and noble lady of Palermo, who "forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of till her body was found in the cleft of a rock on that almost inaccessible mountain where now the chapel is built, and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels" N B Scott quotes this from a book of travels by the son of Dryden He was editing Dryden's works during 1806-7 while writing *Marmion* (which was begun November, 1806)

XXIV 409 *St Thomas* Thomas Becket, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, and opponent of Henry II, murdered in his cathedral 1170 His shrine was more visited than any other in England

410 *Cuthbert* See II xiv-xvi

414 *Wake* = 'remain awake'

416 *This were a guide* 'This is the kind of guide to have' N B 'Were,' subj, used in a conditional sense Cf I 368

418-420 An example of inversion, i.e. placing the parts of a sentence in an order different from what they would naturally have It is very common in poetry, and often causes difficulty to beginners Thus (1) the order of the small sentences which make up the compound sentence may be inverted, e.g. 'kens . . . cares,' in I 420, would in prose go before the subordinate sentences in I 418-19 (11) The verb may go before the subject, e.g. 'kens he' (111) Very commonly the object goes before the verb, e.g. I 469, 506, 515

420 *Kens* = 'knows' Of Scand origin

XXV. 421 *Gramercy* = 'grand merci' (Chaucer), i.e. 'many thanks'

422 *Full* . *I that*, i.e. 'I should be very sorry if' Cf st. xxii 368, n

424 *Jopardy* = 'danger' (Gl)

427 *Meal* = 'reward.'

429 *Angels*. See st x 146, n

434 *Lying legend*, &c This speech of *Marmion* sounds strange if we have read the rest of the poem *Marmion* is welcoming the unknown Palmer as his guide But he is soon to hear a 'lying legend,' that would not have been told but for the Palmer (see III xiii xviii, VI viii), and he is so overcome by it as to ride out in the night to prove its truth, while the 'holy rambler' he welcomes is, we shall see, his deadliest enemy (*Legend* = 'old story,' 'tradition,' Gl)

XXVI 439 *Love* = 'learning,' 'doctrine' (Gl)

444 *How'er* = 'although'

447 *As* = 'as though'

452 *Himself* Cf II v 95, and n

452-3 *Beads*. *aves* The Roman Catholics mark the number of prayers they have said by means of a string of beads. *Aves* = prayers to the Virgin Mary, which generally began, "Ave Maria" Cf Hymn to the Virgin in *Lady of the Lake*, III xxix N B. Lat *ave* = 'hail' For *beads* see Gl

XXVII 457 *Had sworn themselves of company*, i.e. 'had formed a league' It was commonly believed in the Middle Ages that anyone who was at all 'uncanny' had dealings with the evil one Cf the description of Lord Gifford and his "dire dealings with the fiendish race" (III xxi xxii)

461-71 Cf the description of Ivanhoe when disguised as a Palmer (*Ivanhoe*, beginning of chap iv)

*Cowl* = 'a hood always worn by monks' (Gl)

*Scallop* = 'shell' See xxiii 402 and n, and Gl.

*Budget* = 'a leathern bag' (Gl.)

*Scrip* = 'a small wallet' (Gl)

467 *Loretto* in Italy has been called the Christian Mecca The pilgrims went there to visit the Holy House, i.e. the house in which the Virgin Mary lived at Nazareth It was declared to have been brought from Palestine, through the air, by angels

XXVIII 472 *The Palmer came in hall* We have been prepared for the entrance of the Palmer by the preceding stanzas His dress has been described in st xxvii, his wanderings in st xxiii xxiv, and his distress of mind in st xxvi Scott now, in lines which have been much praised, brings vividly before us the mingled dignity and woefulness of the mysterious pilgrim N B (1) Although Marmion does not recognize him, it does not follow that he has never seen him before For trouble has so changed the Palmer, that his own mother, "had she been in presence there, would not have known her child" (l 484-87) (11) A kind of antagonism between Marmion and the Palmer seems to arise at once He "fronted Marmion," &c (l 478-79) Now Scott would never have described the Palmer at such great length unless he were an important actor in the story Moreover, it is most common in romances to find the pilgrim's dress assumed as a disguise Thus Ivanhoe appears dressed as a Palmer in his father's hall (*Ivanhoe*, chap iv) It seems, therefore, very probable that this Palmer is an old enemy of Marmion, and that his re-appearance will have important consequences We shall find (see VI vi *et seq*) that the Palmer is De Wilton (Marmion's rival), who had disappeared after his

overthrow in the lists at Cotteswold (I xi), and was supposed to be dead (VI vii). Marmion himself, when he thinks he has seen De Wilton's ghost, speaks of him as "one who, fled to foreign climes, has long been dead" (IV xxi 435-36), and no one in his train dreams that in their guide they have with them the bitterest enemy of their lord.

479 *Peer* = 'equal' (Gl.)

480 *Gaunt* = 'very thin,' 'wasted'

483 *Haggard wild* A compound adjective. Thus in Shakespeare we have 'daring hardy,' 'senseless-obstinate' (*Haggard*, Gl.)

484-7 *The mother she* The subject of 'had known' is repeated for clearness' sake, because l 485-6 have separated it so far from the verb.

XXIX 498 *Boon* = 'petition,' 'favour'

499 *Him* = 'himself.' N.B. We shall find many instances in the poem of the reflexive being expressed merely by the personal pronoun without 'self'

500 *So* = 'provided that'

*Tide* See st xxi 377, and n (Gl.)

504-508 *St Regulus* (Sc *St Rule*) is said to have landed in Scotland in A.D. 370, where St Andrews now stands. Hence the ancient name *Killrule* (= Cella Reguli), which was changed to St Andrews, because it is said St Rule brought with him the bones of St Andrew. "A cave nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the archbishops of St Andrews bears the name of St Rule. The rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German Ocean"—Sc

Cave retreats, where they might end their days in seclusion, were often sought by the saints of the early Celtic Church. Such retreats were called 'deserts,' and the frequent occurrence of the term 'Dysart,' or 'Disert,' as the name of places in Scotland and Ireland, shows how common the custom must have been. Thus at Dysart, in Fife, was the cave of St Serf, where, as the saint—

"Lay after matins in his bed,"

the devil came to argue with him, and being beaten in the discussion, tried in vain to flatter the holy man—

"Thane sawe the devil that he could nocht,

With all the wylis that he socht,

Ourecum Saynt Serf, he sayd than

He kend hym for a wys man"

The saint bade him begone, and never again annoy anyone in that cave. And, strange to say, "from that day" (so the Aberdeen breviary tells us) "the said demon has appeared to no one in that cave"—*Chamb Journ* art "Cave Chapels," Sept 1884

509-II *St Fillan's* fame was great in Scotland, and many wonders are related of him. It is said that 'while engaged in transcribing the Scriptures his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour as to afford light to that with which he wrote, a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise.' According to Lesley, "Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly, and on inspection the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine as an assurance of victory" — (*Bord Alnst* p 438). The wells dedicated to St Fillan were supposed to be very beneficial in cases of madness, though the treatment adopted was certainly as likely to kill as to cure. 'The patient,' we are told, "was soused in the pool after sunset, then with a heavy stick on either side he was bound with a peculiar ligature of ropes tied in a mystic knot, and so laid down all right on the site of the old church of St Fillan. If the knot was found unloosed in the morning the patient was likely to be restored to sanity" — BLACK'S *Guide to Scotland*, 243.

XXX 515 *Midnight draught of sleep* The object of "presents" in line 518 (See note, st xiv l 418) For the meaning of the ceremony, see line 525

516 *Steep* See Gl, but used intrans here

526 *Wassel* roar, i.e. 'the shouts of the drinkers' For *wassel*, see st xv 231, n, and Gl

XXXI 534 *Hasty mass*, i.e. what was commonly called a *hunting mass*, being the shortened form used in the presence of the great when they were impatient to commence their favourite sport. Cf *Quentin Durward*, chap II. For *mass*, see st xxi 336, n, and Gl

536 *Substan* | *tāl* must be treated as a word of four syllables to suit the metre. Cf the pronunciation of words in 'ion' in Shakspeare; e.g. "It wēre | ān hōn | ēst āct | *tōn* | tō sāy | so"

—*Olh* II 3, 145

538 *Stirrup cup* *In course* = 'in due course,' i.e. when the guest was on the point of leaving

# GLOSSARY TO CANTO I

## ABBREVIATIONS

A S = Anglo Saxon	Teut = Teutonic
M E = Middle English	Scand = Scandinavian
E = English	It = Italian
O H G = Old High German	Sp = Spanish
M H G = Middle High German	Vb = Verb
G = German	Subs = Substantive
O F = Old French	Adj = Adjective
F = French	Adv = Adverb
Gk = Greek.	Lit = Literally
Lat = Latin	Der = Derived

**barricade**, der through F from Sp *barra*, 'a barrel' meaning originally 'a defence of barrels, timber, &c., heaped up'

**battled**, from O F *bastiller*, 'to embattle,' 'to fortify' (cf the *Bastille* at Paris), which is der from O F *bastir* (Mod F *bâtir*), 'to build,' 'to put together' This, again, is from M H G *bestan*, 'to bind,' which is from O H G *bast*, 'the inner bark of the lime tree'

**bead, bid** *Bid*, 'to pray,' and *bead*, originally 'a prayer,' then 'a perforated ball, used for counting prayers,' are der from A S *bidan*, 'to pray' See 'Bid you beads' (VI xxvii 823), and cf 'Bidding prayer' Derive BEADSMAN (VI v 174)

**bill**, E, meant originally simply 'a cutting instrument'

**blazon**, 'to portray armorial bearings,' der through F *blason*, 'a coat of arms,' from M H G *blâsen*, 'to blow.'

**broach**. In M E we have '*setten on broche*,' imitated from F1 '*mettre en broche*,' 'to tap a barrel' (by piercing it) F1 *broche*, 'a spit,' is from Lat *broccus*, 'a sharp tooth,' 'point' Cf *brooch*=*broche*, (originally) 'a sharp point'

**brook**, from A S *brūcan*, 'to use,' 'to enjoy,' from the same root as Lat *frui*, whence *fruit* is der

**budget**, 'a leathern bag,' from F *bougette*, dimin of F *ouge*, from Lat *bulga*, 'a little bag;' probably of Gaulish (i.e. Celtic) origin.

**burnished**, O F. *brunir*, *brunir*, 'to embrown,' 'to polish,' pres part *brunissant* (whence E *burnish*) *brunir* is der from M H G *brûn*, 'brown' (= 'burnt')

**casque**, F from It *casco*, 'a helmet,' the same word as *cash* (Sp *casco*, used in a much wider sense than the It word, to mean 'skull,' 'cask,' &c) Sp *casco* is der through Sp *casca*, 'to burst,' 'to break open,' from Lat *quassare*, 'to shatter'

**check** A word clearly taken from the game of chess Originally the interjection *check* meant 'king' *ie* 'mind your king,' 'your king is in danger' It is der through O F *eschec*, *eschac*, from Pers *sháh*, 'a king,' the principal piece in the game of chess N B From the subs derive *check*, vb, and *checker* or **CHEQUER** (IV xxv 525)

**churl**, A S *ceorl* An interesting example of the way in which words sometimes get degraded in meaning When the Anglo-Saxons invaded Britain the *ceorl* was their ordinary freeman, as opposed to the *eorl*, or noble Corresponding words to *ceorl* appear in other Teutonic languages with the meaning of 'male,' 'man' Now after the conquest of Britain, the kings and their theyns (*ie* the king's chief followers) got more power than before, and the mass of the freemen began slowly to sink into the position of serfs The practice became established of commendation (as it was called) to some lord Severe laws were made against lordless men, *ie* men who had no great person who was responsible for their conduct in return for the protection he gave them The *ceorls* were therefore being slowly prepared for the serfdom which was their lot after the Norman Conquest The word *ceorl* naturally got a baser meaning when the *ceorls* were no longer free It now generally means 'a rough, boorish fellow' Cf the degradation in meaning of (i) *knave*, which originally meant 'boy,' as now in German, (ii) *boor*, (originally) 'tiller of the soil,' (iii) *villain*, (originally) 'farm servant'

**couch**, 'to lay down,' 'set,' 'arrange,' der through O F *coucher* (earlier form *colcher*), from Lat *collocare* (= *cum* + *locus*, 'a place')

**cowl**, A S *cufle*, probably from Lat *cucullus*, 'a hood' From the same root, meaning 'to cover,' 'protect,' comes Lat *scutum*, 'a shield,' an initial *s* having been lost

**craft** (*hunting-craft*) A S Another example of degradation in meaning of words (see *churl*) Here used in original meaning of 'skill,' 'ability,' 'trade' Cf G *kraft* Cf also *cunning*, and its change of meaning

**deas** (or *dais*), 'the raised floor in a hall where the high table stands' The words meant originally 'the table itself,

through O F from Lat *discus*, 'quoit,' 'plate,' and (in late Lat) 'table'

**dight**, p p, short for *dighted*, from vb *dight*, A S *dihtan*, 'to set in order,' 'dispose,' 'arrange' Cf Beau and Flet, "Have care you *dight* things handsomely" *Dihtan* is der from Lat *dictare*, 'to dictate,' 'prescribe'

**donjon**, same word as *dungeon*, through O F from Low Lat. *dommo*, 'a donjon-tower,' contracted from Low Lat *dominio*, 'a principal possession,' 'domain,' 'lordship' The *donjon* being the chief tower

**emboss**, from O F *em-* (= Lat *in*) and *bosse*, 'a boss,' 'knob,' which is der from O H G *bōzo*, *pōzo*, 'a bundle,' 'a bunch,' from a root meaning 'to beat'

**fain**, from A S *fāgen*, 'glad' The A S suffix *-en* shows it was p p of a strong verb It seems to have meant originally 'fix-ed,'—hence 'suited,' 'satisfied,' and so 'glad,' and (as adv) 'gladly'

**feud**, Teut Cf G *fehde*, 'quarrel' To same root belong *foe*, *fiend*, (which originally = 'enemy'). N B Quite a different word from *feud*, 'a fief'

**foray**, 'an excursion to get booty' A Lowland Scotch form of *forage*, which is der through O F from Low Lat *fodrum*, a Latinized form of Old Danish *foder*, (E *fodder*)

**fosse**, through O F from Lat *fossa*, 'a ditch,' originally fem p p of *fodere*, 'to dig'

**giust** (= *joust*, *just*), subs from verb *joust* Der through O F from Lat *juxta*, 'near,' the original meaning of vb *joust* being simply 'to go near,' 'approach,' 'meet' Hence 'to meet as enemies,' 'to encounter in the lists'

**haggard**, corruption of *haggd* Der from *hag* (E) It therefore originally meant 'hag-like,' 'witch-like'

**halbert**, der through O F from M H G *helmbarte* (later form *halenbarte*) = *halm*, 'a handle' + *barte*, 'an axe.' *Halbert* therefore = 'a long-handled axe'

**hap**, the vb. is formed directly from subs *hap*, 'fortune,' 'accident' (Scand) N B The modern vb *hap* = M E *happen* Cf Chaucer "In any cas that mighte falle or *happe*" The modern vb *happen*—M E *happenen*—is an extension of the more common M E *happen*

**harry**, from A S *hergian*, 'to lay waste,' which is der from A S *herg*, the stem of *here*, 'a destroying host,' 'an army'

**herald**, der through F from O.H.G. *herolt*, 'herald,' also found as a proper name in the forms *Huold*, *Hariold*, (Eng. 'Harold') *Hariold* is contr. from *Hari-wald* = 'army-strength,' i.e. 'support of the army,' a name for a warrior. The word was probably confined to the meaning of our word 'herald,' from being confused with O.H.G. *foraharo*, 'a herald,' from *fōrharēn*, 'to proclaim.'

**housing** E -ing added to F *housse*, 'coverlet,' &c. Of Teut. origin with idea of *covering*. N.B. Nothing to do with *house*.

**jeopardy**, 'danger,' 'hazard.' The original meaning was 'a game in which the chances are exactly even.' Der. from O.F. *jeu parti*, which lit. = 'a divided game,' and is der. from Low Lat. *jocus partitus*, a phrase used when a choice was given of taking one side or the other. N.B. *jocus* = 'jest,' 'game,' *partitus* (from *paris*) = 'divided.'

**jerkin**, 'short coat,' dimin. from Dutch *jurk*, 'a frock.' The Du. dim. *kin* is found in *firkın* = *vier* (or *four*) - *kin*.

**largesse**, der. through F from Lat. *largitus*, p.p. of *largiri*, 'to bestow,' der. from Lat. *largus*, 'large,' 'liberal.'

**legend**, der. through O.F. from Lat. *legenda* (neut. pl.), from *legere*, 'to read,' originally 'to gather,' 'collect.'

**linstock**, der. from Dutch *lont stok*, where *lont* = 'match,' *stok* = 'stick.'

**list**, (i) 'To choose,' 'desire,' 'have pleasure in.' Impersonal vb., from A.S. *lystan*, 'to desire.' Cf. *listless*, lit. 'without desire,' and therefore 'uninterested.'

**lists**, (ii) 'Ground enclosed for a tournament.' From M.E. *listes*, where the *t* is no part of the original word. Der. from O.F. *lisce*, *lice*, 'a list or tilt-yard,' from Low Lat. *lucæ* (pl.), 'barriers,' 'palisades'—*lucæ duellæ* = 'the lists' (Probably connected with Lat. *lucum*, 'a thread,' 'a small girdle').

**list**, (iii) 'To listen,' 'hearken.' See II xxxiii 631, &c. Der. from A.S. *hlýstan*, 'to hear' (A.S. *hlýst* = 'the sense of hearing').

**lordings**, diminutive of *lord*, which is derived from A.S. *hláford*, where *hláf* = 'loaf,' *ord* prob. = *weard*, 'a warden,' 'keeper.' Therefore *hláf-ord* = 'loaf-keeper,' i.e. 'the master of the house.'

**lore**, from A.S. *lār*, der. from a root meaning 'to find out,' so that *lore* = 'what is found out,' 'knowledge,' 'learning.' Cf. G. *lehre*.

**mail**, from O F. *maille*, 'a link of mail, whereof coats of mail be made,' 'any little ring of metal,' also 'a mesh of a net' Der. from Lat *macula*, 'a spot,' 'hole,' 'mesh of a net'

**mark**, from A S *marc* Cf G *mark* It is the word *mark* (A S *measc*) = 'bound,' 'line,' 'sign,' used in the particular sense of (i) a fixed weight, or (ii) a fixed value Cf the use of *token* to denote a coin

**mass**, from A S *masse*, which is from Low Lat *missa*, which is der. from *mittere* The name is supposed to have arisen because '*Ite, missa est*' (i.e. 'Go, the congregation is dismissed') were the last words of the service when the Eucharist was to be celebrated

**mettled** *Mettle*, 'spirit,' 'aidou,' is the same word as *metal* (Gk μέταλλον), though the difference of meaning has produced a difference of spelling *Mettled* therefore means 'like the metal of a sword-blade in temper,' i.e. 'spirited'

**morion**, through F from Sp *morion*, probably der. from Sp *morra*, 'the crown of the head' N B Sp *morro* = 'anything round'

**morrice-pikes** *Morrice* is der. from Sp *Morisco*, 'Moorish,' which is der. from Sp *Moro* (Lat *Maurus*), 'a Moor' Cf *morris-dance* N B For 'PIKE,' see below

**palfrey**, der. through O F *palefroi* (earlier form *palefrid*), from Low Lat *paraveredus*, lit. 'an extra post-horse' N B *Paraveredus* (from which comes also G *pferd*), is a hybrid, i.e. a word made up of parts taken from different languages For παρά is Greek = 'beside' (hence 'extra'), and *veredus* is Low Lat = 'a post-horse,' probably der. from *vehere*, 'to carry,' 'to draw,' and *rheda*, 'a four-wheeled chariot'

**palisade**, der. through F from Lat *palus*, 'a stake' or 'pale'

**palmer**, 'one who bears a palm branch,' in token of having been to the Holy Land See I λλνν 470-1 N B *Palm* (the tree) is so called from its flat spreading leaves, which resemble somewhat *the hand spread out* The word is der. from Lat *palma*

**paramour**, a subs., but originally an adverbial phrase, der. from F *par amour*, 'by love,' 'with love' (Lat *per amorem*), e.g. 'For *par amour* I lovede hire first or (i.e. ere) thou'

**peer**, der. through O F from Lat *par*, 'equal' The original sense therefore is 'equal' The twelve *Peers* of France were so called because of their equal rank

**pennon**, through F1 with suffix 'on,' from Lat *penna*, 'wing,' 'feather.' Hence we get the idea of 'plume,' and so

'streamer,' or 'banner' N B Dimin *pinnon-ul*, or PENSIL (IV xxviii 566)

**pike**, der from Celtic, the original meaning being 'a sharp point,' 'a spike' N B *Peak*, *beak*, are other forms of the same word

**pipe**, E A word der from the *peeping*, or chirping sound of birds Hence originally meant 'a musical instrument with long tube,' often used to decoy birds Then came to mean 'any long tube,' and so 'a vessel,' especially 'a cask of wine'

**plump**, connected with the provincial E vb *plum*, 'to swell' Hence *plump* originally meant 'swollen' In early use as subs, as in the text, also adj, as now used

**portcullis**, O F *porte coleice*, from Lat *porta*, 'gate,' and *colare* 'to glide,' 'slide,' 'flow' A *portcullis* therefore means 'a sliding gate' N B From *colare* comes *colander*, 'a strainer'

**prick** *Prick*, vb, is der from *prick*, subs, 'a sharp point,' 'sting,' from A S *pricu*, 'a point,' 'dot'. So that the idea of 'piercing,' 'goading,' was not in the word originally Probably an *s* has been lost at the beginning, and *prick* is from the same root as Lat *spargere* = 'to sprinkle' Derive PRICKER

**pursuivant**, pres part of F1 *pour-suivre*, from Lat *prosequi* It therefore means 'one who is following,' hence 'an attendant on heralds,' 'an inferior herald'

**scallop**, der through O F *escalope*, 'a shell,' from Teut source In Old Dutch we find "S Jacob's *schelpe*" = "St James' shell" (Cf I xxiii 402, and n) N B *Scallop*, *scale* (of fish), *scull*, *skull*, are all from same Teut. root (= 'to separate,' 'peel off')

**scant**, **scantly** *Scant*, adj or adv is from Scand *skamt*, neuter of *skamm*, 'short,' 'brief,' whence vb *skamta*, 'to dole out,' 'to apportion meals,' hence 'to scant' or 'stint' N B The Scand *m* is preserved in 'to *scamp* work,' i e 'to do it insufficiently'

**scrip**, from Scand *skreppa*, 'a bag' Of same origin as Germ. *scherbe*, 'a shred' The original meaning is 'scrap,' because a *scrip* is made of a 'scrap' or 'shred' of skin or other material N B *Scrip*, *scrap*, *scarf*, are only different forms from the same word

**scutcheon** = *escutcheon* (cf *squire* = *esquire*), der through O.F. *escusson*, and Low Lat, from Lat *scutum*, 'a shield.'

**seneschal**, der through O F. from Teut Its original meaning is 'old servant' (i e. 'chief servant'), from the old Teut.

words *sins* (same as Lat *senex*), 'old,' and *shalks*, 'a servant'  
Cf *mar-shal*=O H G *marah-schalh*= 'house servant'

**sewer**, from A S *seaw*, 'juice,' whence comes *sew*, 'sauce,' 'boiled meat,' &c, and from this again the vb *to sewe*, 'to set meat'

**shrieve**=*shrive* From A S *scrifan*, 'to impose a penance,' 'to judge' It appears to have been borrowed at a very early period from Lat *scribere*, 'to write,' 'to draw up a law,' used in its legal sense N B *Shrove* Tuesday, *ie* the day before Ash-Wednesday (the first day in Lent), when *shrift*, or confession, was formerly made

**sooth**, subs (also, and earlier, adj) from A S *sóth* It seems to have been originally the pres part of the old verb, meaning 'to be,' from which (*i*) *am* is derived, so that *sooth* meant only 'being' Hence 'really existing,' 'true'

**squire**=*esquire* (cf *scutcheon*, q v) O F *escuyer*, from Low Lat *scutarius*, which properly means 'a shield bearer,' from Lat *scutum*, 'shield'

**stalworth**, A S *stælwyrthe*, 'worth stealing or taking,' and hence 'serviceable,' from strength, courage, &c, or, as applied to men, it perhaps meant 'good at stealing,' *ie* 'clever at fetching off plunder,' hence 'stout,' 'brave'

**steep**, der from Scand *steypa*, 'to make to stoop,' 'overturn' Hence 'to pour out or cast metals,' 'to pour water over grain,' *eg* to *steep* barley in water

**sumpter-mules** *Sumpter*=(originally) 'a baggage carrier,' der through O F *sommetier*, from a Low Lat word, which is der from Gk *σαγματ-*, the stem of *σαγμα*, 'a pack-saddle,' from vb *σάττειν*, 'to pack,' 'to fasten on a load,' originally 'to fasten'

**tabarts**, from O F *tabart*, *tabard*, probably der (like *tapets*) from Lat *tapete*, 'cloth,' 'hangings,' which is der from Gk *τάπης*, 'carpet,' 'woollen rug'

**tide**. (1) subs from A S *tīd*, 'time,' 'hour,' from same root as *time* (ii) vb *tide*, 'to happen' (see III xii 416) is der from it N B As *tide* meant 'time,' 'hour,' it came to mean 'the time between the flowing and ebbing of the sea,' and so to mean the flowing or ebbing itself.

**trapp'd**, from subs *trappe*, 'the trappings or ornaments of a horse,' which is der from the O F word equivalent to Mod F *drap*, 'cloth,' a word of Teut origin

**trow**, from A S *tréowan*, 'to have trust in,' from A S. *tréowe*, 'true'

**unrecked**, from *un*, 'not,' and *reck*, 'to care for,' 'regard'  
N B *Reck* is from A.S. *reccan* *reckless* is der. from it

**vigil**, through F *vigile*, from Lat *vigilia* 'a watch,' 'watching,' from Lat *vigere*, 'to be lively or vigorous' N B. Words of kindred origin are *vigour*, *wake*, *watch*

**ward**, A S *weard*, which in masc. means 'guard,' 'watchman,' in fem. 'guarding,' 'watching' Derive WARD-ER, WARD-FN  
N B *Guard* (Teut. through F) is the same word Cf *guise*, *wise* *guile*, *wile*, &c

**wassail** (or *wassal*), from A S *was hæl*, 'be hale,' 'be in good health,' an expression used at a drinking bout, which came to mean the festivity itself N B *Was* is 2nd sing. imper. of *wasan*, 'to be'

**ween**, from A S *wēman*, 'to imagine,' 'hope,' which is from a root meaning 'to strive after,' from which *win* (see *wan*, III 1 16) is also der.

**wise**, 'way,' 'manner,' from A S *wise* Cf O H G *wisa*, whence through F we get *guise* (another form of *wise*) N B For the change from *wisa* to *guise*, cf O H G *werra*, F *guerre*, E *war* See also n. on *ward*, above

**yare**, from A S *gearu*, 'ready,' 'quick,' 'prompt,' from which *gear* and *garb* are der.

**yeoman**, from M E *ȝeman*, *yeman*, *ȝoman* It cannot be traced further back in the language, but would probably in A S take the form of *gā-man*, where *gā* = 'district' or 'village' N B. With *gā* cf G *gau*, 'province,' and probably Gk *χώρα*

ENGLISH SCHOOL-CLASSICS

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# SCOTT'S POEMS

## Marmion

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

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CANTOS II III & IV

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## MARMION

### INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

To the Rev John Maunton, A.M.

*Ashetel, Eltrick Forest*

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,  
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,  
When these waste glens with copse were lined,  
And peopled with the hart and hind  
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears  
Have fenced him for three hundred years,  
While fell around his green compeers—  
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell  
The changes of his parent dell,  
Since he, so grey and stubborn now, 10  
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;  
Would he could tell how deep the shade  
A thousand mingled branches made;  
How broad the shadows of the oak,  
How clung the rowan to the rock,  
And through the foliage show'd his head,  
With narrow leaves and berries red,  
What pines on every mountain sprung,  
O'er every dell what birches hung,  
In every breeze what aspens shook, 20  
What alders shaded every brook !

“Here, in my shade,” methinks he'd say,  
“The mighty stag at noon-tide lay .

The wolf I've seen, a fierce game,  
 (The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)  
 With lurching step around me prowl,  
 And stop, against the moon to howl,  
 The mountain-boar, on battle set,  
 His tusks upon my stem would whet,  
 While doe, and roe, and red-deer good, 30  
 Have bounded by, through gay green-wood  
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,  
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power  
 A thousand vassals muster'd round,  
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound,  
 And I might see the youth intent,  
 Guard every pass with crossbow bent,  
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,  
 And falconers hold the ready hawk,  
 And foresters, in green-wood trim, 40  
 Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,  
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay  
 From the dark covert drove the prey,  
 To slip them as he broke away  
 The startled quarry bounds amain,  
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain,  
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,  
 Answers the harquebuss below,  
 While all the rocking hills reply,  
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry, 50  
 And bugles ringing lightsomely"

Of such proud huntings, many tales  
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,  
 Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,  
 Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow  
 But not more blithe that silvan court,  
 Than we have been at humbler sport,  
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,  
 Our mirth, dear Mairiott, was the same  
 Remember'st thou my greyhounds true? 60  
 O'erholt or hill there never flew,  
 From slip or leash there never sprang,  
 More fleet of foot, or sure of fang  
 Nor dull, between each merry chase,  
 Pass'd by the intermitted space,

For we had fair resource in store,  
In Classic and in Gothic lore  
We mark'd each memorable scene,  
And held poetic talk between ,  
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along, 70  
But had its legend or its song  
All silent now—for now are still  
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !  
No longer, from thy mountains dun,  
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,  
And while his honest heart glows warm,  
At thought of his paternal farm,  
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,  
And drinks, “The Chieftain of the Hills !”  
No fairy foims, in Yarrow’s bowers, 80  
Trip o’er the walks, or tend the flowers,  
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw  
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh ,  
No youthful Baron’s left to grace  
The Forest-Sheriff’s lonely chase,  
And ape, in manly step and tone,  
The majesty of Oberon  
And she is gone, whose lovely face  
Is but her least and lowest grace ,  
Though if to Sylphid Queen ’t were given, 90  
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,  
She could not glide along the air,  
With form more light, or face more fair  
No more the widow’s deafen’d ear  
Grows quick that lady’s step to hear  
At noontide she expects her not,  
Nor busies her to trim the cot ,  
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,  
Or pensive cooks her orphans’ meal ,  
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread, 100  
The gentle hand by which they’ie fed

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,  
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,  
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,  
Till all his eddying currents boil,—  
Her long-descended lord is gone,  
And left us by the stream alone

And much I miss those sportive boys,  
 Companions of my mountain joys,  
 Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, 110  
 When thought is speech, and speech is truth  
 Close to my side, with what delight  
 They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,  
 When, pointing to his airy mound,  
 I call'd his ramparts holy ground !  
 Kindled their brows to hear me speak ,  
 And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,  
 Despite the difference of our years,  
 Return again the glow of theirs  
 Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure, 120  
 They will not, cannot, long endure ,  
 Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,  
 You may not linger by the side ,  
 For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,  
 And Passion ply the sail and oar  
 Yet cherish the remembrance still,  
 Of the lone mountain, and the rill ,  
 For trust, dear boys, the time will come,  
 When fiercer transport shall be dumb,  
 And you will think I sigh frequently, 130  
 But, well I hope, without a sigh,  
 On the free hours that we have spent  
 Together, on the brown hill's bent

When, musing on companions gone,  
 We doubly feel ourselves alone,  
 Something, my friend, we yet may gain ,  
 There is a pleasure in this pain  
 It soothes the love of lonely rest,  
 Deep in each gentler heart impress'd  
 'Tis silent amid worldly toils, 140  
 And stifled soon by mental broils ;  
 But, in a bosom thus prepared,  
 Its still small voice is often heard,  
 Whispering a mingled sentiment,  
 'Twixt resignation and content  
 Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,  
 By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ,  
 Thou know'st it well,—no fen, nor sedge,  
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ,

Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink  
At once upon the level brink,  
And just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the water meets the land  
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,  
Each hill's huge outline you may view,  
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,  
Save where, of land, yon slender line  
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.  
Yet even this nakedness has power,  
And aids the feeling of the hour  
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,  
Where living things conceal'd might lie,  
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,  
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell,  
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,  
You see that all is loneliness  
And silence aids—though the steep hills  
Send to the lake a thousand rills,  
In summer tide, so soft they weep,  
The sound but lulls the ear asleep,  
Your horse's hoof tread sounds too rude,  
So stillly is the solitude

Nought living meets the eye or ear,  
But well I ween the dead are near,  
For though, in feudal strife, a foe  
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,  
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,  
The peasant rests him from his toil,  
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,  
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,  
And fate had cut my ties to life,  
Here, have I thought, 't were sweet to dwell,  
And near again the chaplain's cell,  
Like that same peaceful hermitage,  
Where Milton long'd to spend his age  
'T were sweet to mark the setting day,  
On Bonhope's lonely top decay,  
And, as it faint and feeble died

On the broad lake, and mountain's side,  
To say, "Thus pleasures fade away,  
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,  
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey,"  
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,  
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower  
And when that mountain-sound I heard,  
Which bids us be for storm prepared,  
The distant rustling of his wings,  
As up his force the Tempest brings, 200  
'T were sweet, ere yet his terroirs rave,  
To sit upon the Wizard's grave,  
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust  
From company of holy dust,  
On which no sunbeam ever shines—  
(So superstition's creed divines)—  
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,  
Heave her broad billows to the shore,  
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,  
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail, 210  
And ever stoop again, to lave  
Their bosoms on the surging wave  
Then, when against the driving hail  
No longer might my plaid avail,  
Back to my lonely home retire,  
And light my lamp, and trim my fire,  
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,  
Till the wild tale had all its sway,  
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,  
I heard unearthly voices speak, 220  
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,  
To claim again his ancient home!  
And bade my busy fancy range,  
To frame him fitting shape and strange,  
Till from the task my brow I clear'd,  
And smil'd to think that I had fear'd

But chief, 't were sweet to think such life,  
(Though but escape from fortune's strife,)  
Something most matchless good and wise,  
A great and grateful sacrifice, 230  
And deem each hour to musing given,  
A step upon the road to heaven

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,  
Such peaceful solitudes displease  
He loves to drown his bosom's jar,  
Amid the elemental war  
And my black Palmer's choice had been  
Some ruder and more savage scene,  
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene  
There eagles scream from isle to shore, 240  
Down all the rocks the torrents roar ,  
O'er the black waves incessant driven,  
Dark mists infect the summer heaven ,  
Through the rude barriers of the lake,  
Away its hurrying waters break,  
Faster and whiter dash and curl,  
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl  
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,  
Thunders the viewless stream below,  
Diving, as if, condemn'd to lave 250  
Some demon's subterranean cave,  
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,  
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell  
And well that Palmer's form and mien  
Had suited with the stormy scene,  
Just on the edge, straining his ken  
To view the bottom of the den,  
Where, deep deep down, and far within,  
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ,  
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, 260  
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,  
White as the snowy charger's tail,  
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,  
To many a Border theme has rung  
Then list to me, and thou shalt know  
Of this mysterious Man of Woe

## CANTO SECOND.

*The Convent.*

## I

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke,  
 Round Norham Castle roll'd,  
 When all the loud artillery spoke,  
 With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,  
 As Marmion left the Hold  
 It coul'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,  
 For, far upon Northumbrian seas,  
 It freshly blew, and strong,  
 Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,  
 Bound to St Cuthbert's Holy Isle, 10  
 It bore a bark along  
 Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,  
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,  
 As she were dancing home,  
 The merry seamen laugh'd, to see  
 Their gallant ship so lustily  
 Furrow the green sea-foam  
 Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight,  
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,  
 The Abbess of St Hilda placed, 20  
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced

## II

'T was sweet to see these holy maids,  
 Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,  
 Their first flight from the cage,  
 How timid, and how curious too,  
 For all to them was strange and new,  
 And all the common sights they view,  
 Their wonderment engage.

One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,  
 With many a benedicite ; 30  
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,  
 And would for terror pray ,  
 Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,  
 His round black head, and sparkling eye,  
 Reared o'er the foaming spray ,  
 And one would still adjust her veil,  
 Disorder'd by the summer gale,  
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
 Her dedicated charms might spy ,  
 Perchance, because such action graced 40  
 Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist  
 Light was each simple bosom there,  
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—  
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare

## III

The Abbess was of noble blood,  
 But early took the veil and hood,  
 Ere upon life she cast a look,  
 Or knew the world that she forsook  
 Fair too she was, and kind had been 50  
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen  
 For her a timid lover sigh,  
 Nor knew the influence of her eye  
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,  
 Combined with vanity and shame ,  
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
 Bounded within the cloister wall  
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach,  
 Was of monastic rule the breach ,  
 And her ambition's highest aim  
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame 60  
 For this she gave her ample dower,  
 To raise the convent's eastern tower ,  
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,  
 She deck'd the chapel of the saint,  
 And gave the relic-shrine of cost,  
 With ivory and gems emboss'd  
 The poor her Convent's bounty blest,  
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest

## IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule  
 Reform'd on Benedictine school , 70  
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare ;  
 Vigils, and penitence austere,  
 Had early quench'd the light of youth,  
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth ,  
 Though vain of her religious sway,  
 She loved to see her maids obey,  
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well  
 Sad was this voyage to the dame ,  
 Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came, 80  
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,  
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold  
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
 For inquisition stern and strict,  
 On two apostates from the faith,  
 And, if need were, to doom to death

## V

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,  
 Save this, that she was young and fair ,  
 As yet a novice unprofess'd,  
 Lovely and gentle, but distress'd 90  
 She was betroth'd to one now dead,  
 Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled  
 Her kinsmen bade her give her hand  
 To one, who loved her for her land  
 Himself, almost heart-broken now,  
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,  
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,  
 Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom

## VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,  
 And seem'd to mark the waves below , 100  
 Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,  
 To count them as they glided by  
 She saw them not—'t was seeming all—  
 For other scenes her thoughts recall,—

A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,  
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there,  
There saw she, where some careless hand  
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,  
To hide it till the jackals come,  
To tear it from the scanty tomb  
See what a woful look was given,  
As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

110

## VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—  
These charms might tame the fiercest breast  
Harpers have sung, and poets told,  
That he, in fury uncontroll'd,  
The shaggy monarch of the wood,  
Before a virgin, fair and good,  
Hath pacified his savage mood  
But passions in the human frame,  
Oft put the lion's rage to shame  
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,  
With sordid avarice in league,  
Had practised with their bowl and knife,  
Against the mourner's harmless life  
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay  
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey

120

## VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand  
Of mountainous Northumberland,  
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,  
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes  
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,  
And Tynemouth's priory and bay,  
They mark'd amid her trees, the hall  
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval,  
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods  
Rush to the sea through sounding woods,  
They pass'd the tower of Widderington,  
Mother of many a valiant son,  
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell  
To the good Saint who own'd the cell,

130

140

Then did the Alne attention claim,  
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ,  
 And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear  
 The whitening breakers sound so near,  
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,  
 On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore ,  
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,  
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,  
 From its tall rock look grimly down, 150  
 And on the swelling ocean flown ,  
 Then from the coast they bore away,  
 And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

## IX

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,  
 And girdled in the Saint's domain  
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style  
 Varies from continent to isle ,  
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,  
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ,  
 Twice every day, the waves efface 160  
 Of staves and sandal'd feet the trace  
 As to the port the galley flew,  
 Higher and higher rose to view  
 The Castle with its battled walls,  
 The ancient Monastery's halls,  
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
 Placed on the margin of the isle.

## X

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,  
 With massive arches broad and round,  
 That rose alternate, row and row, 170  
 On ponderous columns, short and low,  
 Built ere the art was known,  
 By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,  
 The arcades of an alley'd walk  
 To emulate in stone  
 On the deep walls, the heathen Dane  
 Had pour'd his impious rage in vain ,  
 And needful was such strength to these,  
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,

Scourged by the winds' eternal sway, 180  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years withstand  
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand  
Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later style,  
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been ,  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,  
And rounded, with consuming power, 190  
The pointed angles of each tower ,  
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued

## XI

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,  
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,  
And with the sea-wave and the wind,  
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,  
And made harmonious close ,  
Then, answering from the sandy shore,  
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar, 200  
According chorus rose  
Down to the haven of the Isle,  
The monks and nuns in order file,  
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ,  
Banner, and cross, and relics there,  
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ,  
And, as they caught the sounds on air,  
They echoed back the hymn  
The islanders, in joyous mood,  
Rush'd emulously through the flood, 210  
To hale the bark to land ,  
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,  
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,  
And bless'd them with her hand

## XII

Suppose we now the welcome said,  
Suppose the Convent banquet made :  
All through the holy dome,

Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,  
 Wherever vestal maid might pry,  
 Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye, 220  
     The stranger sisters roam  
 Till fell the evening damp with dew,  
 And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,  
 For there, even summer night is chill  
 Then, having stray'd and gazed then ill,  
     They closed around the fire,  
 And all, in turn, essay'd to paint  
 The rival merits of their saint,  
     A theme that ne'er can tire  
 A holy maid, for, be it known, 230  
 That their saint's honour is their own

## XIII

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,  
 How to their house three Barons bold  
     Must menial service do;  
 While horns blow out a note of shame,  
 And monks cry "Fye upon your name"  
 In wrath, for loss of silvan game,  
     Saint Hilda's priest ye slew"  
 "This, on Ascension-day, each year,  
 While labouring on our harbour-pier, 240  
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Peicy hear"  
 They told, how in their convent cell  
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
     The lovely Edelfled,  
 And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
 Was changed into a coil of stone,  
     When holy Hilda pray'd,  
 Themselves, within their holy bound,  
 Their stony folds had often found  
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail, 250  
 As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,  
 They do their homage to the saint

## XIV

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail,  
 To vie with these in holy tale,

His body's resting-place, of old,  
 How oft their pation changed, they told,  
 How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,  
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle,  
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor, 260  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore  
     They rested them in fair Melrose,  
     But though, alive, he loved it well,  
     Not there his relics might repose,  
     For, wondrous tale to tell!  
     In his stone-coffin forth he rides,  
     A ponderous bark for river tides,  
     Yet light as gossamer it glides,  
     Downward to Tilmouth cell 270  
 Nor long was his abiding there,  
 For southward did the saint repair,  
 Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw  
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw  
     Hail'd him with joy and fear,  
 And, after many wanderings past,  
 He chose his lordly seat at last,  
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast,  
     Looks down upon the Wear  
 There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade, 280  
 His relics are in secret laid,  
     But none may know the place,  
 Save of his holiest servants three,  
 Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
     Who share that wondrous grace.

## XV

Who may his miracles declare!  
 Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,  
     (Although with them they led  
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,  
 And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail, 290  
 And the bold men of Teviotdale,)  
     Before his standard fled  
 'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,  
 And turn'd the Conqueror back again,

When, with his Noiman bowyer band,  
He came to waste Northumberland

## XVI

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn  
If, on a rock, by Lindisfaine,  
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame 300  
The sea-born beads that bear his name  
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
And said they might his shape behold,  
And hear his anvil sound,  
A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,  
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm  
And night were closing round  
But this, as tale of idle fame,  
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim

## XVII

While round the fire such legends go, 310  
Far different was the scene of woe,  
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
Council was held of life and death  
It was more dark and lone that vault,  
Than the worst dungeon cell  
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,  
In penitence to dwell,  
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down  
The Saxon battle-axe and crown  
This den, which, chilling every sense 320  
Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,  
Excluding air and light,  
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made  
A place of burial for such dead,  
As, having died in mortal sin,  
Might not be laid the church within  
'Twas now a place of punishment,  
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,  
As reach'd the upper air, 330  
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,  
The spirits of the sinful dead  
Bemoan'd their torments there.

## XVIII

But though, in the monastic pile,  
Did of this penitential aisle  
Some vague tradition go,  
Few only, save the Abbot, knew  
Where the place lay, and still more few  
Were those, who had from him the clew  
To that dread vault to go 340  
Victim and executioner  
Were blindfold when transported there  
In low dark rounds the arches hung,  
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung,  
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,  
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,  
Were all the pavement of the floor,  
The mildew-drops fell one by one,  
With tinkling splash, upon the stone  
A cresset, in an iron chain, 350  
Which served to light this dear domun,  
With damp and darkness seem'd to stive,  
As if it scarce might keep alive,  
And yet it dimly served to show  
The awful conclave met below

## XIX

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
Were placed the heads of convents three  
All servants of Saint Benedict,  
The statutes of whose order strict  
On iron table lay, 360  
In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
Behind were these three judges shown  
By the pale cresset's ray  
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,  
Sat for a space with visage bare,  
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
And tear-drops that for pity fell,  
She closely drew her veil  
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,  
By her proud mien and flowing dress, 370  
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,  
And she with awe looks pale.

And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight  
 Has long been quenched by age's night,  
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,  
 Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,  
 Whose look is hard and stern,—  
 St Cuthbert's Abbot is his style,  
 For sanctity call'd, through the isle,  
 The Saint of Lindisfarne

380

## XX

Before them stood a guilty pair,  
 But, though an equal fate they share,  
 Yet one alone deserves our care  
 Her sex a page's dress belied,  
 The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
 Obscured her charms, but could not hide  
 Her cap down o'er her face she drew,  
 And, on her doublet breast,  
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest  
 But, at the Prioress' command,  
 A Monk undid the silken band,  
 That tied her tresses fair,  
 And raised the bonnet from her head,  
 And down her slender form they spread,  
 In ringlets rich and rare  
 Constance de Beverley they know,  
 Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,  
 Whom the church number'd with the dead,  
 For broken vows, and convent fled.

390

400

## XXI

When thus her face was given to view,  
 (Although so pallid was her hue,  
 It did a ghastly contrast bear  
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)  
 Her look composed, and steady eye,  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy,  
 And there she stood so calm and pale,  
 That, but her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted

410

That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
You might have thought a form of wax,  
Wrought to the very life, was there,  
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

## XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
Such as does murder for a meed,  
Who, but of fear, knows no control,  
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,  
Feels not the import of his deed,  
One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires 420  
Beyond his own more brute desires  
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,  
To do the savagest of deeds,  
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,  
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,  
One fear with them, of all most base,  
The fear of death,—alone finds place.  
This wretch was clad in flock and cowl,  
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,  
His body on the floor to dash, 430  
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash,  
While his mute partner, standing near,  
Wanted her doom without a tear

## XXIII

Yet well the luckless wretch might shudder,  
Well might her paleness terror speak!  
For there were seen in that dark wall,  
Two niches, narrow, deep and tall,—  
Who enters at such grisly door,  
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more  
In each a slender meal was laid, 440  
Of roots, of water, and of bread  
By each, in Benedictine dress,  
Two haggard monks stood motionless,  
Who, holding high a blazing torch,  
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch  
Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.

stones and cement were display'd,  
building tools in order laid

## XXIV

Executioners were chose, 450  
in who were with mankind foes,  
with despite and envy fired,  
the cloister had retired,  
who, in desperate doubt of grace,  
swe, by deep penance, to efface  
of some foul crime the stain,  
, as the vassals of her will,  
th men the Church selected still,  
either joy'd in doing ill,  
th thought more grace to gain, 460  
her cause, they wrestled down  
gs their nature strove to own  
ange device were they brought there,  
knew not how, nor knew not where

## XXV

Now that blind old Abbot rose,  
speak the Chapter's doom  
ose the wall was to enclose,  
e, within the tomb,  
opp'd, because that woful Maid,  
ring her powers, to speak essay'd 470  
she essay'd, and twice in vain,  
ccents might no utterance gain,  
it but imperfect murmurs slip  
her convulsed and quivering lip,  
ext each attempt all was so still,  
seem'd to hear a distant rill—  
' was ocean's swells and falls,  
though this vault of sin and fear  
s to the sounding surge so near,  
mpest there you scarce could hear, 480  
o massive were the walls

## XXVI

gth, an effort sent apart  
lood that curdled to her heart,

And light came to her eye,  
 And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,  
 A hectic and a flutter'd streak,  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,  
 By Autumn's stormy sky,  
 And when her silence broke at length,  
 Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,  
 And arm'd herself to bear  
 It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy,  
 In form so soft and fair

490

## XXVII

"I speak not to implore your grace,  
 Well know I, for one minute's space  
 Successless might I sue  
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain,  
 For if a death of lingering pain,  
 To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,  
 Vain are your masses too  
 I listen'd to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil,  
 For three long years I bow'd my pride,  
 A house-boy in his train to ride,  
 And well my folly's meed he gave,  
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
 All here, and all beyond the grave  
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
 Forgot his vows, his faith foreswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more  
 'Tis an old tale, and often told,  
 But did my fate and wish agree,  
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
 Of maiden true betray'd for gold,  
 That loved, or was avenged, like me !

500

510

## XXVIII

"The King approved his favourite's aim,  
 In vain a rival ban'd his claim,  
 Whose fate with Clara's was plight,

520

he attaints that rival's fame  
 treason's charge—and on they came,  
 mortal lists to fight  
 Their oaths are said,  
 Their prayers are pray'd,  
 Their lances in the rest are laid,  
 they meet in mortal shock,  
 hark! the throng, with thundering cry,  
 t 'Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,  
 to Wilton to the block!'  
 ye, who preach Heaven shall decide  
 n in the lists two champions ride,  
 y, was Heaven's justice here?  
 n, loyal in his love and faith,  
 on found overthrow or death,  
 neath a traitor's spear!  
 false the charge, how true he tell,  
 guilty packet best can tell!"  
 drew a packet from her breast,  
 ed, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest

530

540

## XXIX

I was false Marmion's bridal staid,  
 Whitby's convent fled the maid,  
 e hated match to shun  
 ' shifts she thus?' King Henry cried,  
 Marmion, she shall be thy bride,  
 she were sworn a nun!  
 way remain'd—the King's command  
 Marmion to the Scottish land  
 ger'd here, and rescue plann'd  
 r Clara and for me  
 catiff Monk, for gold, did swear,  
 ould to Whitby's shrine repair,  
 by his drugs, my rival fair  
 saint in heaven should be  
 ll the dastard kept his oath,  
 se cowardice has undone us both

550

## XXX

I now my tongue the secret tells,  
 hat remorse my bosom swells,

But to assure my soul that none  
Shall ever wed with Marmion  
Had fortune my last hope betray'd,  
This packet, to the King convey'd,  
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,  
Although my heart that instant broke  
Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
For I can suffer and be still,  
And come he slow, or come he fast,  
It is but Death who comes at last.

560

## XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,  
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!  
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
That you shall wish the fiery Dane  
Had rather been your guest again.  
Behind, a darker hour ascends!  
The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
The ire of a despotic King  
Rides forth upon destruction's wing,  
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep,  
Some traveller then shall find my bones  
Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
Marvel such relics here should be"

570

580

## XXXII

Fix'd was her look, and stein her air  
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair,  
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
Stared up erectly from her head,  
Her figure seem'd to rise more high,  
Her voice, despair's wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy  
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate,  
With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listen'd for the avenging storm,

590

The judges felt the victim's dead ,  
 No hand was moved, no word was said,  
 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven —  
 "Sister, let thy sorrows cease , 600  
 Sinful brother, part in peace !"  
 From that due dungeon, place of doom,  
 Of execution too, and tomb,  
 Paced forth the judges three ,  
 Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
 The butcher-work that there befell,  
 When they had glided from the cell  
 Of sin and misery

## XXXIII

An hundred winding steps convey  
 That conclave to the upper day , 610  
 But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
 They heard the shriekings of despair,  
 And many a stifled groan  
 With speed their upward way they take,  
 (Such speed as age and fear can make )  
 And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,  
 As hurrying, tottering on  
 Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,  
 They seem'd to hear a dying groan,  
 And bade the passing knell to toll 620  
 For welfare of a parting soul  
 Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
 Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ,  
 To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,  
 His beads the wakeful hermit told,  
 The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
 But slept ere half a prayer he said ,  
 So far was heard the mighty knell,  
 The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
 Spread his broad nostril to the wind, 630  
 Listed before, aside, behind,  
 Then couch'd him down beside the hind,  
 And quaked among the mountain fern,  
 To hear that sound so dull and stern

# NOTES

## INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE TO CANTO II

*Rev John Marriott* Marriott was tutor to Lord Scott, the young heir of Buccleuch (Pulgiave, Gl Ed ) See l 84, and n

1-21 "*Ettrick Forest* boasts finely-shaped hills and clear romantic streams, but, alas! they are bare to wildness, and denuded of the beautiful natural wood with which they were formerly shaded. It is mortifying to see that, though wherever the sheep are excluded, the copse has immediately sprung up in abundance, so that enclosures only are wanting to restore the wood wherever it might be useful or ornamental, yet hardly a proprietor has attempted to give it fair play for a resurrection." —SCOTT (to Ellis)

15 *Rowan* = 'mountain ash'

32 *Newark's riven tower* The ruined castle of Newark is situate on the banks of the Yarrow, close to Bowhill (For Bowhill see l 73, and n ) It is at Newark the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is supposed to be sung

"He pass'd where Newark's stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower  
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—  
No humbler resting-place was nigh,  
With hesitating step at last  
The embattled portal arch he pass'd "

—*Lay*, Introd. I

32-51 *Sallied a Scottish monarch's power*, &c. "*Ettrick Forest*, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. When the king hunted there, he often summoned the army of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus in 1528 James V 'made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, land warden, and freeholders, that they should compare at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he

pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country, and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased'. These huntings had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the duty of a vassal"—See N B A lengthy account of the way in which these huntings were conducted will be found in Scott's note V to *Marmion*

41 *Gazehound* = 'a hound that pursues, not by the scent, but by the eye'

42 *Bratchet* = 'slow-hound,' 'bloodhound'

55 *The outlaw* See "The Song of the Outlaw Murray," *Bord Minst*—

"Ettricke Foeste is a feir foeste,  
In it grows manie a semelie tree,  
There's hait and hynd, and dae and rae,  
And of a' wilde beastes grete plentie

"There's a feir castelle, bigged wi' lyme and stane,

There an *outlaw* keeps five hundred men,  
He keeps a royalle cumpanie!"

56-63 *Humbler sport* "The country all around Ashestiel, with here and there an insignificant exception, belongs to the Buccleuch estate, so that whichever way he chose to turn the bard of the clan had ample room and verge enough, and all appliances to boot, for every variety of field sport that might happen to please his fancy, and being then in the prime vigour of manhood, he was not slow to profit by these advantages."—LOCKHART

68-71 Cf *Intro* p 18, and *Intro* Ep IV 156-163 n

73 *Bowhill* (see map) is "between the Yarrow and the Ettrick, where the Earl of Dalkeith (the friend of Scott, afterwards Duke of Buccleuch) used occasionally to inhabit a small shooting lodge, which has since grown to be a magnificent ducal mansion. It was at Bowhill that the Countess of Dalkeith requested a ballad on Gilpin Horner, which led to the writing of the *Lay*"—LOCKHART

82-3 *Janet Carterhaugh* See the tale of Tamlane and the introduction to it in the *Bord Minst*

"*Carterhaugh* is a plain at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle which is said to have been the habitation of the father of Janet"—Sc B M

84 *Youthful baron* "George Henry, Lord Scott, son to Charles Earl of Dalkeith. He died early in 1808" (BLACK'S ed n)

85 *The Forest-Sheriff*. In December, 1799, Scott was, through the interest of the Duke of Buccleuch, appointed Sheriff-Deputy of Selkirkshire. Scott "had by this time come to be on terms of affectionate intimacy with some of the younger members of the duke's family. The Earl of Dalkeith (afterwards Duke Charles of Buccleuch) and his brother, Lord James Scott (now Lord Montagu), had been participating with kindred ardour in the military patriotism of the period, and had been thrown into Scott's society under circumstances well qualified to ripen acquaintance into confidence."—N.B. "Near Ashestiel there is a knoll with some tall ashes, where Scott was very fond of sitting by himself, and it still bears the name of *the Sheriff's Knowe*."—LOCKHART.

88-101 *She is gone*, &c. "The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith (afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch) had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. All who remember this lady will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us." (She died in 1814.)—SC. *Intro. to Lay*, 1830.

90-93 *If to Sylphid Queen*, &c. Cf. Burke on Marie Antoinette (in his *Reflections on French Revolution*) and Scott's words in preceding note.

102-6 *Yair*. "There was hardly even a gentleman's family within visiting distance (of Ashestiel), except at Yair, a few miles lower on the Tweed, *the ancient seat of the Pringles of Whytbank* (l. 106), and at Bowhill."—LOCKHART.

115 *His ramparts*. "There is on a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashestiel a fosse called Wallace's trench."

147-73 *St. Mary's Loch*. "This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains."—SC. n. While Scott was writing *Marmion* "he frequently wandered far from home, attended only by his dog, and would return late in the evening, having let hours after hours slip away among the soft and melancholy wildernesses where Yarrow creeps from her fountains. The lines—

"'Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,  
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake,' &c.,  
paint a scene not less impressive than what Byron found amidst the gigantic pines of the forest of Ravenna; and how completely

does he set himself before us in the moment of his gentler and more solemn inspiration, by the closing couplet—

“ ‘Your horse’s hoof tread sounds too rude,  
So stilly is the solitude’

But when the theme was of a more stirring order, he enjoyed pursuing it over brake and fell at the full speed of his *Lieutnant*. I well remember his saying, as I rode with him across the hills from Ashiestiel to Newaik one day in his declining years, ‘Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes when I was thinking of Marmion, but a trotting canny pony must serve me now’—LOCKHART

152 In the original MS Scott wrote—

“And just a *line* of *pebbly* sand”

The correction is in itself a lesson in the art of poetry

155-7 *Lonely bare, &c* “‘To my eye’” (said Scott to Washington Irving) “‘these grey hills, and all this wild Border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land, it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills, and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I *think I should die*’” The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech”

174 *et seq* *Feudal strife* *Our Lady’s chapel* “The chapel of St Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns, but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced, but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral in a spot so very retired has an uncommonly striking effect”—SCOTT

It is highly characteristic of Scott that he cannot think of St Mary’s Loch without thinking of “feudal strife” and “Yarrow’s faded flower” (l. 196). His love of legend and tradition surpassed even his love of nature, and the two were intimately intertwined. Speaking, in his *Autobiography*, of his residence as a boy at Kelso (on the Tweed, some distance below Melrose and Melton), he says “To this period I can trace distinctly the awakening of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects *not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association*. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in

song; the ruins of an ancient abbey; the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle. . . . The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, *more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour*, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe." But it will be better to deal fully with this subject in the notes to *Introd. Ep. III.*, where Scott tells us that in "life's first day" his "fancy's wakening hour" saw and loved the "craggs" and "the mountain tower" together. See *Introd. Ep. III.* 158-9, and 111-242 n. N.B. Among those buried at St. Mary's Kirk were the lovers of the "Douglas Tragedy." See *Border Minst.*

185-9 *Chaplain's cell. Bourhope*. "The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope." (l. 195.) Sc. n.

186-7 See Milton, *Il Penseroso*.

192-4 "Scott's moralising supplies a background of pensive colouring to his bright objective pictures. . . . It often contains what seems the reflection of his own conscience on his genius."—J. WEDGWOOD, *Cont. Rev.* vol. xxxiii.

195-6 *Dryhope. Yarrow's faded flower*. "Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations than his bride for her beauty."—Sc. n.

"My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the surname of 'Beardie.' (See *Introd. Ep. VI.* 95-106, and n.) He was the second son of Walter Scott, first Laird of Raeburn, who was third son of Sir William Scott, and the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition 'Auld Watt' of Harden. I am therefore lineally descended from that ancient chieftain, whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow—no bad genealogy for a Border minstrel."—Sc. *Autob.* See also *Lay IV.* ix.

203 *Wizard priest*. "At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small

mound, called 'Biniam's Coise,' where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in *The Monk*, and has been made the theme of a ballad by my friend Mr James Hogg, more poetically designed 'The Ettrick Shepherd'—Sc n

239-263 *Loch Skene* "Loch Skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage, and the earn, or Scottish eagle (l 240), has for many ages built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch Skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the 'Grey Mare's Tail' (l 262). The 'Giant's Grave,' afterwards mentioned (l 261), is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass"—Sc n

Mr Skene (see Introd. Ep IV), speaking of his visits to Scott at Ashiestiel, says "One of our earliest expeditions was to visit the wild scenery of the mountainous tract above Moffat, including the cascade of the 'Grey Mare's Tail,' and the dark tain called 'Loch Skene.' In our ascent to the lake we got completely bewildered in the thick fog which generally envelopes the rugged features of that lonely region. At length, as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge eagle heaved himself from the margin, and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders, and altogether it would be impossible to picture anything more desolately savage than the scene which opened, as if raised by enchantment on purpose to gratify the poet's eye, thick folds of fog rolling incessantly over the face of the inkly waters, but rent asunder now in one direction, and then in another, so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting rock or naked point of land, or island bearing a few scraggy stumps of pine, and then closing again in universal darkness upon the cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of *Old Mortality* was drawn from that day's ride"—LOCKHART. See also on this subject a very interesting passage in the works of the Ettrick Shepherd.

264 *On Isis strung, &c* at Oxford. After its confluence with the Thame the Isis becomes the Thames.

265 *To many a Border theme*. Several poems by Mr Marmion will be found towards the end of the *Border Minstrel*. One, called "The Feast of Spurs," tells a well known story of 'Auld Watt' of Harden and his wife, the Flower of Yarrow. See l 195-6, n.

266-7 *Man of Woe*=the 'black Palmer' (l 237). This conclusion would naturally make us expect to hear much of the

\* Palmer in Canto II. But it is the only one in which he does not appear. Note, too, how closely the opening of Canto II. connects it with the end of Canto I.—

"The breeze, which swept away the smoke,  
Round Norham Castle rolled,

As Marmion left the Hold. (See end of Canto I.)  
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,  
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,

It bore a bark along."—II. i. 1-11.

All this shows how the *Introd. Epistles* break up the poem. See Southey's letter in the *Introd.* p. 20.

## CANTO II.

INTRODUCTION (A).—Before beginning a new canto, it will be well to sum up what we know of the story from Canto I.

Marmion, a great English noble, is, we find, on his way to Scotland, at the head of an embassy from Henry VIII. of England. The time (see advertisement of first edition, p. 22) is the beginning of August, 1513—a month before Flodden was fought; and when the story opens, Marmion is approaching Norham, one of the great English fortresses in the Borderland. The castle, its garrison, and the restless Border life they lead, are described with the most careful detail, and so are Lord Marmion and his train. Scott is full of knowledge of these feudal times, and full of sympathy with them; and it is a labour of love with him to make them real to us, to surround us with a feudal atmosphere, so to speak, at the outset, in order that the story and the characters in it may be real and living to us—that we may enter Norham with Marmion.

Two personages stand out most conspicuously in this canto, and are described in more detail than the rest. These are Marmion himself and the mysterious Palmer.

Marmion, the central figure of the story, is naturally described at length. (I. v.) This powerful baron is no longer young; but time has only made him "in camps a leader sage." He is still "in close fight a champion grim," as renowned in battle as in council. Proud, bold, and sagacious, he is a born leader of men, a welcome ally, and a dangerous enemy.

Two important circumstances connected with him we learn in this canto.

(i.) He has defeated his rival, Ralph de Wilton, in trial by battle; and De Wilton by his defeat has lost his lady-love, his land, and his honour. Marmion, if we are to believe the

heralds, has "conquered in the right" (I. xii 189), and has unmasked a traitor in De Wilton

(11) There is some strange mystery in connection with a page who has till lately been in Marmion's train. Sir Hugh the Heron, the captain of Norham, hints that the page is really a woman. The mention of the page (we must notice) is evidently distasteful to Marmion. The boy, he says, has been left "sick in I indisfarne," and he at once turns the subject by a sneering allusion to the presence of Lady Heron at the Scottish Court.

Then Marmion reveals that he is on the way to King James, by order of his own king, to enquire the reason of the Scottish monarch's warlike preparations, and he desires a guide. A squire suggests the Palmer for this purpose. We have then (I. xxvi-xxviii) such a detailed description of the Palmer, and of his behaviour when summoned into Marmion's presence, that it is almost certain this mysterious personage is to play a prominent part in the story. From this description the two most important facts we discover are these:

(a) The Palmer has suffered from some very dreadful calamity.

(b) There is a mysterious antagonism between the Palmer and Marmion. We get only the first faint hint of it here. He "fronted Marmion where he sate, as he his peer had been" (I. xxviii). It becomes much more conspicuous in Canto III. See III. v. vi. xiv.

The Palmer takes upon himself the task of leading Marmion and his train to the Scottish Court, and the canto ends with their departure from Norham early the next morning.

N.B. Before leaving this canto we must notice that Marmion does not suspect—indeed, no one knows till long afterwards—that the Palmer, his mysterious guide, is De Wilton himself.

Three interesting questions suggest themselves at this stage of the story.

(a) Did Marmion really "conquer in the right," and was De Wilton rightly adjudged a traitor, or was he the victim of some base scheme? And had Marmion anything to do with such a scheme? In fact, is Marmion a true knight or not?

(b) What is the truth about the page? Is the page really a woman? And why does Marmion seem to shrink from the mention of her? It is very unlikely that the absence of the page and the overthrow of De Wilton would be brought forward so prominently at the very beginning of the story if these circumstances had not a great deal to do with the plot.

(c) Who is the "lady-love" that De Wilton, by his overthrow, lost to Marmion? And which of them did she herself love?

Now these are precisely the questions which, as we shall see, are answered in Canto II.

(B) Notice, too, how as we read we are learning more and more of what life was in feudal times. Speaking generally, we may say that in those days (the Middle Ages, as they are called, *i.e.* the centuries that come between modern times and the days of Greece and Rome\*) people had a choice between only two modes of life (1) a life of war, (2) a life of religion. At all events, to a man of any rank only these two lives were open. He might become a knight, or he might become a priest or monk. We must, however, remember that if he chose the latter course, he was not bound to devote himself to those duties to which the clergy are in the main now confined. He might be a statesman, or he might be a student. But if he wanted to be anything but altogether a soldier, or chiefly a soldier, he must cease to be a layman, and must enter the ranks of the clergy. The baronage and the church—the great body of leaders in war and the great body of guardians of religion—these are the two great forces in the Middle Ages.

Now in Canto I the life of war has been described for us—the knight and his train, the feudal castle and its garrison, &c. In Canto II we are to learn about the life of religion, and especially about the great religious bodies that clustered round the monasteries—the great religious orders, as they were called. For one of the most striking features in the church of the Middle Ages is the number and importance of the monks. Besides the ordinary parish priests, there were the monks, or regular clergy, so called because each order obeyed the rule (Lat. ‘regula’), *i.e.* the body of regulations drawn up by its founder.

There were religious orders for both sexes, and we gain much information about them both in this canto.

I 5 *The hold* = ‘the stronghold’ (of Northam).

9 *Whitby’s cloister’d pile*. The Abbey of Whitby,† on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswin, King of Northumbria. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order, but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry VIII’s time nor long before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.”—SC. n.

¶ *B. Cloister* = a covered arcade in a monastery, nunnery, &c., or the building itself. See st. iii. 56 (Cl.).

10 *St. Cuthbert’s Holy Isle* (See map). “Lindisfarne, an isle

Strictly speaking, the ages between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Renaissance.

† Called Streones hal until the Danes took the town. Cf. top of p. 123.

on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office, but then merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his 'patrimony' upon the extensive property of the see"—SC n

For St Cuthbert and the miracles attributed to him see st xiv-xvi and n. He was bishop of Lindisfarne A.D. 685-8. The removal of the seat of the bishopric to Durham did not take place till much later. See st xiv 274-280.

14 *As*='as if' Cf. with this description of the ship, *Lord of Isles*, IV vii—

"Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,  
She bounds before the gale," &c

17 *Furrow* The word 'furrow' is a *metaphor*, or a compressed simile (For *simile* see I iii 31, 32, n.) If we used a simile here, we should say, "The ship cuts through the waves as a plough furrows the land." But when we compress this simile into a metaphor, we boldly transfer (Greek *μεταφέρω*) the action of furrowing to the ship (saying, "The ship furrows the sea.") The simile, then, gives in so many plain words the resemblance between the action of the ship and the action of the plough. But by the use of metaphor this resemblance is conveyed in one word, as in a lightning flash, by the imagination of the poet to the imagination of his readers. The vivid imagination of the poet sees the resemblance, his swift, vivid presentment of it gratifies the imagination of his readers.

18 *Freight*='anything carried' (in a ship). Here, 'the passengers' (Gl.)

20 *St Hilda* See st xiii 247, n.

21 *Galley*=(properly) 'a long, low built ship'

II 33 *Sea-dog*='seal'

39 *Dedicated*, i.e. devoted to the service of God.

44 *Novice*, i.e. 'one who was preparing to become a nun, but had not yet taken the vows' (Gl.)

N.B. (a) The number of short lines in st. 1 ii suits the liveliness of the description. Contrast it with the more regular metre of st. iii *et seq.* and see Introd. pp. 15, 16. (b) St. 1 ii are valuable to heighten the effect of st. iii. *et seq.* The nuns are free from care: the abbess and Clare are oppressed by sad thoughts (St. ii-vii). The nuns are rejoicing in their liberty, "like birds escaped to greenwood shades." Constance, their unhappy sister, is dragged back from liberty to disgrace and a dreadful death (St. xvii-xxiii.)

III 45 *Of noble blood* She was of "Gloster's blood," like Clare, the heroine See V xxi 581-3

49 *Had been* = 'would have been'

58 *Monastic rule*, i.e. the regulations which a body of monks or nuns had to keep, e.g. the rule of St. Benedict

60 *Emulate* = 'strive to equal'

65 *Relic-shrine*, i.e. the holy place in which the *remains* of saints or martyrs were preserved. Such relics were looked upon with superstitious reverence in the Middle Ages (*Relic*, Gl.)

66 *Emboss'd* = 'ornamented with relief or raised work' (Gl. I)

53-68 The good and evil in monastic life are well brought out in these lines (a) Its self-sacrifice (l. 61), (b) Its charity (l. 67-8), (c) Its service to art (l. 62-6), but (d) Its narrowness. It is cut off from the ordinary joys and sorrows of mankind (l. 47-56). Cf. the abbess's conversation with the Palmer, V xxi *et seq.* (e) Its superstition (l. 65)

IV 69, 70 *Rule Benedictine* See st. iii 58, n

72 *Vigils* = 'devotional watchings,' 'prayers offered up at night' (Gl. I)

74 *Sooth* = 'truth' (Gl. I)

83 *Chapter* A council or synod of ecclesiastics (Gl.)

84 *Inquisition* = 'examination,' 'judicial enquiry'

85 *Apostate*, i.e. 'one who has fallen away from or proved faithless to his religion'

86 *To doom to death* (a) Note the construction here 'To doom' depends, like 'to hold' (l. 82), on 'came' (l. 80). The object of 'doom' is 'apostates' understood. (b) Note the alliteration l. 84, "Stern and strict," l. 86, "Doom to death." For the meaning of alliteration see IV xvii 347-52, n

V 89 *A novice unprofess'd*, i.e. she had entered a convent, but had not yet taken the vows. N.B. Clare, we see, was

"Went to take the vestal vow,"

but was

"As yet a novice unprofess'd"

She could therefore lawfully leave the convent and marry Constance (the guilty sister mentioned in st. xx *et seq.*) was, on the other hand, a "sister professed" (st. xi 398). She had taken the vows, and all human love was therefore forbidden her.

91-2 *One now dead*, &c., i.e. De Wilton, who had been declared traitor, and had disappeared after his overthrow by Maimon in the lists at Cottiswold. See I xii, II xxviii

94 *Who loved her for her land*, i.e. Maimon. We are told that he

"Longed to stretch his wide command  
O'er luckless Clare's ample land"

—V. xxviii 824-25

Marmion cared little for Clare herself

"If e'er he loved, 't was her alone,  
Who died within that vault of stone"

—V *xxviii* 833-34

*12* Constance, whose terrible fate is described in II *xxiii*  
*xxxii* *xxxiii*

95 *He* self stands alone here as the subject of 'was bent,'  
giving a certain emphasis Cf st *xiii* 248, and I *xxvi* 452

96 *Bent* = 'determined'

*Vestal vow* The vestal virgins at Rome, like the Christian  
nuns, were pledged never to indulge in human love If they  
did, they were buried alive

97 *Shroud* = 'find shelter for,' 'hide,' lit 'cloak'

VI 103 '*T was seeming all*, *12* she only *seemed* to be  
looking at the waves, &c Her thoughts were really elsewhere  
See I 104, *et seq* NB '*Seeming*' is a noun

108 *Corpse*, *12* De Wilton's

VII 115-119 *Harpers have sung*, &c Thus in Spenser's  
*Faerie Queen*, when Una is deserted by the Red Cross Knight,  
who believes her false, a lion rushes upon her, but

"As he drew more nigh,  
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,  
And, with the sight amaz'd, forgat his furious force

Instead thereof, he kist her wearie feet,  
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,  
As he her wronged innocence did weet  
O how can beautie maister the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!"

And then Una compares the lion's pity with the harshness of  
her knight (cf I 120, 121)—

"But he, my lyon and my noble lord,  
How does he find in cruell hait to hate  
Her, that him lov'd" —*Faerie Queen*, I *iii* 5-7.

124 *Practised* Used in a bad sense here 'Plotted,'  
'schemed.' Cf the use of 'practice' in Shakspeare, *eg*

"On whose foolish honesty  
My *practices* ride easy" (*12* my plots, schemes)  
—*Lear*, I *ii* 162, 163

*Bowl*, *12* bowl of poison

126-7 *This crime*, &c The prisoners at Holy Island were  
charged with plotting to murder Clare—one from jealousy  
(I 122), the other from greed of gold (I 123) See st. *xxix*

VIII Note the poetic treatment of the list of names in this stanza (An account of most of the places mentioned will be found in Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*.)

138-9 *The tower of Widderington,  
Mother of many a valiant son*

Many readers will remember the heroic Widderington of Chevy Chase—

"For Wethallington my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be,  
For when both his leggis were hewyne in to trow,  
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne"

Or, as it is more quaintly put in another version—

For Witherington needs must I wayle,  
As one in doleful dumps,  
For when his leggis were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps'

144 *Cross'd themselves* They made the holy sign, to guard themselves from evil

146-7 *Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore* "The ruins of Dunstanborough Castle overlook the sea, which here, in rough weather, breaks with a terrific noise through an opening in the rocks, called Rumble Churn"

148-151 *Bamborough King Ida's* "Bamborough Castle stands on a rock of the sea coast, opposite the Farn Islands, nearly 150 feet above the sea-level at low-tide, on the site of a far more ancient Saxon stronghold, erected by *King Ida*" (l. 149), "the conqueror of Northumberland, in the sixth century. The keep is a lofty square building, with walls eleven feet and nine feet thick."—*Illustr. Lond. News*, Aug. 9th, 1884

IX 154-161 *Its style varies from continent to isle, &c* "Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi isle, for, although surrounded by the sea at full-tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant"—SC n

157 *Continent, i.e.* part of the mainland

161 *Staves and sandall'd feet* For the dress of pilgrims, see the description of the Palmer, I. xxvii. 460-71—

'His sandals were with travel tore,  
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore,' &c

164 *The Castle* Holy Island "chiefly consists of one continued plain. But the ground on which the village stands rises swiftly from the shore. At the southern point is a rock of a conical figure, and almost perpendicular, in height nearly sixty feet, having on its lofty crown a small fortress or castle

which makes it only a grotesque and formidable appearance' It is supposed, "from the inviting strength of the situation, that it was used, shortly after the erection of the abbey, as a place of refuge, where the religious retreated when disturbed in their holy residence"—MACKLINTON, *Hist of Northd* pp 315-18

*Battled*='with battlements' Cf I 14 (Gl I)

165 *Monastery* See next stanza, and n l 108

X 168-93 *That Abbey* "The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon, and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation" (l 184-86) "The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text" (l 187-91)—SCOTT

176 *Heathen Dane* See st XIV 258, and n

181 *Rovers fierce as they, i.e.* fierce as the winds and the seas Scott means the Danes

187 *But*='but that' Cf l 184

189 *Niche*='recess in a wall for a statue' (Gl)

XI 194 *His, i.e.* St Cuthbert's

201 *According* (adj)='agreeing,' 'harmonious'

210 *Emulously, i.e.* striving who should be first Cf 'emulate,' st III 60

211 *Hale*='haul,' 'pull,' another form of *haul*

XII 215-16 *Suppose we now, &c.* Scott has already described a meeting and a banquet, though with very different personages (See Canto I) Words like those in l 215-16 are used when the minstrel, (a) to make the story clear, does not wish to leave out the mention of some circumstance, but (b) to prevent the story from being tedious, or for some other reason, does not wish to dwell upon the circumstance Cf V XXVII 780, XXXIV 993-1014, also *Lay*, VI IV XXXIII

217 *Dome*='building' here Cf IV XVI 305 (Gl)

218 *Clouster* See st I 9, end of n, and Gl

*Aisle*, See st XVII 312 n, and Gl

220 *Unhallow'd eye, i.e.* the gaze of any one who was not consecrated to God's service NB 'To hallow'='to make holy'

227 *Essay'd*='tried,' 'endeavoured'

229 *Theme*='subject' (Der *thema* from *τιθημι*)

226-31 The talk round the fire gives Scott another opportunity of pouring out his antiquarian lore, and showing how much he knew of the life and legends of the Middle Ages

XIII 232-41 *Three Barons bold*, &c "The three barons, we are told, did, on the 16th October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar in a certain wood or desert place belonging to the Abbot of Whitby. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and having found a great wild boar, the hounds ran him well there about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was near a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar, being very sorely pursued and dead-run, took in at the chapel-door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth, and within they found the boar lying dead, for which the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game (l 237), did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar staves, whereby he soon after died."

—SC n

234 *Meine* = 'low,' 'servile,' *ie* (service) that should properly be performed by one of the servants, or one of the *household* (= 'meinee' in English of 14th century) (Gl)

N B The three barons and their heirs had to go once a year to a wood, cut some stakes "with a knife of one penny price," bear them on their backs to the town of Whitby, and if it was "low-water set their stakes to the brim" so that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof. "You shall faithfully do this," said the hermit when on the point of death, "in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me, and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale side shall blow, 'Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!' for this heinous crime (l 235-36). If you or your successors shall refuse this service, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whitby, or his successors."—SC n

243-4 *Lovely Edelfled* "She was the daughter of king Oswy of Northumbria, who, in gratitude to heaven for the great victory which he won, in 655, against Penda, the Pagan king of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence."—SC n

247 *St Hilda* The great Abbess of Whitby (born A D 614) "For her eminence in piety and grace she was called 'The Mother' by all who knew her. So great also was her prudence that not only all common people in their necessities, but even

sometimes kings and princes, sought counsel of her, and found it."—BEDE

248 *Themselves* Cf st v 95 n

XIV. 254 *St Cuthbert's daughters* As Scott himself tells us in his notes, there were no nuns at Whitby or at Tynemouth in the time of Henry VIII, and none at Holy Island at any time. Indeed, St Cuthbert would not allow women to approach his abbey buildings, and they were excluded from the holy places where his body rested during its wanderings. "In the cathedral at Durham (where it was finally deposited) the pavement is distinguished by a cross of marble, beyond which women were not allowed to advance towards the choir." There are many stories of St Cuthbert's anger when his rule was transgressed by women. For example, in the twelfth century an attendant on the Queen of Scotland dared to enter the cathedral of Durham, which to women seems in those days to have been entirely forbidden. Helisend, however, "clothed herself in the black cowl and hood of a monk, and without being observed took her station in a corner of the cathedral. Scarcely, however, had she done this when she was seized with fear and trembling, and became totally unable to move from the spot. In the meantime St Cuthbert (who, we may mention, had been dead more than four hundred years) had detected the intruder, and hastening to Bernard, the sacrist, who was writing in the cloister, commanded him to lose no time in driving out the woman who had dared to enter the church. That the saint was in a mighty rage is abundantly evident from his charge to the sacrist. The poor woman was straightway dragged out of the cathedral, and, terrified at the greatness of her crime, became a nun in the convent of Elstow, near Bedford, where after awhile she was forgiven by St Cuthbert."—MACK *North* and RAINE'S *St Cuthbert*, 36, 37

256-62 *His body's resting-place, &c* When St Cuthbert was dying he said to the monks, "Know and remember that if necessity shall ever compel you out of two misfortunes to choose one, I had much rather that you would dig up my bones from their grave, and, taking them with you, sojourn where God shall provide, than that you should on any account consent to the iniquity of schismatics" (i.e. of those who break up the unity of the Church), "and put your necks under their yoke." The necessity came not, however, from schismatics, but from the ravages of the Danes. In 793 took place their first attack on Holy Island, but on this occasion the monks soon returned, and the body of the saint was left undisturbed. But in 875 the Danes came once more to Lindisfarne. "For the bishop and the clergy nothing was left but flight, but they forgot not the dying injunction of their saint. His body was hastily removed from its shrine. Into his coffin

were cast certain relics (*e.g.* the head of <sup>St</sup> Oswald), and with treasures such as these they set out, they knew not whither.—RAINE, pp 32, 39, 41 N B The ravages of the Danes and their settlements in England are commemorated by names like Whitby, where 'by' is the Danish word for 'abode,' 'town'

263 *Melrose* (See map and *Lay* II 1-11) St Cuthbert first became a monk at Melrose

269 *Gossamer* The very fine spider threads which are seen floating in the air in bright weather (GI)

273 *Chester-le-Street*, between Durham and Newcastle, is, "as its name imports, built on an old Roman *road*, and on or near the site of a Roman *settlement* The church has been famous from the time of St Cuthbert, whose remains rested here 113 years"—HOWITT, p 272

274-80 *Wardlaw* *Durham* (on the river *Wear*) The bishop and his clergy, with the body of St Cuthbert, were driven from Chester-le-Street, as they had been from Holy Island, by the Danes, A D 995 After a short stay at Ripon they were on the way back to Chester-le-Street when "at a place called Widelau (= *Wardlaw*), somewhere to the east of *Durham*, the vehicle in which the coffin of the saint was conveyed became riveted to the earth, and in that state it continued, notwithstanding the united efforts of the whole body of men by whom it was attended It now became apparent to all that the saint was unwilling to be carried back again to his former resting-place, and yet no one could surmise where it was his pleasure to abide The place where they then were appeared to them to have no charms, it was, in fact, uninhabitable In this emergency the bishop enjoined fasting and prayer for three days, and no sooner had this period of time elapsed than Cuthbert was pleased to communicate to one of the clergy his determination to be conveyed to Dunhelm (= Durham), the place of his future abode" N B Speaking of the removal of St Cuthbert's body to Durham, the old chronicler says, "After that Aldhun and his wandering mates had reposed the reliques of their great patron Cuthbert, and buylded somewhat at Durham, then begged they hard, not for cantels of cheese as other poor men doe, but for large corners of good counties, as all their profession used"—RAINE, p 54-7, and notes

XV 287-92 *Even Scotland's dauntless king and hero*, &c "The fatal battle of the Standard was fought on Cowton Moor, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, 1138 David I commanded the Scottish army He was opposed by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, who, to animate his followers, had recourse to the impressions of religious enthusiasm The mast of a ship was fitted into the perch of a four wheeled carriage, on its top was

placed a little caske, containing a consecrated host. It also contained *the banner of St Cuthbert*, round which were displayed those of St Peter of York, St John of Beverley, and St Wilfred of Ripon. This was the English standard (l 292), and was stationed in the centre of the army. Prince Henry, son of David, at the head of the men-at-arms, chiefly from Cumberland and Teviotdale, charged, broke, and completely dispersed the centre, but unfortunately was not supported by the other divisions of the Scottish army"—*Scott Minst* n p 88

293 *To vindicate his reign* = 'to assert or prove his power'

294 *Alfred Dane* "In 878 King Alfred, not daring to face the Danes, who were making rapid progress in the subjugation of his kingdom, concealed himself in the marshes of Somersetshire, till circumstances should enable him to raise an army and meet his foes. Here he had been lingering in a state of poverty and privation for three years, when his charity was one day solicited by a poor beggar, to whom he readily gave the small portion of food which he happened to possess. The beggar was St Cuthbert in a bodily shape, who again appeared to him in his sleep the following evening, and promised him a speedy victory over his enemies." The king did win a victory, and rewarded the saint by a royal offering at his shrine (SC n and RAINF, p 42)

*Edge on* = 'instigate,' 'goad on,' 'urge on'

*Falchion* = 'sword' (Gl)

295-97 *Turn'd the Conqueror back*, &c "As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the North, and, to balance accounts—the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the saint's body—he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees"—SC n

296 *Bowyer* = 'archer' (Gl)

XVI 298 *Fain* 'Gladly' (Gl I)

306 *But* = 'only' (adv)

*And heard* Scott originally wrote the line as follows

"Seen *only* when the gathering storm"

The alteration was made to include a reference to 'deadened clang' (l 305), but it is hardly justified, as it makes the line very awkward

308 *fame* Here 'rumour,' report, <sup>f</sup> Cf V xxxiv 998 and note

309 *Disclaim* = 'refuse to admit'

XVII So far the action of the story has hardly advanced at all in this canto. It is true that we now know why the abbess is going to Holy Island, and have learnt something of the previous history of Clare and her rival—something very important to the story, viz., that Clare's death has been plotted by a jealous woman, who (as we shall find in st. 22) is the pretended page of Maimon. We know too that the plot has failed, and that the culprits are now to be tried in Holy Island. Further, it is clear that Clare still loves De Wilton, and refuses to marry Maimon. We have then in these stanzas (1-21) cleared up some points which it would not have done to leave obscure. But, speaking generally, we may call all this first half of the canto *descriptive*. There is, first of all, the lengthy description of the abbess (st. iii iv), and then the long account of the abbey at Holy Island, and the legends connected with St. Cuthbert and St. Hilda. We have, in fact, been made to breathe the air of the monastery and the convent, to learn something of the religious life of the Middle Ages, just as we learnt something of the worldly life of the Middle Ages from Canto I. We are enabled, in fact, to enter Holy Island with the abbess, just as we were enabled, in Canto I, to enter Noham with Maimon. Cf *Introd.* to Canto II p. 117, and note at end of Canto I. xi.

310-11 Note once more how the brightness of the preceding stanzas heightens the horror of the scene that follows.

312 *Aisle* = (properly) the wing (of a church). See GI.

316-9 "*Cokwulf*, or *Cokwulf*, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning, for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his *Eccelesiastical History*. He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity."

—Sc. n.

322 *The Vault of Penitence*. "These penitential vaults, in the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as *places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted*. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment."—Sc. n.

324 *Saehelm* was the sixth bishop, while St. Cuthbert's body lay at Chester-le-Street (A.D. 947).

XVIII 336 *Vagiv' tradition*, i.e. 'dim report handed down (from old times)'

339 *Clew* "The original sense is 'a mass of thread,' then a 'thread in a ball,' then a 'guiding thread in a maze,' or a 'clue to a mystery' From the story of Theseus escaping from the Cretan Labyrinth by the help of a ball of thread"

—SK

350 *Cresnet* = 'an open lamp' (Gl)

355 *Conclave* = 'assembly' See Gl

XIX 358 *St Benedict* See st in 58, end of n

359 *Statutes*, i.e. written laws, regulations drawn up by the founder of an order, &c (Der from Lat 'statutum,' 'that which is set up,' from 'statuo') N B Distinguish between 'statute' and 'statue'

365 *Visage* 'Face'

369 *Shrouded* 'Heavily diaped,' or 'cloaked'

376 *Ruth* 'Pity' (Gl)

XX 384 *Bulnd* 'Gave the lie to,' 'gave a false impression of,' i.e. she was dressed as a page, but she was not really of the male sex, as her dress might seem to imply

385 *Doublet* A garment fitting closely to the body, the name being probably derived from the garment being made of double stuff, padded between (Gl)

390 *Lakon crest* Cf I vi

394 *Bonnet* = cap' Cf V v 120

397 *Constance de Bevesley* This is, of course, the page mentioned by Sir Hugh the Heron (I xv) She was known as Constant by Marmion's followers (see III viii 117), and had been carried off by Marmion from the Convent of Fontevraud See II xxvii, III xvi 270-71

398-400 *Sister profess'd*, &c Constance was not a novice like Clare (See st v 89, and n) She had taken the vows, had become a "sister profess'd," solemnly bound to obey the rules of her order Now foremost among these vows were the vows of chastity and obedience Earthly love was forbidden to the nun, and she must strictly obey her superiors in all things Constance then, by leaving the convent with Marmion, had broken the chiefest of her vows, and by this sin had, in the eyes of the church slain her soul, and become therefore spiritually dead It was to be expected that she should be terribly punished if captured For the nun like the vestal virgin at Rome, was held in special honour because she cut herself off from common earthly joy But the greater the honour in which she was held the greater the horror which her fall excited, and therefore the greater the punishment which she received Like

the vestal virgin, the nun was sometimes enclosed, like Constance, alive in the tomb

400 *Foi* = 'on account of'

(*Foi*) *convent fled*, i.e. 'for having fled from her convent'

XXI 401-14 (4) The power of this description of Constance should be noticed. Read with this stanza, st. xxv xxvi xxvii. Note how a great poet can (1) by his vivid imagination *see* the figure of Constance, and (ii) by working on our imagination through his power of expression and the music of his verse, (a) make us see it, giving us a true picture of it, (b) make us enjoy it, giving us a beautiful picture of it.

(B) Scott is very great in describing the display of emotion on the face. Cf. the description of the old Harper's embarrassment when asked to play (see *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. Introd.), of which Pitt said, "This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry"—LOCKHART. This remark has been much misunderstood. Pitt meant that such displays of emotion by the countenance can be seen and imitated, but hardly described. Cf. *Marmion*, VI v 148-64, where Scott despairs of making his

"Weak line declare  
Each changing passion's shade"

And says--

"Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
That I can tell such scene in words"

XXII 415-33 Note--

(a) The power of the description. Scott says further on in the poem, when speaking of Marmion's remorse--

"High minds, of native pride and force,  
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!"  
*Fear, for their souls, mean villains have*"

—III. viii 200-2

Such a 'mean villain' is the monk described here.

(b) The contrast between the monk and Constance (see l. 429-33), which makes it a still more

"Fearful sight to see  
Such high resolve and constancy,  
In form so soft and fair"—St. xxvi 492-4

(c) The contempt of cowardice (l. 428-31), so very characteristic of Scott.

416 *Meed* = 'reward'

428 *Flock and count*. He was a monk. See st. xxix 551 (*Count, Cl I*)

XXIII. 436-449 *Two niches* "It is well known that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent, a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, 'Vade in pace'" (see st. xxxii 601, and n.), "were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in later times, this punishment was often resorted to, but, among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun"—SC. n. (*Niche*, Gl.)

XXIV 452 *Despise* = 'bitterness' (Gl.)

454 *Grace*, i.e. pardon from Heaven for their sins.

464 *Nor knew not* Note the double negative

N.B. In very old English, as in Greek, there was no rule against using more than one negative, as there is in modern English. Thus in Chaucer we have sometimes as many as four negatives in one sentence, e.g.

"He *never* yit *no* vilonye *ne* sayde  
In al his lyf, unto *no* maner wight."

The double negative is common in Shakspeare, e.g.

"Be *not* too tame *neither*." —*Hamlet*

XXV 466 *Chapter* See st. iv 83, n. (Gl.)

470 *Essay'd* = 'tried' Cf st. xii 227 (Gl.)

475-81 Note how finely Scott uses the faint sound of the "ocean's swells and falls" to make us realize (1) the stillness in the dreadful Vault of Penitence, (2.) its hope-destroying strength and isolation

XXVI 486 *Hectic* = 'feverish' (Gl.)

486-8 The original MS. had—

"A *feeble* and a flutter'd streak,  
Like that with which the mornings break  
In Autumn's *sober* sky"

Note how, by the changes he has made, Scott has brought out more vividly the painful agitation of Constance

N.B. MS = manuscript; i.e. something *written* by the hand. 'The original MS' means the poem as *first written* by Scott. He afterwards made certain alterations, e.g. in l. 486-8

492-4 Note the contrast between her fixed determination and her soft, womanly beauty. In the original MS. Scott went

on to contrast her sweet voice with her dreadful story, the following lines coming after l 494—

“Like Summer’s dew her accents fell,  
But dreadful was her tale to tell”

XXVII 497 *Successless*=‘without success,’ ‘vainly’

501 *The mass*=the communion service in the Roman Catholic Church. Masses were often said for the repose of the souls of the dead (Gl I)

502 *et seq* Constance’s speech is exceedingly important from it we learn

(i) The whole story of Constance herself, and of Marmion’s baseness

(ii) The nature and motives of the attempt to murder Clare (st xxix 547-56)

(iii) The truth about the charge of treason brought against De Wilton by Marmion (st xxviii), or so much of the truth as to make it clear that De Wilton is innocent

509-12 *He saw young Clara’s face*, &c Marmion did not love Clare. See st v 94, n, for his real feelings towards Clare and Constance

517 *Was avenged* For the method of revenge she adopted see st xxix xxx

XXVIII 521 *Attaint*=(here) ‘blot,’ ‘sully,’ ‘disgrace’ For original meaning see Gl

524 *et seq* Note the short lines here, appropriate to the rapidity of the action described

531-2 For trial by battle, see I xii 185-6, n. N.B. Cf with the whole of this stanza I xii

538 *Guilty packet* We have already heard of the combat between Marmion and De Wilton (I xi) We now find that De Wilton was innocent, and that the proofs of his innocence exist. Constance has kept them, for the reason given in st xxx 559-64—

“That none  
Shall ever wed with Marmion”

N.B. For what the packet contained, and what became of it, see V xli-xlii

XXIX 544-6 King Henry VIII’s determination to have his will obeyed is well known. “I assure you,” said Wolsey to Kingston just before his death “I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber, on my knees, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom”

549-50 *Rescue* „ for *Clara* and for me, i.e. she would (a) save Clara from a hated marriage, and take her from her troubles to be a saint in heaven, and (b) save herself from the pain of seeing a rival preferred

551 *Castiff*=‘base,’ ‘contemptible’ (Gl)

555 *Dastard*=‘coward’ (Gl)

XXX 562-3 The *packet*, as we shall see, contained

‘Each proof that might the plot reveal,  
Instructions with his hand and seal’

—See V xxiii 671-2

N B ‘The plot’=the scheme by which De Wilton was made to seem guilty of treason

XXXI 571-4 *Marmion's late remorse* We see that Constance understood Marmion's nature Remoise (i.e. deep pain and regret for his cruelty to her) *did* seize Marmion, when he only *feared* she was in danger from the monks (See III xiii xvi xvii) He does not *know* of her dreadful fate till after he has been wounded at Flodden, and then it is only death that stops him from taking vengeance “I would” (he cries, almost with his last breath)—

‘I would the fiend, to whom belongs  
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
Would spare me but a day!  
For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
And priests slain on the altar stone,  
Might bribe him for delay’

—VI xxxi 952-57

575-8 *A darker hour ascends*, &c There is a ‘tone of prophecy’ (l 591) in Constance's voice here She is supposed to look forward to the time when Henry VIII made himself head of the Church, and abolished the monasteries (A D 1535-39)

576 *Crosier* ‘A bishop's staff,’ with a crook at the top (Gl)

XXXII 587 *Wont*=‘were accustomed’

590-1 *Her voice had given*, i.e. ‘Had given to her voice’

591 *A tone of prophecy* She seemed as though she was inspired—was a prophetess

592 *Conclave* The assembled judges Cf st xviii 355 (Gl)

593 *Men of fate*=‘men of doom,’ ‘executioners’ (See st xxiii xxiv)

601 *Part in peace* “The awful words, ‘Vade in pace,’ were the signal for immuring the criminal” (See st xxiii 436, n)

‘The *Edinburgh Review* suggests that the proper reading of

the sentence is, 'Vade in pacem'—not 'Pai<sup>z</sup> in peace,' but 'Go into peace,' or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world" (Sc n)

N B The change in the metre (l 600-1) makes the abbot's sentence more impressive See Introd, p 16

XXXIII 609-634 This stanza "may be taken as a model of the art of instilling terror without obtruding upon the view the horrors which inspire it"—*Temple Bar*, vol xxxiii)

610 *Conclave* See st xxxii 592, and n (Gl)

618 *Vesper*= 'the evening service' (Gl)

620 *Passing knell* Explained by the lines as they stood in the original MS—

"And bade the mighty *bell* to toll,  
For welfare of a *passing* soul,"

i.e. of a soul passing into eternity ('Knell,' Gl)

622-34 The sound of the passing bell is powerfully described There is a passage somewhat similar, but not so fine, in *Harold the Dauntless*, V xviii

631 *Listed* See IV. xxiv 504, n and *list* (iii.) (Gl I)

632 *Couch'd him*= 'laid himself' (Gl. I)

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO II.

**aisle**, dei through Fr *aile* or *aisle*, from Lat *ala*, 'a wing'. The 's' (though it is sometimes found in the Fr word) seems to have been inserted by English people, because they saw an 's' in *isle*. Cf the insertion of 'l' in 'could' (M E. *coude* from *can*) to make it like 'would,' 'should,' which of course have an 'l,' because they come from 'will,' 'shall'.

**attaint**, vb formed from past part of *attain*, used in legal sense 'to convict'. *Attain* is der through O F *ataindre*, *ataundie*, from Lat *attingere* (= *ad* + *tangere*).

**bowyer** = *bow yer*. For the suffix 'yer' cf *lawyer* from *law*, *sawyer* from *saw*. N B *Bow* is from A S *bilgan* 'to bend,' from same root as Lat *fugere*.

**cartiff**, dei through O F *cartif*, from Lat *captivus*. *Captive*, *cartiff*, are therefore the same word in different forms, *cartiff* coming to us through French in Norman times, and *captive* direct from Latin. *Captive* keeps its original meaning, but *cartiff* = 'miserable,' 'base,' 'contemptible'. N B We have many such *doublts*, as they are called, in English, and in many cases they arise, as here, from a Latin word being brought in, which already exists in the language but in a corrupted French form, e.g. *amiable* and *amiable cartigate* and *chasten*, &c.

**chapter**, short for *chapter*, dei through O F from Lat *capitulum*, dimin of *caput*, 'a head'.

**cloister**, 'a place of religious seclusion,' from O F *cloistre*, which is der from Lat *claustrum* (from *claudere* 'to shut,' 'enclose').

**Conclave**, through F from Lat *conclave*, 'a room,' 'chamber,' (originally 'a locked-up place'), from *con* or *cum*, 'together,' and *clavis*, 'a key'. It was used in late Latin of the place of assembly of the cardinals (who were strictly locked in), or of the assembly itself.

**cresset**, dei through O F *crasset*, *cruseu*, *croiseul*, from Old Dutch *krusest*, 'a hanging lamp,' a dimin of O D *kruse*, 'cruse,' 'cup,' 'pot'

**crozier**=*croce*, with suffix *er* O F *croce*, 'a bishop's staff,' is dei from O F *croc*, 'a crook,' 'hook,' which is of Teut origin same root as *crook*

**dastard**=*das-t and* The *and* is a French suffix. Cf. *dull-and* *Das-t* is p part =*dazed*, from a Scand word expressing weariness, exhaustion

**despite**, der through O F from Lat *despectus*, which is from *despicere*, 'to despise'

**dome**, der through O F *dome*, a 'town-house,' 'guildhall,' and Low Lat *doma*, 'a house,' from Gk δῶμα

**doublet** (O F)=*double+et* (dimin suffix). O F *double* is from Lat *du-plus*, where *du*= 'two,' and *plus* is connected with *plenus*, 'full' Cf O F *doublure*, 'lining of a garment'

**essay**, vb from sb *essay*, O F *essai*, 'a trial,' from Lat *exagium*, 'weighing,' 'a trial of weight,' dei from Gk ἐξάγιον (ἐξ, 'out,' and ἄγω, 'to lead') N B The same word as *assay*

**falchion**, properly, 'a bent sword,' der through Ital and Low Lat *falcio*, from Lat *falx*, 'a sickle'

**freight**, a later form of *fraught*, from O F *freit*, which is from O Germ *freht*, which properly means 'service,' then 'use,' 'hire,' hence *freight*= 'that on which hire is paid,' and so comes to mean 'the cargo or loading of a ship,' &c

**gossamer**=*goose-summer*, *re* 'summer goose,' so-called from the downy appearance of the film

**hectic**, der (through F *hectique*, 'sick of a hectic or continuall fever,' and Low Lat ) from Gk ἡκτικός, from ἔξis, 'a habit of body,' *lit* 'a possession' (from ἔχω)

**knell**, from A S *cnyllan*, 'to beat noisily' N B It is a word made in imitation of a sound, like *knock*, *crack*, &c

**menial**, from M E sb *mernee*, 'a household,' which is dei, through O F *meisnee*, *mausnee*, and Low Lat, from the stem of Lat *mansio*, 'a dwelling'

**niche**, through F from Ital *nicchia*, 'a niche,' which is closely allied to Ital *nicchio*, 'a shell,' hence 'a shell like recess in a wall' The Ital word is der from Lat *mutulus*, *mytilus*, 'a sea muscle' For the change from 'm' to 'n' cf Eng 'napkin,' from Lat 'mappa'

**novice**, through F from Lat *novicius*, extended from *novus*, 'new'

**relic**, through F{ *reliques*, from Lat *reliquias*, acc of *reliquus*, 'remains,' from Lat *relinquere*, 'to leave behind'

**ruth**, of Scand origin, from same root as *rue*, 'to be sorry for' Der from it is *ruthless*, 'pitiless.'

**vesper**, from Lat *vesper*, 'the evening star,' 'the evening' Cf Gk. *éσπερος* and Eng *west* is from the same root, the *west* being the apparent resting-place of the sun at night, and the root meaning 'to dwell,' 'pass the night.'

# MARMION

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

To William Erskine, Esq

*Ashetel, Ettrick Forest*

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass,  
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,  
And imitate, on field and furrow,  
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow,  
Like streamlet of the mountain north,  
Now in a torrent racing forth,  
Now winding slow its silver train,  
And almost slumbering on the plain,  
Like breezes of the autumn day,  
Whose voice inconstant dies away, 10  
And ever swells again as fast,  
When the ear deems its murmur past,  
Thus various, my romantic theme  
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream  
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace  
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race,  
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,  
Weaving its maze irregular,  
And pleased, we listen as the breeze  
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees, 20  
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,  
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell  
I love the license all too well,

In sounds now lowly, and now strong,  
 To raise the desultory song ?—  
 Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,  
 Some transient fit of lofty rhyme  
 To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse  
 For many an error of the muse, 30  
 Oft hast thou said, " If, still mis-spent,  
 Thine hours to poetry are lent,  
 Go, and to tame thy wandering course  
 Quaff from the fountain at the source,  
 Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb  
 Immortal laurels ever bloom  
 Instructive of the feeble bard,  
 Still from the grave their voice is heard,  
 From them, and from the paths they show'd,  
 Choose honour'd guide and practised road, 40  
 Nor ramble on through brake and maze,  
 With harpers rude of barbarous days

" Or deem'st thou not our later time  
 Yields topic meet for classic rhyme ?  
 Hast thou no elegiac verse  
 For Brunswick's venerable heir ?  
 What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,  
 When valour bleeds for liberty ?  
 Oh, hero of that glorious time,  
 When, with universal light sublime,— 50  
 Though martial Austria, and though all  
 The might of Russia, and the Gaul,  
 Though banded Europe stood her foes—  
 The star of Brandenburg arose !  
 Thou couldst not live to see her beam  
 For ever quench'd in Jena's stream  
 Lamented Chief !—it was not given  
 To thee to change the doom of Heaven,  
 And crush that dragon in its birth,  
 Predestined scourge of guilty earth, 60  
 Lamented Chief !—not thine the power,  
 To save in that presumptuous hour,  
 When Prussia hurried to the field,  
 And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield !  
 Valour and skill 't was thine to try,  
 And, tried in vain, 't was thine to die.

Ill had it seem'd thy silver hau  
 The last, the bitterest pang to share,  
 For princedom's left, and scutcheons given  
 And birthrights to usurpers given , 70  
 Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel  
 And witness woes thou couldst not heal !  
 On thee relenting Heaven bestows  
 For honour'd life an honour'd close ,  
 And when revolves, in time's sure change,  
 The hour of Germany's revenge,  
 When, breathing fury for her sake,  
 Some new Arminius shall awake,  
 Her champion, ere he strike, shall come  
 To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S tomb 80

“ Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,  
 Dauntless in dungeon as on breach  
 Alike to him the sea, the shore,  
 The brand, the biddle, or the oar  
 Alike to him the war that calls  
 Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,  
 Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,  
 Against the Invincible made good ,  
 Or that, whose thundering voice could wake  
 The silence of the polar lake, 90  
 When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,  
 On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd ;  
 Or that, where Vengeance and Affright  
 Howl'd round the father of the fight,  
 Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,  
 The conqueror's wreath with dying hand

“ Or, if to touch such choid be thine,  
 Restore the ancient tragic line,  
 And emulate the notes that wung  
 From the wild harp, which silent hung 100  
 By silver Avon's holy shore,  
 Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ,  
 When she, the bold Enchantress, came,  
 With fearless hand and heart on flame !  
 From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,  
 And swept it with a kindred measure,

I'll Avon's swans, while rung the glove  
    With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  
    Awakening at the inspired strain,  
    Deem'd then own Shakspeare lived again ?      110

    Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,  
    With praises not to me belonging,  
    In task more meet for mightiest powers,  
    Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours  
    But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd  
    That secret power by all obey'd  
    Which warps not less the passive nund,  
    Its source conceal'd or undefined ,  
    Whether an impulse, that has birth  
    Soon as the infant wakes on earth      120  
    One with our feelings and our powers,  
    And rather part of us than ours ,  
    Or whether fittier term'd the sway  
    Of habit, form'd in early day ?  
    Howe'er derived, its force confest  
    Rules with despotic sway the breast,  
    And drags us on by viewless chain,  
    While taste and reason plead in vain  
    Look east, and ask the Belgian why,  
    Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,      130  
    He seeks not eager to inhale  
    The freshness of the mountain gale,  
    Content to rear his whiten'd wall  
    Beside the dank and dull canal ?  
    He'll say, from youth he loved to see  
    The white sail gliding by the tree  
    Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,  
    Whose sluggish herds before him wind,  
    Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek  
    His northern clime and kindred speak ,      140  
    Through England's laughing meads he goes,  
    And England's wealth around him flows ,  
    Ask, if it would content him well,  
    At ease in those gay plains to dwell,  
    Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,  
    And spires and forests intervene,  
    And the neat cottage peeps between ?

No ' not for these will he exchange  
His dark Lochaber's boundless range  
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake  
Bennevis grey, and Gairn's lake 150

Thus while I ape the measure wild  
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,  
Rude though they be, still with the chime  
Return the thoughts of early time,  
And feelings, roused in life's first day,  
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay  
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,  
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour  
Though no broad river swept along, 160  
To claim, perchance, heroic song,  
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,  
To prompt of love a softer tale,  
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed  
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed,  
Yet was poetic impulse given,  
By the green hill and clear blue heaven  
It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled,  
But ever and anon between 170  
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green,  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall  
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all its round survey'd,  
And still I thought that shatter'd tower  
The mightiest work of human power,  
And marvell'd as the aged hind 180  
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,  
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,  
Down from that strength had spur'd their horse,  
Their southern rapine to renew,  
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
And, home returning, fill'd the hall  
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl  
Methought that still with tramp and clang,  
The gateway's broken arches rang,

Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,      190  
 Glared through the window's rusty bus,  
 And ever, by the winter hearth,  
 Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,  
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' aims,  
 Of patriot battles, won of old  
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold,  
 Of later fields of feud and fight,  
 When, pouring from their Highland height,  
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,      200  
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away  
 While stretch'd at length upon the floor,  
 Again I fought each combat o'er,  
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,  
 The mimic ranks of war display'd,  
 And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,  
 And still the scatter'd Southron fled before

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,  
 Anew, each kind familiar face,  
 That brighten'd at our evening fire !      210  
 From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire  
 Wise without leaning, plain and good,  
 And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood,  
 Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,  
 Show'd what in youth its glance had been,  
 Whose doom discording neighbours sought,  
 Content with equity unbought,  
 To him the venerable Priest,  
 Our frequent and familiar guest,  
 Whose life and manners well could paint      220  
 Alike the student and the saint,  
 Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke  
 With gambol rude and timeless joke  
 For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
 A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child,  
 But half a plague, and half a jest,  
 Was still endured, beloved, caress'd

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask,  
 The classic poet's well-conn'd task ?

Nay, I skine, nay—On the wild hill  
Let the wild heath bell flourish still ,  
230 Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,  
But fiercely let the woodbine twine,  
And leave untimm'd the eglantine  
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise  
Hath given fiesh vigour to my lays ,  
Since oft thy judgment could refine  
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line ,  
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,  
And in the minstrel spare the friend  
240 Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,  
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale !

## CANTO THIRD

*The Hostel, or Inn.*

## I

THE lvelong day Lord Marmion rode  
 The mountain path the Palmer show'd,  
 By glen and streamlet winded still,  
 Where stunted birches hid the rill  
 They might not choose the lowland road,  
 For the Merse forayers were abroad,  
 Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,  
 Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.  
 Oft on the trampling band, from crown  
 Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down ,      10  
 On wing of jet, from his repose  
 In the deep heath, the black-cock rose ,  
 Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,  
 Nor waited for the bending bow ,  
 And when the stony path began,  
 By which the naked peak they wan,  
 Up flew the snowy ptarmigan  
 The noon had long been pass'd before  
 They gain'd the height of Lammermoor ,  
 Thence winding down the northern way      20  
 Before them, at the close of day,  
 Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay

## II

No summons calls them to the tower,  
 To spend the hospitable hour.  
 To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone ,  
 His cautious dame, in bower alone,  
 Dreaded her castle to uncloze,  
 So late, to unknown friends or foes

On through the hamlet as they paced,  
 Before a porch, whose front was graced, 30  
 With bush and flagon trimly placed,  
 Lord Marmion drew his rein  
 The village inn seem'd large, though rude,  
 Its cheerful fire and hearty food  
 Might well relieve his train  
 Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,  
 With jingling spurs the court-yard rung,  
 They bind their horses to the stall,  
 For forage, food, and firing call,  
 And various clamour fills the hall 40  
 Weighing the labour with the cost,  
 Toils everywhere the bustling host

## III

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,  
 Through the rude hostel might you gaze,  
 Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,  
 The rafters of the sooty roof  
 Bore wealth of winter cheer,  
 Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,  
 And gammons of the tusky boar,  
 And savoury haunch of deer 50  
 The chimney arch projected wide,  
 Above, around it, and beside,  
 Were tools for housewives' hand  
 Not wanted, in that martial day,  
 The implements of Scottish fray,  
 The buckler, lance, and brand  
 Beneath its shade, the place of state,  
 On oaken settle Marmion sate,  
 And view'd around the blazing hearth  
 His followers mix in noisy mirth 60  
 Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,  
 From ancient vessels ranged aside,  
 Full actively their host supplied

## IV

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,  
 And laughter theirs at little jest,

And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,  
 And mingle in the mirth they made ,  
 For though, with men of high degree,  
 The proudest of the proud was he,  
 Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art 70  
 To win the soldier's hardy heart  
 They love a captain to obey,  
 Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May ,  
 With open hand, and blow as free,  
 Lover of wine and minstrelsy ,  
 Ever the first to scale a tower,  
 As venturesome in a lady's bower —  
 Such buxom chief shall lead his host  
 From India's fires to Zembla's frost

## V

Resting upon his pilgrim staff, 80  
 Right opposite the Palmer stood ,  
 His thin dark visage seen but half,  
 Half hidden by his hood  
 Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,  
 Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,  
 Strove by a frown to quell ,  
 But not for that, though more than once  
 Full met their stern encountering glance,  
 The Palmer's visage fell.

## VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd 90  
 Was heard the burst of laughter loud ,  
 For still, as squire and archer staid  
 On that dark face and matted beard,  
 Then glee and game declined  
 All gazed at length in silence dear,  
 Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear  
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,  
 Thus whisper'd forth his mind —  
 " Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight ?  
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright, 100  
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light  
 Glances beneath his cowl !

Full on our Lord he sets his eye ,  
For his best palfrey, would not I  
Endure that sullen scowl'

## VII

But Marmion, as to chase the awe  
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw  
The ever-varying fire-light show  
That figure stein and face of woe,  
Now call'd upon a squire —  
"Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,  
To speed the lingering night away?  
We slumber by the fire"

110

## VIII

"So please you," thus the youth rejoin'd,  
"Our choicest minstrel's left behind  
Ill may we hope to please your ear,  
Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear  
The harp full deftly can he strike,  
And wake the lover's lute alike ,  
To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush  
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,  
No nightingale her love-loin tune  
More sweetly waibles to the moon  
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,  
Detains from us his melody,  
Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stein,  
O'er duller monks of Lindisfarne  
Now must I venture, as I may,  
To sing his favourite roundelay"

120

## IX

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,  
The air he chose was wild and sad ,  
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,  
Rise from the busy harvest band,  
When falls before the mountaineer,  
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear  
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,  
Now a wild chorus swells the song

130

Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,  
 As it came soften'd up the hill,  
 And deem'd it the lament of men 140  
 Who languish'd for their native glen .  
 And thought how sad would be such sound  
 On Susquehana's swampy ground,  
 Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,  
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,  
 Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,  
 Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again '

## X

## SONG

Where shall the lover rest,  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast, 150  
 Parted for ever !  
 Where, through groves deep and high,  
 Sounds the fair billow,  
 Where early violets die,  
 Under the willow

*Eleu lora, &c* Soft shall be his pillow

There, through the summer day,  
 Cool streams are laving ;  
 There, while the tempests sway,  
 Scarce are boughs waving, 160  
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
 Parted for ever,  
 Never again to wake,  
 Never, O never !

*Eleu lora, &c* Never, O never

## XI

Where shall the traitor rest,  
 He, the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden's breast,  
 Ruin, and leave her ?

In the lost battle,  
 Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle  
 With groans of the dying

*Eleu loro, &c* There shall he be lying

Hei wing shall the eagle flap  
 O'er the false-hearted  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
 Ere life be parted.  
 Shame and dishonour sit  
 By his grave ever,  
 Blessing shall hallow it,—  
 Never, O never !

*Eleu loro, &c* Never, O never !

## XII

It ceased, the melancholy sound,  
 And silence sunk on all around  
 The air was sad, but sadder still  
 It fell on Marmion's ear,  
 And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,  
 And shameful death, were near.  
 He drew his mantle past his face,  
 Between it and the band,  
 And rested with his head a space.  
 Reclining on his hand.  
 His thoughts I scan not, but I ween,  
 That, could their import have been seen,  
 The meanest groom in all the hall,  
 That e'er tied courses to a stall,  
 Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,  
 For Lutterward and Fontenaye

## XIII

High minds, of native pride and force  
 Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remoise !  
 Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,  
 Thou art the torturer of the brave !  
 Yet fatal strength they boast to steel  
 Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,

Even while they writhed beneath the smart  
Of civil conflict in the heart

For soon Lord Marmion raised his head

And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said,—

“Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,

Seem’d in mine ear a death-peal rung,

Such as in nunneries they toll

For some departing sister’s soul?

Say, what may this portend?”

Then first the Palmer silence broke,

(The livelong day he had not spoke,)

“The death of a dear friend”

110

## XIV

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye

Ne’er changed in worst extremity,

Marmion, whose soul could scanty brook,

Even from his King, a haughty look,

Whose accent of command controll’d,

In camps, the boldest of the bold—

Thought, look, and utterance fail’d him now,

Fall’n was his glance, and flush’d his brow

For either in the tone,

Or something in the Palmer’s look,

So full upon his conscience strook,

That answer he found none

Thus oft it haps, that when within

They shrink at sense of secret sin,

A feather daunts the brave

A fool’s wild speech confounds the wise,

And proudest princes veil their eyes

Before their meanest slave

220

230

## XV

Well might he falter!—By his aid

Was Constance Beverley betray’d

Not that he augur’d of the doom,

Which on the living closed the tomb

But, tired to hear the desperate maid

Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid,

And wroth, because in wild despair,

She practised on the life of Clare,

240

Its fugitive the Church he gave,  
 Though not a victim, but a slave,  
 And deem'd restraint in convent strange  
 Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge  
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,  
 Held Romish thunders idle fear,  
 Secure his pardon he might hold, 250  
 For some slight mulct of penance-gold.  
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,  
 When the stern priests surprised their prey  
 His train but deem'd the favourite page  
 Was left behind, to spare his age,  
 Or other if they deem'd, none dared  
 To mutter what he thought and heard  
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry  
 Into Lord Maimon's privacy!

## XVI

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well, 260  
 And safe secured in distant cell,  
 But, waken'd by her favourite lay,  
 And that strange Palmer's boding say,  
 That fell so ominous and drear,  
 Full on the object of his fear,  
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,  
 Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose,  
 And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,  
 All lovely on his soul return'd,  
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call, 270  
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,  
 Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,  
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,  
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,  
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms

## XVII

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien!  
 How changed these timid looks have been  
 Since years of guilt, and of disguise,  
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!  
 No more of virgin terror speaks 280  
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks,

fierce, and unfeminine, are there,  
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair,  
 And I the cause—for whom were given  
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!  
 "Would," thought he, as the picture glows—  
 "I on its stalk had left the rose!"  
 Oh, why should man's success remove  
 The very charms that wake his love!  
 Her convent's peaceful solitude 290  
 Is now a prison harsh and rude,  
 And, pent within the narrow cell,  
 How will her spirit chafe and swell!  
 How brook the stern monastic laws!  
 The penance how—and I the cause!—  
 Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse!  
 And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"  
 And twice his Sovereign's mandate came  
 Like damp upon a kindling flame,  
 And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge? 300  
 She should be safe, though not at large?"  
 They durst not, for their island, shred  
 One golden ringlet from her head!

## XVIII

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove  
 Repentance and reviving love,  
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending swarms  
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,  
 Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,  
 And, talkative, took up the word  
 "Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you who stray 310  
 From Scotland's simple land away,  
 To visit realms afar,  
 Full often learn the art to know  
 Of future weal, or future woe,  
 By word, or sign, or star,  
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,  
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,  
 Not far from hence,—if fathers old  
 Aright our hamlet legend told!"  
 These broken words the menials move, 320  
 (For marvels still the vulgar love,)

And, Marmion giving license cold,  
His tale the host thus gladly told -

## XIX

*THE HOST'S TALE*

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown  
Since Alexander fill'd our throne,  
'Thud monarch of that warlike name,  
And eke the time when here he came  
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord  
A braver never drew a sword,  
A wiser never, at the hour  
Of midnight, spoke the word of power  
I he same, whom ancient records call  
The founder of the Goblin-Hall  
I would, Sir knight, your longer stay  
Gave you that cavern to survey  
Of lofty roof and ample size,  
Beneath the castle deep it lies  
To hew the living rock profound,  
The floor to pave, the arch to round,  
I here never toil'd a mortal aim,  
It all was wrought by word and charm  
And I have heard my grandsire say  
That the wild clamour and affray  
Of those dread artisans of hell  
Who labour'd under Hugo's spell  
Sounded as loud as ocean's war  
Among the caverns of Dunbar

330

340

## XX

The king Lord Gifford's castle sought,  
Deep labouring with uncertain thought,  
Even then he muster'd all his host,  
To meet upon the western coast  
For Norse and Danish galleys plied  
Their oars within the frith of Clyde  
There floated Haco's banner tum  
Above Norwegian warriors grim,  
Savage of heart, and large of limb,  
Threatening both continent and isle  
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle

350

Laid Giltford deep beneath the ground,  
 Heard Alexander's bugle sound 360  
 And tamed not his garb to change  
 But, in his wizard habit strange,  
 Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight  
 His mantle lined with fox-skins white  
 His high and wrinkled forehead bore  
 A pointed cap, such as of yore  
 Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore  
 His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell  
 Upon his breast a pentacle,  
 His zone, of virgin parchment thin 370  
 Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin  
 Bore many a planetary sign,  
 Combust, and retrograde, and time  
 And in his hand he held prepared,  
 A naked sword without a guard

## XXI

"Dire dealings with the fiendish race  
 Had mark'd strange lines upon his face,  
 Vigil and fast had worn him grim,  
 His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim,  
 As one unused to upper day, 380  
 Even his own menials with dismay  
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sue,  
 In his unwonted wild attire,  
 Unwonted, for traditions run,  
 He seldom thus beheld the sun  
 'I know,' he said—his voice was hoarse,  
 And broken seem'd its hollow force,—  
 'I know the cause, although untold,  
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold  
 Vainly from me my liege would know 390  
 His kingdom's future weal or woe,  
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,  
 His courage may do more than all

## XXII

"Of middle air the demons proud,  
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,

Can read, in hild or wandering stai,  
 The issue of events afar,  
 But still their sullen aid withhold,  
 Save when by mightier force controll'd  
 Such late I summon'd to my hall, 400  
 And though so potent was the call,  
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell  
 I deem'd a refuge from the spell,  
 Yet, obstinate in silence still,  
 The haughty demon mocks my skill  
 But thou—who little know'st thy might  
 As born upon that blessed night  
 When yawning graves, and dying gloom  
 Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown—  
 With untaught valour shalt compel 410  
 Response denied to magic spell,  
 'Grameicy,' quoth our Monarch free,  
 'Place him but front to front with me,  
 And, by this good and honour'd brand,  
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,  
 Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,  
 The demon shall a buffet bide'  
 His bearing bold the wizard view'd,  
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd  
 'There spoke the blood of Malcolm'—mark 420  
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,  
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown  
 Crests the ascent of yonder down  
 A southern entrance shalt thou find;  
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,  
 And trust thine elfin foe to see,  
 In guise of thy worst enemy  
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—  
 Upon him! and Saint George to speed!  
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know 430  
 Whate'er these airy sprites can show  
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,  
 I am no wariant for thy life'

## XXIII

' Soon as the midnight bell did ring,  
 Alone, and arm'd forth rode the King,

To that old camp's deserted round  
 Su' Knight, you well might mark the mound  
 Left hand the town,—the Pictish race,  
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace  
 The moor around is brown and bare, 440  
 The space within is green and fair  
 The spot our village children know,  
 For there the earliest wild-flowers grow,  
 But woe betide the wandering wight,  
 That treads its circle in the night  
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,  
 Gives ample space for full career  
 Opposed to the four points of heaven,  
 By four deep gaps are entrance given  
 The southernmost our Monarch past, 450  
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast,  
 And on the north, within the ring,  
 Appeared the form of England's King,  
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,  
 In Palestine waged holy war  
 Yet arms like England's did he wield,  
 Alike the leopards in the shield,  
 Alike his Syrian couser's frame,  
 The rider's length of limb the same  
 Long afterwards did Scotland know, 460  
 Fell Edward was her deadliest foe

## XXIV

"The vision made our Monarch start,  
 But soon he mann'd his noble heart,  
 And in the first career they ran,  
 The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man,  
 Yet did a splinter of his lance  
 Through Alexander's visor glance,  
 And razed the skin—a puny wound  
 The King, light leaping to the ground,  
 With naked blade his phantom foe 470  
 Compell'd the future war to show  
 Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,  
 Where still gigantic bones remain,  
 Memorial of the Danish war,  
 Himself he saw, amid the field,

On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,  
 And strike proud Haco from his cai,  
 While all around the shadowy Kings  
 Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings  
 'T is said, that, in that awful night, 480  
 Remote visions met his sight,  
 Foreshowing future conquests far,  
 When our sons' sons wage northern war,  
 A royal city, tower and spire,  
 Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,  
 And shouting crews her navy bore,  
 Triumphant, to the victor shore  
 Such signs may learned clerks explain,  
 They pass the wit of simple swain

## XXV

" The joyful King turn'd home again, 490  
 Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane,  
 But yearly, when return'd the night  
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,  
 His wound must bleed and smart,  
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,  
 ' Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay  
 The penance of your start'  
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,  
 King Alexander fills his grave,  
 Our Lady give him rest ! 500  
 Yet still the knightly spear and shield  
 The Elfin Warrior doth wield,  
 Upon the brown hill's breast,  
 And many a knight hath proved his chance.  
 In the charm'd ring to break a lance,  
 But all have foully sped,  
 Save two, as legends tell, and they  
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay  
 Gentles, my tale is said "

## XXVI

The quaighs were deep the liquor strong, 510  
 And on the tale the yeoman-throng  
 Had made a comment sage and long,

But Marmion gave a sign  
And, with their lord, the squires retire,  
The rest, around the hostel fire,  
Their drowsy limbs recline,  
For pillow, underneath each head  
The quiver and the targe were laid  
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor  
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore  
The dying flame, in fitful change,  
Threw on the group its shadows strange

520

## XXVII

Apart, and nestling in the hay  
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay.  
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen  
The foldings of his mantle green  
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,  
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,  
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,  
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love  
A cautious tread his slumber broke,  
And, close beside him, when he woke,  
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,  
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume,  
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,  
His master Marmion's voice he knew

530

## XXVIII

"Fitz-Eustace! rise, I cannot rest,  
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,  
And grave thoughts have chafed my mood.  
The air must cool my feverish blood,  
And fain would I ride forth, to see  
The scene of elfin chivalry  
Arise, and saddle me my steed,  
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed  
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves  
I would not, that the prating knaves  
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,  
That I could credit such a tale"

540

Then sottle down the steps they slid,  
Eustace the stable door undid, 550  
And, daikling, Marmion's steed array'd,  
While whispering, thus the Baion said —

## XXIX

“ Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell,  
That on the hour when I was born,  
Saint George, who graced my sire's chapel,  
Down from his steed of marble fell,  
A weary wight forlorn ?  
The flattering chaplains all agree,  
The champion left his steed to me.  
I would, the omen's truth to show, 560  
That I could meet this Elfin Foe !  
Blithe would I battle, for the right  
To ask one question at the sprite —  
Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,  
An empty race, by fount or sea,  
To dashing waters dance and sing,  
Or round the green oak wheel their ring ”  
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,  
And from the hostel slowly rode.

## XXX

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad, 570  
And mark'd him pace the village road,  
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,  
Till, by the lessening sound,  
He judged that of the Pictish camp  
Lord Marmion sought the round  
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,  
That one, so wary held, and wise,—  
Of whom 't was said, he scarce received  
For gospel, what the church believed, —  
Should, stur'd by idle tale, 580  
Ride forth in silence of the night,  
As hoping half to meet a spite,  
Array'd in plate and mail  
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,  
That passions, in contending flow,

Unfix the strongest mind,  
 Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,  
 We welcome fond credulity,  
 Guide confident, though blind

## XXXI

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,	590
But, patient, waited till he heard,	
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,	
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,	
Come town-ward rushing on,	
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,	
Then, clattering on the village road,—	
In other pace than forth he yode,	
Return'd Lord Marmion	
Down hastily he sprung from selle,	
And, in his haste, well-nigh he fell,	600
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,	
And spoke no word as he withdrew	
But yet the moonlight did betray,	
The falcon-crest was soil'd with clay,	
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,	
By stains upon the charger's knee,	
And his left side, that on the moon	
He had not kept his footing sure	
Long musing on these wondrous signs,	
At length to rest the squire reclines,	610
Broken and short, for still, between	
Would dreams of terror intervene	
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark	
The first notes of the morning lark	

## NOTES

### INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE TO CANTO III

*William Erskine.* Erskine, as we may judge from this epistle, was not only Scott's most intimate friend, but also his great adviser in literary matters. "In January, 1822, Sir Walter had the great satisfaction of seeing Erskine at length promoted to a seat on the bench of the Court of Session, by the title of Lord Kinnedder, and his pleasure was enhanced doubtless by the reflection that his friend owed this elevation very much, if not mainly, to his own unwearied exertions on his behalf." His death, a few months after, was a great blow to Scott. Lockhart gives the following sketch of the person and manners of the poet's most intimate friend. "Then came no contradiction of the old saying, that the most attached comrades are often very unlike each other in character and temperament. The mere physical contrast was as strong as could well be, and this is not unworthy of notice here, for Erskine was, I think, the only man in whose society Scott took great pleasure, during the more vigorous part of his life, that had neither constitution nor inclination for any of the rough bodily exercises in which he himself delighted. The Counsellor, as Scott always called him, was a little man of feeble make, who seemed unhappy when his pony got beyond a foot pace, and had never, I should suppose, addicted himself to any out-of-doors sport whatever. He would, I fancy, have as soon thought of laying his own mutton as of handling a bowling-piece: he used to shudder when he saw a party equipped for coursing, as if murder were in the wind, but the cool temperate angler was in his eyes the abomination of abominations. His small elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes were the index of the quick, sensitive, gentle spirit within. He had the warm heart of a woman, her generous enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses. A beautiful landscape or a fine strain of music would send the tears rolling down his cheek, and though capable, I have no doubt, of exhibiting, had his duty called him to do so, the highest spirit of a hero or a

many, he had very little command over his nerves amidst circumstances such as men of ordinary mould, to say nothing of iron fabrics like Scott's, regard with indifference. His literary ambition, active and aspiring at the outset, had long before this time merged in his profound veneration for Scott, but he still read a great deal, and did so as much, I believe, with a view to assisting Scott by hints and suggestions as for his own amusement. He had much of his friend's tact in extracting the picturesque from old and, generally speaking, dull books, and in bringing out his stories he often showed a great deal of quaint humour and sly wit. Scott, on his side, respected, trusted, and loved him, much as an affectionate husband does the wife who gave him her heart in youth, and thinks his thoughts rather than her own in the evening of life. He soothed, cheered, and sustained Erskine habitually. I do not believe a more entire and perfect confidence ever subsisted than theirs was and always had been in each other, and to one who had duly observed the creeping jealousies of human nature, it might perhaps seem doubtful on which side the balance of real nobility of heart and character, as displayed in their connection at the time of which I am speaking, ought to be cast"—  
LOCKHART

46-80 *The Duke of Brunswick*, born 1735, had won a great reputation in the Seven Years' War, 1756-63 (See I 49-54). He commanded the army that invaded France in 1792, after the outbreak of the French Revolution, and also led the Prussian army in the Jena campaign, 1806. He was severely wounded at Auestadt, and so harshly treated by Napoleon (who declared his dominions confiscated), that "he was compelled with great personal suffering to take refuge in Altona, where he soon afterwards died." He was thus saved from having to contemplate the States of Germany completely crushed beneath the feet of the Conqueror (ALISON, vol. x.) N.B. It must be remembered that *Marmion* was written 1806-8.

54 *Star of Brandenburg*. Brandenburg was the nucleus of the kingdom of Prussia, which became one of the Great Powers of Europe in consequence of the successful resistance of Frederick the Great to Austria, France, and Russia in the Seven Years' War.

75-80 These lines are prophetic. All will remember the Black Brunswickers, and their duke who died at Quatre Bras.

78 *Arminius* (Latinized form of Hermann), the German conqueror of Varus, Augustus' general (A.D. 9). His victory is placed by Creasy among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. See CREASY, chap. v.

81-96 *Sir Sidney Smith* was born in 1764, and entered the English navy. After the peace of 1783 he went into the service

of Sweden, and distinguished himself very highly in the wars between that power and Russia (1 89-92 )• After some service under the Turks, he returned to the English navy (the revolutionary war with France having broken out), and became the terror of the French coast. He was at last (1796) taken prisoner by the French, but succeeded in making his escape (1798) (1 82 ) He was then despatched to the coast of Syria, where he performed his greatest achievement—the successful defence of Acre against Napoleon (1 85-8 ) He afterwards did good service as admiral in Egyptian and Portuguese waters. “ Altogether the life of this extraordinary man, both by sea and by shore, with Christians and with Mussulmans, in combating kings and emperors, in turning aside Napoleon from Asia, and fixing the first European royal family in America, was so extraordinary as would have passed for romance in any other age of the world ” Napoleon, not merely at the time, but at St Helena, twenty years after, always insisted that the capture of Acre would have given him the empire of the East, and “ changed the face of the world ” and he repeatedly said of Sir Sidney Smith, “ That man made me miss my destiny ”—ALISON, vi. 293-5, 303

94-96 *The fall of the fight*, &c. At the battle of Alexandria “ Sir Ralph Abercromby, who had the glory of first leading the English to decisive victory over the aims of revolutionary France, received a mortal wound in the early part of the day, of which he died a few days afterwards ”—ALISON, viii 24

103-110 *The bold Enchantress* Joanna Baillie. “ It was during a visit to London (winter of 1805-6) that Scott first saw Joanna Baillie, of whose *Plays on the Passions* he had been, from their first appearance, an enthusiastic admirer ” So high was his opinion of her works, that on one occasion he said, “ If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country ” “ The acquaintance begun in 1806 soon ripened into a most affectionate intimacy between him and this remarkable woman, and thenceforth she and her distinguished brother, Dr Matthew Baillie, were among the friends to whose intercourse he looked forward with the greatest pleasure when about to visit the metropolis ”—LOCKHART

108 *Basin*, a tragedy, and *De Montfort*, a tragedy, occur in “ A series of plays (by Joanna Baillie), in which (as we read on the title-page) it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy ”

111-242 These lines (especially 1 152-242) are the most important of all in the *Introd Epistles*, and must be carefully studied by anyone who wishes to estimate Scott’s genius aright. For Scott does here what Wordsworth does at far greater length

in the *Prelude*. In both cases we have the development of a great poet's mind, described by the poet himself. Like Wordsworth, Scott lingers over

"Those recollected hours that have the charm  
Of visionary things, those lovely forms  
And sweet sensations that throw back our life,  
And almost make remotest infancy  
A visible scene, on which the sun is shining."

And he might have said to Erskine, as Wordsworth did to Coleridge

'Here have I told a tale  
Of matters which not falsely may be called  
The glory of my youth Of genius, power,  
Creation, and divinity itself  
I have been speaking, for my theme has been  
What passed within me Not of outward things  
Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,  
Symbols or actions, but of my own heart  
Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind  
O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,  
And what they do within themselves while yet  
The yoke of earth is new to them, the world  
Nothing but a wild field where they were sown  
This is, in truth, heroic argument,  
This genuine prowess"—*Prelude*, I and III

It need hardly be said that the contrasts between the two treatments of the subject would be even more interesting to work out than the resemblances.

Whatever hopes Scott may have had of success in new fields when he wrote these Epistles (see *Intro.* Ep I 232-309, n.), it is clear from the lines to Erskine that he knew what the source of his inspiration was, and had become well-nigh convinced of the truth, that the poetry of romance was the work for which his nature and his training had marked him out. "For me," he says—

"For me, *thus nurtured*, dost thou ask  
The classic poet's well-conn'd task?  
Nay, Erskine, nay On the wild hill  
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still."

'For me, thus nurtured'—If we wish to know more, we must read l 152-227, and the early pages of Lockhart. Scott tells us that, before he was old enough to be conscious of the change, he was sent to his grandfather's farm at Sandy Knowe, which

contains the rocks in the centre of which Smailholm Tower is situated. It was here that the poet's mind awoke, in the midst of associations that left their stamp on it for ever. What does he tell us of the process?

(1) We see that the passion for old ballads and traditions was linked with his life from the very beginning. (See I 152-7) "The local information," he says, "which I conceive had some share in forming my future tastes and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales which then formed the amusement of a retired country family. My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Tellfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes—merry men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. A more recent hero, but not of less note, was the celebrated Diel of Littledean, whom she well remembered, as he had married her mother's sister. Of this extraordinary person I learned many a story, grave and gay, comic and warlike."

"And ever, by the winter hearth,  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms,  
Of patriot battles, won of old  
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold," &c (I 192-7)

Thus while I ape the measure wild  
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,  
Rude though they be, still with the chime  
Return the thoughts of early time,  
And *feelings, roused in life's first day,*  
*Glow in the line, and prompt the lay*" (I 152-7)

(11) We see how Nature was with him from his infancy. Nature said of him, as of Wordsworth's Lucy—

"This child I to myself will take,  
[He] shall be mine

Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse and with me  
The [boy] on rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bowen,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain."

The love of nature, like the love of legend, was in his very heart's blood.

(III) We notice how intimately in him the love of nature and the love of legend were intertwined, and how—great as was his passion for the beautiful in nature—his Border blood and his early associations made him find a still higher joy in scenes of ancient story. He lavishes praise on the scenery of Rokeby, but in his native land he finds more than beauty

“Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,  
*Thy scenes and story to combine!*  
 Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays,  
 List to the deeds of other days,  
 'Mid Cartland's Cragg thou show'st the cave,  
 The refuge of thy champion brave,  
*Giving each rock its storied tale,*  
*Pouring a lay for every dale,*  
 Knitting, as with a moral band,  
 Thy native legends with thy land,  
 To lend each scene the interest high  
 Which genius beams from Beauty's eye”

—*Rokeby*, II. iii.

“In fact,” says Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, “from his boyish habits, he was but half satisfied with the most beautiful scenery when he could not connect with it some local legend.”

We shall now be able to understand the feelings of his youth, when he made frequent excursions in search of the picturesque.

“My principal object,” he says, “in these excursions was the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery, or what afforded me at least equal pleasure, the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events. The delight with which I regarded the former of course had general approbation, but I often found it difficult to procure sympathy with the interest I felt in the latter. Yet to me the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle. I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feeling of picturesque scenery, on the contrary, few delighted more in its general effect. But I was unable with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how one bore upon the other, to estimate the effect which various features of the view had in producing its leading and general effect. I have never, indeed, been capable of doing this with precision or nicety, though my latter studies have led me to amend and arrange my original ideas upon the subject. But show me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description. In crossing Magus Moor, near St Andrew's, the

spirit moved me to give a picture of the assassination of the Archbishop of St Andrew's to some fellow-travellers with whom I was accidentally associated, and one of them, though well acquainted with the story, protested my narrative had frightened away his night's sleep. I mention this to show the distinction between a sense of the picturesque in action and in scenery. If I have since been able in poetry to trace with some success the principles of the latter, it has always been with reference to its general and leading features, or under some alliance with moral feeling, and even this proficiency has cost me study"—SCOTT'S *Autob.* LOCKHART'S *Life*

158 *That mountain tower* Scott made the tower of Smailholm the scene of his ballad of *The Eve of St John*. Lockhart tells us that this ballad "was written at Mertoun House in the autumn of 1799. Some dilapidations had taken place in the tower of Smailholm, and Harden, being informed of the fact, and entreated with needless earnestness by his kinsman to arrest the hand of the spoiler, requested playfully a ballad, of which Smailholm should be the scene, as the price of his assent." N.B. For Mertoun House, the seat of Scott of Harden, see *Introd. Ep. VI* and n.

180 *The aged hind* Lockhart tells us, of the child Scott's life at Sandy Knowe, that "his great pleasure was in the society of the 'aged hind,' recorded in the epistle to Erskine. 'Auld Sandy Oimistoun,' called, from the most dignified part of his function, 'The Cow-bailie,' had the chief superintendence of the flocks that browsed upon 'the velvet tufts of loveliest green.' If the child saw him in the morning, he could not be satisfied unless the old man would set him astride on his shoulder, and take him to keep him company as he lay watching his charge.

" 'Here was poetic impulse given

By the green hill and clear blue heaven ' (l. 166-67.)

The cow bailie blew a particular note on his whistle, which signified to the maid-servants in the house below when the little boy wished to be carried home again. He told his friend, Mr Skene of Rubislaw, when spending a summer day in his old age among these well remembered crags, that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and that 'the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life.' There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came on, and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny, bonny!' at every flash."

211-17 *Grey hair'd sire* Scott's grandfather, Robert Scott. The poet tells us that "he was a man of middle stature, extremely active, quick, keen, and fiery in his temper, stubbornly honest, and so distinguished for his skill in country matters, that he was the general referee in all points of dispute which occurred in the neighbourhood" (l. 216) "His birth being admitted as gentle, gave him access to the best society in the county, and his dexterity in country sports, particularly hunting, made him an acceptable companion in the field, as well as at the table"—SCOTT'S *Autob.*

216-17 "Upon revising the poem, it seems proper to mention that the lines—

"Whose doom discording neighbours sought,  
Content with equity unbought,"

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's beautiful epistle to John Duden of Chesterton—1808 *Note to Second Edit.* "NB We must remember Scott was editing Dryden while writing *Marmion*. See Introd. Ep. I. 275-83, n.

218-27 *The venerable priest, &c.* Scott, speaking of his life at Sandy Knowe, says "My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of *Hardyknute* I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty. Methinks I now see his tall, thin, emaciated figure, his legs cased in clasped gambadoes, and his face of a length that would have rivalled the Knight of La Mancha's, and hear him exclaiming, 'One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is.' With this little acidity, which was natural to him, he was a most excellent and benevolent man, a gentleman in every feeling, and altogether different from those of his order who cringe at the tables of the gentry, or domineer and riot at those of the yeomanry. In his youth he had been chaplain in the family of Lord Marchmont, had seen Pope, and could talk familiarly of many characters who had survived the Augustan age of Queen Anne."

235-38 *Thy judgment, &c.* See note on Erskine at beginning of Epistle

## CANTO III

INTRODUCTION —(A) We have learnt much from Canto II

(1) We now know the truth about the page. Marmion has induced a nun, called Constance de Beverley, to leave her con-

vent and follow in his train. Then he has excited her jealousy by desiring to marry the rich heiress Clare. Constance has endeavoured to poison Clare, but has been detected and doomed to the dreadful death described in II xxiii.

(ii) We know the truth about the charge made against De Wilton by Marmion. De Wilton is innocent: he has been ruined by the treachery of Marmion. And the proofs of Marmion's treachery exist. They are in the possession of Constance, and before she dies she produces the packet containing them (II xxviii). N.B. For the contents of the packet, and a full account of Marmion's treachery, and Constance's share in it, see V xxi-xxiii, especially xxiii.

We now in Canto III follow Marmion to the Scottish court, whither he is journeying with the mysterious Palmer as his guide. We shall find that on the way he meets with a strange adventure (See III xxx-xxxi and IV xiv-xxi).

N.B. We must remember that Marmion knows nothing either of (i) the fate of Constance, or (ii) the disclosure by her of his treachery, and the existence of the 'guilty packet' that proves his baseness and the innocence of De Wilton.

(B) —From Cantos I-II we have learnt much of life in the ages of chivalry. Canto I has told us of the life of war, the life of the knight. Canto II has told us of the life of religion, the life of the monk and nun. Canto III throws more light still on these ages by reminding us of their superstitions.

In days of old, when men knew little of the laws of nature, everything in the world around them was so mysterious that wonder naturally led them into superstition. Accordingly we find in the Middle Ages (as in more ancient times) much attention paid to omens. People were always on the look out for signs of good or bad luck, and the most trifling matters, like spilling the salt, or the tingling of the ears (st. xiii 217, and n.), were believed to reveal what was happening elsewhere, or to foretell what was going to happen (See also st. xxix 553-60). Again, the people of the Middle Ages believed that man was surrounded by spirits good and evil, and there are hundreds of legends about the doings of these spirits. Holy men were tempted by the evil one (e.g. St. Serf. See I xxix 504-8, end of n.). Spirits appeared armed as knights, and accepted the challenge of mortal foes (See st. xxii-xxiv). Now in Canto III not only have we examples of the superstitions of the time, but we see how they laid hold even of a strong mind like Marmion's in a moment of indecision and remorse.

N.B. For legends of supernatural appearance see also Marmion's conversation with Lindsay (IV xiv-xxii), and the account of the demon summons (V. xliii 699-xxvi).

I 5, 6 "The *Melric*, so called from its forming part of the march or boundary of the kingdom of Scotland, is the southern or low and fertile division of the county of Berwickshire" (See map.) NB For 'forayers' see I xx 313 and n., and Gl I

16 *Wan*, pt t of *wun* = 'gain,' i.e. 'reach,' 'arrive at'

17 *Ptarmigan* (Gael) A kind of grouse, with feathered toes, inhabiting the tops of mountains

22 *Gifford* (See map)

II 25 *To Scotland's camp*, i.e. to the Borough Moor outside Edinburgh, where the Scottish army was mustered Cf the appearance of Crichton Castle (IV 211), deserted by every man "that could draw a sword," which makes us realize still better the warlike preparations of James IV

31 *Bush and flagon* An ivy bush was the common sign of an inn Hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush" The bush was of ivy, because ivy was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine

*Flagon* = 'drinking vessel'

III 44 *hostel* = 'inn' (Gl)

48 *Soland* = 'solan goose,' 'gannet,' a large sea bird (Gl)

*Store* = 'abundance'

49 *Gammon*, i.e. leg of a pig salted and smoked, or dried (Gl)

IV 66-71 Note how Marmion, the born leader of men, understands the soldier's heart, and the way to win it That he was a very popular leader we know from his reception at Flodden. (VI. xxiv 727-34)

78 *Buxom* = 'gay,' 'lively' (Gl)

V. 82 *Visage* = 'face' (from Latin *video*).

84 *Still fixed on Marmion*, &c Cf I xxviii Marmion of course has no suspicion that the Palmer is his bitter foe, and that "plans of dark revenge" are forming in his bosom (VI. vii, 231-2)

85 *Brook* = 'suffer,' 'allow,' 'put up with' (Gl I)

VI 90-105 Note with what skill the gloomy figure of the Palmer is brought before us The poet puts us, as it were, in the place of one of the yeomen, and makes us see the Palmer gazing at Marmion, and feel the shudder that killed the mouth of the men who looked at him Note too how the effect of the gloomy picture of st v vi is heightened by the contrast with the bustle and merriment of st ii-iv. (Cf I iv. 56, end of n.)

VII 107 *Then hearts who saw* The antecedent of 'who' is hidden in 'their,' which = of them, 'i.e.' of the followers of Marmion.

110-11 See the note on the accomplishments of squires (I vii 93)

VIII 117 *Constant*, i.e. Constance, the disguised nun

118 *Deftly* = 'cleverly.'

129 *Roundelay*, i.e. 'a song in which pairs are repeated' (Gl)

IX 138-147 When we read this passage we cannot help thinking of Scott's own home-sickness, when, shortly before his death, he was travelling abroad, in the vain hope of recovering his health. A "heart-sick exile" (l 146), he seems to have found little pleasure in any of the famous places he visited. If he expressed any delight, as he did on passing the Apennines, it was because "the snow and the pines recalled Scotland." His one wish was to see his country and his home once more (LOCKHART). N.B. Cf. Wordsworth's 'Solitary Reaper'

XI 166-69 *Where shall the traitor rest*, &c. This was the favourite song of Constance (see st viii 129), and we can imagine with what passion she sang these words when we read II xxvii and xxx.

170-73 *In the lost battle*, &c. These were the lines that rung in Marmion's ears when he lay dying at Flodden, so that he could not hear the priest praying at his side. See VI xxxii 970-73, and n.

179-82 *Shame and dishonour sit*, &c. Well might Marmion, conscious of his treachery to Constance, be saddened when he heard those words sung. See next stanza.

XII 186 *The air*, i.e. the tune to which the words of the song were set.

186-89 *Sadder still*

*It fell on Marmion's ear*, &c.

"With what vigour of imagination the death of Constance is made to throw a shadow over the haughty mind of Marmion. Out of this overshadowing gloom, arises, on the instant, superstitious terror and helpless remorse. And we are shown, in the magic mirror of poetry, the hidden soul of the ruthless betrayer—a soul torn by conflicting emotions, till it is altogether unhinged, unhinged, in spite of its natural strength and long habits of worldly experience, to the surprise of his unsophisticated squire—

"For little did Fitz-Eustace know,  
That passions, in contending flow,  
Unfix the strongest mind,

576-589), how "one, so wary held, and wise" can be so carried away by a fairy tale (See also st xii 186 9, n)

XVIII 307 *Loch Vennachar* See *Lady of the Lake*, V in Note the simile, l 304-7

308-323 Note well with what skill the story is put together by Scott—how each event seems naturally to suggest the next The Host's Tale, we shall see, is the cause of very strange events. (See III xxvii *et seq*, and IV xi-xvi) See how naturally Scott leads up to the telling of this tale The Palmer's 'dark visage' and 'sullen scowl' chill the soldiers to silence (st v vi) Marmion, wishing to inspire them, asks Fitz Eustace, his squire, to sing At such a moment a sad song naturally occurs to the squire, and he chooses the 'favourite roundelay' of Constance This song of hers as naturally fills Marmion with sadness and remorse, and the chance words of the Palmer ("The death of a dear friend," st xiii 217) bring all Constance's danger and his own baseness before him (st xiv-xvii), while these same words suggest to the Host the tale that follows (see st xviii 308 *et seq*)—a tale about a wonderful way of finding out "future weal or future woe" and this tale is told just at the time when Marmion is burning to know whether Constance is in imminent peril, and when, distracted by the 'sense of secret sin,' by 'repentance and reviving love' (l 231, 305), he would be likely to choose *any* means of finding out the truth

322 *license* = 'permission' (Lat *licet*.)

XIX 324 *Clerk* = 'a scholar,' 'learned person' NB *Clerk* originally = 'a cleric,' 'clergyman' Hence it came to mean a scholar, because in the Middle Ages the clergy were the only people who had education (Gl)

325-26 *Alexander III* became king in his eighth year, in 1249 It was in 1263 that he came to consult Sir Hugh de Gifford (Sc)

327 *Eke* = 'also' (Gl)

330-3 *A wiser word of power* Sir Hugo seems to have been a magician, like the Lady in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, who—

"Wrought not by forbidden spell,  
For mighty words and signs have power  
O'er sprites in planetary hour"

Such magicians were supposed to *command* the spirits, while the necromancers or wizards were supposed to be *in league* with the evil spirits, or even to be completely under their orders (Sc) Shakspeare has given us in Prospero an example of the good magician, ruling the spirits by his art with a noble purpose Thus

addressing the spirit Ariel, he threatens him with severe punishment if he disobeys, and Ariel replies—

"Pardon, master  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently"—*Tempest*, Act 1 Sc 2

And Prospero, by the help of Ariel, makes good triumph over evil. This ruling of the spirits was of course a very dangerous task, and there are many stories of the dreadful fate of those who, from fear or want of sufficient skill in magic, could not keep control over their supernatural servants. Even the great wizard, Michael Scott, "was once upon a time much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea sand"—SC n to *Lay*

335 *Gave you*, i.e. 'Gave you power,' 'permitted you'

XX 348-58 *Norse and Danish galleys*. *Haco* "In the days of Alexander III Scotland was threatened with a great danger from *the invasion of the Danes and the Norwegians*. These northern people were at this time wont to scour the seas with their vessels, and to make descents and conquests where it suited them to settle. England had been at one time conquered by them, and France had been compelled to yield up to them the fine provinces which, after their name, were called Normandy. The Scots, whose country was at once poor and mountainous, had hitherto held these rovers at defiance. But in the year 1263 *Haco*, king of Norway, at the head of a powerful fleet and army, came to invade and conquer the kingdom of Scotland. Alexander, on his part, lost no time in assembling a great army, and preparing for the defence of the country, in which he was zealously seconded by most of his nobles. They were not all, however, equally faithful, some of them had encouraged the attempt of the invaders.

On the 1st of October, 1263, *Haco*, having arrived on the western coast, commenced hostilities by making himself master of the islands of *Bute* and *Arran*, lying in the mouth of the *Firth of Clyde*, and then appeared with his great navy off the village of *Largs*, in *Cunninghame*"—SC *Tales of Grandfather*, I 31

359 *Deep beneath the ground*, i.e. in his Goblin Hall (See st xix 333 *et seq*)

367 *Pharaoh's Magi* = 'the magicians of Egypt' (See *Genesis* xli 8, *Exodus* vii 11)

369 *Pentacle* The dress peculiar to magicians is well described in l 362-375 "The *pentacle* is a piece of fine linen folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably incised with characters" This the magician extends towards the spirits whom he calls, when they are stubborn, and refuse to obey him (SC n) (Gk πέντε = five)

373 These are terms used in astrology *Combust* (= 'burnt') is used of a planet that is not many degrees distant from the sun *Retrograde* — of the apparent backward motion of a planet *Trine* — of planets so placed as to form a triangle.

XXI 383 *Unaccustomed attire* i.e. 'Dress in which they were unaccustomed to see him' (explained by the next two lines)

XXII 395 *Racking* = 'drifting' (Gl) Cf Shakspeare, 3 *Hen VI* II i 27, and *Introd Ep* IV 42

406-411 *Thou born upon that blessed night* Alexander III had been born on Good Friday Those born on that day, or on Christmas-day, were supposed to have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them (SC n)

410-11 *With untaught valour response denied spell*, i.e. 'You, though knowing nothing of magic, may by mere courage force an answer from the spirits who will not obey my words of (magic) power'

414 *Brand* = 'sword' (Gl)

416 *Soothly* = 'truly' (*Sooth*, Gl I)

*Tide what tide*, i.e. 'happen what may,' 'come what will' (See *tide*, II, Gl I)

417 *Shall a buffet bide*, i.e. 'Will have to stand a blow' (*Buffet*, *Bide*, Gl)

420 *Thou spokest the blood of Malcolm*, i.e. 'Your bold reply proves that you are a true descendant of the brave Malcolm Canmore,' the prince who won the Scottish crown by the overthrow of Macbeth (See Shakspeare) The following story shows Malcolm's courage "A nobleman of his court had engaged to assassinate him The circumstance became known to the king, who, during the amusement of a hunting match, drew the conspirator into a solitary glade of the forest, upbraided him with his traitorous intentions, and defied him to mortal and equal combat. The assassin, surprised at this act of generosity, threw himself at the king's feet, confessed his meditated crime, his present repentance, and vowed fidelity for the future The king trusted him as before, and had no reason to repent of his manly conduct"—SCOTT, *Hist of Scot.* i pp 23, 24.

426 *Elfin* = 'fairy' (Gl)

427 *Guise* = 'shape,' 'appearance' N B *Dis-guise*, 'to change the appearance,' is der. from it (See under *Wise*, Gl I)

429 *St George to speed*, i.e. 'For (thy) speed or prosperity' (*Speed*, Gl)

433 *I am no warrant for thy life*, i.e. 'I cannot promise that you will escape with life' The king might perish like the Bohemian knight, "who, travelling by night with a single companion, came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight picked forward to break a lance with a champion who advanced from the ranks, apparently in defiance His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary, and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mingled corpse of the knight and steed"—SCOTT, *B. Minst.* pp 447-48 (*Warrant*, Gl)

XXIII 438 *The Pictish race* When the Romans attacked Britain (A D 43 *et seq.*), "they took possession of England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland

Then the wild people of Scotland, whom the Romans had not been able to subdue, began to come down from their mountains, and make incursions upon that part of the country which had been conquered by the Romans These people of the northern parts of Scotland were not one nation, but divided in two, called *the Scots* and *the Picts* They often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans, and the Britons who had been subdued by them"—SC

444 *Wight* = 'creature,' 'person' (*Wight*, 1, Gl)

N B There are two quite distinct words *wight* found in *Marmion* (1) *Wight* (subs) = 'creature' (11) *Wight* (adj) = 'valiant,' 'strong,' 'active' (See Gl)

447 *For full career*, i.e. for two knights to meet at full speed in the centre (*Career*, Gl) Cf *Lay*, IV xxxiv, quoted in the note to *Marmion*, IV xxi 422

453-61 *England's king* Edward I, called 'Longshanks' from his 'length of limb' (l 459), made a determined attempt to conquer Scotland, A D 1290-1307 The Scotch feeling towards this greatest of the Plantagenets is well given in the *Lord of the Isles*, IV iv The Bruce, hearing that Edward has died when on the point of once more invading Scotland, says calmly—

"I well may vouch it here,  
That, blot the story from his page  
Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,  
You read a monarch brave and sage,  
And to his people dear"

But his brother's reply shows the depth of the hatred of the Scotch towards the king who had tried to subjugate them—

"Eternal as his own, my hate  
 Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,  
 And dies not with the dead!  
 Such hate was his on Solway's strand,  
 When vengeance clench'd his palsied hand,  
 That pointed yet to Scotland's land,  
 As his last accents pry'd  
 Disgrace and curse upon his hen,  
 If he one Scottish head should spare,  
 Till stretch'd upon the bloody lan  
 Each rebel corpse was laid!  
 Such hate was his, when his last breath  
 Renounced the peaceful house of death,  
 And bade his bones to Scotland's coast  
 Be borne by his remorseless host,  
 As if his dead and stony eye  
 Could still enjoy her misery!  
 Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long,  
 Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong!"

N B Scott has made a slight mistake in l 454-5 (*who then in Palestine, &c*) It is true that Edward I, before he became king, took part in the last of the Crusades. But the invasion of Haco took place in 1263, and Prince Edward did not leave England till some time after the defeat and death of Simon de Montfort, at Evesham, in 1265 (Are we to consider such a mistake as this a great blemish in a romance? See I viii 192, n)

461 *Fell* (adj here) = 'fierce,' 'grim.'

XXIV 462 *The vision* That a fairy should appear as a knight, and fight with a mortal, seems strange indeed. It only shows how, in the Middle Ages, even the world of spirits was looked upon as under the laws of chivalry. The very saints—St George for instance—were imagined as knights, performing deeds of chivalry! And the mortal warrior might well expect to meet a spirit disguised as a knight, or even to see the king of the faeries himself, with his great host of

"An hundred knights and mo  
 And damisels an hundred also,  
 Al on snowe-white stedes "

and, if the mortal were a doughty warrior, he might be bold enough to challenge an 'elfin foe' to fight. Thus "Osbert, a bold and powerful baion, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories

related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation his ghostly opponent sprung up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood. As long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit"—*B Minst* 447-52.

Sometimes, like the Bohemian knight already referred to (see st xxii 433, n), the mortal challenger was less fortunate than Osbert and Alexander III, and lost his life in the ghostly encounter.

N B For other instances of such ghostly combats, see IV xxii, and notes there, and for the all daring spirit of the Northern warriors, see *Harold the Dauntless*, III viii 5-17, where Harold speaks of—

"The bold Beiseikai's rage divine,  
Through whose inspiring, deeds are wrought  
Past human strength and human thought.  
When full upon his gloomy soul  
The champion feels the influence roll,  
He swims the lake, he leaps the wall—  
Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the fall—  
Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes  
Singly against a host of foes,  
Their spears he holds like wither'd reeds,  
Their mail like maiden's silken weeds,  
One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,  
Take countless wounds, and yet survive "

467 *Visor* = 'the part of the helmet that covered the face.' It was pierced with holes, so that the wearer might see (Lat. 'video') through it, and could be raised if he willed (Gl.)

472 *Largs* II 100 (see xx 348-58, n) disembarked most of his troops at Largs, and was there totally defeated, "on the 2nd October (1263), by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Oikney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms"—SC n

XXIV 473-74 *While still, &c* "The traces of the battle of Largs, a victory of so much consequence to Scotland, are still to be found on the shores where the battle was fought. There are visible great rocks and heaps of stones, beneath which lie interred the remains of the slain. Human bones are found in great quantities, and also warlike weapons, particularly axes and swords, which being made of brass, remain longer unconsumed than if they had been of iron or steel like those now used"—SC. *T of Grand* 1 32

479 *Denmark's grim ravens cover'd their wings* "The fatal raven,' consecrated to Odin, was the emblem on the Danish standard. The standard was termed 'the desolation of the country,' and miraculous powers were attributed to it. If the Danish arms were destined to defeat, the raven hung his head and drooped his wings, if victory was to attend them, he stood erect and soaring, as if inviting the warriors to follow."

480-89 *Remoter visions* Scott is here referring to the bombardment of Copenhagen (September 2nd, 1807). Fearing that the Danish fleet would be used by France against them, the English ministry determined to seize the fleet, though England and Denmark were at peace—the fleet to be held as a kind of pledge till the war with France was over. The Danes refused to surrender it, and Copenhagen was bombarded for three days, till it was on fire in several places (l 484-85). The Danes then surrendered, and their fleet was conveyed to England (l 486-87). NB The host, who is supposed to tell his tale in 1513, is naturally unable to understand what this 'remoter vision' means (See l 488-89). Scott, who was writing *Marmion* at the time when the Danish fleet was taken, introduces these lines from patriotic feeling, just as a poet writing in 1885 might refer to Khaitoum and the heroism of Gordon.

XXV 492-94 *Yearly His wound must bleed.* Cf the story of Osbert, xxiv 462, n

495 *Gibing* 'Jeering,' 'mocking' (Gl)

506 *Have foully sped* 'Have come off badly' ('Sped,' p part of 'speed,' used intrans Gl)

507 *Lagenets* See I xxv 434, n and Gl I.

508 *Wallace right* (Cf Introd Ep II 113, and Canto VI xx 611), *ze* 'Wallace brave,' 'Wallace the hero,' who

attempted to free Scotland from the power of Edward I. After some successes, he was at last defeated, taken prisoner, and

"In mockery crown'd with wreaths of green,  
And done to death by felon hand  
For guarding well his father's land"

—*Lord of the Isles*, II. xxvi (*Wight*, II, Gl)

509 *Gentils* See I. xii 188 n

XXVI 510 *Quagh* A cup or drinking vessel, generally of wood, but sometimes of silver (Gl)

512 13 *Had made* but, i.e. would have made . . had not (Marmion given)

518 *Targe* 'Round wooden shield stuck full of nails' (Sc)

XXVII 525-26 *Scarce, by the pale moonlight* green  
Note how simply but clearly the poet brings the moonlight picture before us by the two adjectives 'pale' and 'green,' and the word 'foldings.' All is cold and still. Contrast this with the other picture in xxvi 515-22—the warm but fitful light of the fire giving ever a different look to the motley group

XXVIII 538 *Chui* 'Booi,' 'fellow' Cf I. xxi 360, and Gl I

539 *Chafed my mood* 'Disturbed my mind,' 'worried me' *Chafe* is der. from Lat. *calefacere*, 'to make hot'

542 i.e. the Pictish camp, where Alexander III met his 'elfin foe' See st. xxii-xxv

543 *Me*='for me,' dative. In Old English the dative of 'I' was 'me,' the acc. 'mec' or 'me' 'Me,' therefore, may be dative as well as accusative in later English. Hence we have such dative uses as—

(i) In modern prose "He gave *me* a book"

(ii) In modern poetry "Saddle *me* my steed"

(iii) In Shakespeare "Knock *me* at this gate, and rap *me* well"—*T of Sh* I. ii 8

Cf note on 'him' (I. viii 108), which was originally dative only

551 *Darkling* (adv.)='in the dark'

XXIX 557 *Wight* See *Wight* (1) st. xxiii 444, n and Gl *Forlorn* (Gl)

562 *Blithe* 'Blithely,' 'gladly'

562-67 These lines well express Marmion's wretched state of doubt. The 'one question' he would ask (l. 563) is, of course, 'What will be or has been the fate of Constance?' To find out this he is willing even to try whether the host's tale is true

(l 538, 561 63), although his good sense tells him it cannot be (l 564-67) And it is a fine touch of wit, that the old, long-despised story about the omen at his birth (553-59) comes back to him now Perhaps he, like Alexander III, may be permitted to meet the 'elfin foe,' and demand an answer

562 *At the sprite* In Early English 'at' is commonly used, as here, with the meaning of 'at the hands of,' e.g. 'I ask at,' 'I can at,' &c The idiom is preserved in Scotch (*Sprite*, Gl)

XXX 579 *For gospel*, i.e. 'as true' (Gl)

582 *As hoping half* = 'as though half hoping'

584-89 How are we to account for Marmion's weakness? How can 'one so wily held and wise' (l 577, and cf IV 368 71) be led astray by a 'churl's wild legend'? Fitz-Eustace cannot understand it The answer is given in these lines—"Anything rather than bear longer this torturing suspense" (See st xxx 562-67, n) We must remember too that superstition can attack the strongest We must not

"Think to village swains alone  
Are these unethly teriors known,  
For not to rank nor sex confined  
Is this vain ague of the mind  
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,  
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity brui'd,  
Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,  
Beneath its universal sway" —*Rol. ly*, II xi

588-89 *Fond* 'Foolish' (= *foond*, p part of ME *foounu*, 'to act foolishly')

*Credulity* Blind belief, belief without due foundation

XXXI 597 *Yode* 'Went' See Gl

599 *Selle* 'Saddle' Cf *Lord of the Isles*, VI xiv —

"Fair was his seat in knightly *selle*" (Gl)

603-8 Marmion has had an encounter, and has been woisted for what has happened, see his story to *Lindesay*, IV. xiv-xxi

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO III.

**bide**, 'to await,' 'wait,' from A S *bīdan* It is perhaps connected with Lat *fidere*, 'to trust,' Gk *πειθεω*, 'to persuade'

**boding**. *Bode*, 'to foreshew,' 'announce,' is from A S *bod*, 'a message'

**brand**, 'a burning piece of wood,' also 'a sword' (so called from its glitter), der from A S *brinnan*, *byrnan*, 'to burn'

**buffet**, der from O F *bufet*, *bufe*, 'a blow,' especially 'a blow on the cheek.' O F *bufet*, *bufet*, 'to strike,' means also 'to puff out the cheeks' The word is connected with *puff* and Lat *bucca*, 'the cheek'

**buxom**=*buh-som*, from A S *būgan*, 'to bow,' 'bend,' and the suffix *-some*, 'same,' 'like' (which we find in *win-some*) *Buxom*, therefore, originally meant 'that could be bent,' 'pliable,' 'obedient' Then it came to mean 'good-humoured,' 'gracious,' 'lively,' 'jolly,' the meaning here

**career**, from F *carriere*, 'a place for horses to run in,' or 'then course, running, or full speed therein,' der from O F *carrie*, 'a road for carrying things along,' which is from O F *car*, 'a car' *Car* is from *carrus*, 'a kind of four-wheeled carriage,' which Cæsar first saw in Gaul, a word of Celtic origin, akin to Lat *carrus*

**clerk**, A S *clerc*, 'a priest' Either from O F *clerc*, or directly from Lat *clericus*, by contraction. *Clericus*=Greek *κληρικός*, 'belonging to the clergy' N B Gk *κληρος*, 'lot,' 'portion,' means, in church writings, 'the clergy,' because 'the Lord is their inheritance'

**eke**, 'also,' 'in addition,' from the verb *eke*, 'to add to,' 'to increase,' from A S *ēcan*, corresponding to Lat *augere*

**elfin**, adj for *elf-en* (*-en* is adj suffix Cf *gold-en*) *Elf*, 'a little spirit,' is from A S *alf*

**forlorn**, from A S *forloren*, p part of *for-leðan*, 'to destroy,' 'lose utterly' The prefix *for-* here strengthens the meaning of the verb N B '*Forlorn* hope,' and G *verloren*, 'to lose'

**gammon**, from O F *gambon*, the old form of F *jambon* It is O F *gambe*, 'a leg,' with suffix *-on*

**gibe**, Scand Cf Icel *geipa*, 'to talk nonsense'

**gospel**, most probably from A S *god*, 'God' and *spell*, 'a story,' 'narrative' Hence *gospel*= 'the narrative of God,' &c.

'the life of Christ' Some think, however, it is from A S *gōd*, 'good,' and *spell*, 'and therefore means 'good tidings' = Gk *εὐαγγέλιον*

**hostel**, through O F from Low Lat *hospitale*, which is der from *hospes* N B *Hotel*, *hospital*, are different forms of the same word

**quagh**, from Irish and Gael *cuach*, 'a cup,' 'howl' Cf *quaff*, the true form of which is *quach*, i.e. 'to drink out of a *quach*, or cup'

**racking**. *Rack*, 'light vapoury cloud,' is der from Scand. *rak*, 'drift,' 'motion'

**roundelay**, F *rondel-et*, dimin of O F *rondel* *Rondel*, 'a name or sonnet that ends as it begins' is itself a dimin of F *rond*, 'round' Note that *roundelay* is not der from *lay*

**selle**, der through O F from Lat *sella*, 'a seat,' which is for *sed-la*, and der from *sedes*, 'to sit'

**soland** = *solan*, from Scand *síla*, 'a grannet' The *d* has been added. Cf *sound* from F *son*, *hund* from earlier *hine*

**speed**, from A S *spēd*, 'haste,' 'success' Lat *spēs* is from same root N B The vb *speed* is der from the noun, and means (1) trans 'to make succeed,' 'to hasten to a conclusion,' 'to despatch' (See VI xxviii 867) (ii) intrans 'to succeed,' 'fare' (See III xxv 506)

**sprite**, der through F *esprit*, from Lat *spiritus* (from *spirare*, 'to breathe') It is therefore the same word as *spirit*

**visor**, der through F *visiere*, from Lat *visus*, from *videre*, 'to see' Cf *vision*, *visage*, *visit*, &c

**warrant**, 'voucher,' 'guarantee,' from O F *warrant*, *guarant* (cf *guarantee*), which is der from O II Germ *warjan*, *werjan*, 'to protect' (*j* sounded like *y*)

**wight**. There are two quite distinct words so spelt

(1) Subs meaning 'person,' 'creature,' from A S *wiht*, 'a creature,' 'animal,' 'person,' 'thing,' the original meaning of which is 'something moving' N B *Whit*, 'a thing,' 'puticle' ('not a whit') is only another spelling of *wight*

(ii) Adj meaning 'active,' 'strong,' 'valiant,' from Scand. *vigr*, 'in fighting condition,' 'serviceable for war' A word of same origin as Latin *vincere*, 'to fight,' 'conquer' See st xxv 508, 'Wallace wight'

**yode**, 'went' An Old Eng past tense from A S *eo-de*, where *-de* is the past termination. It is from the same root as Latin *ire*, 'to go.'

# MARMION

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH

To James Skene, Esq.

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest*

AN ancient Minstrel sagely said,  
“Where is the life which late we led?”  
That motley clown in Aiden wood,  
Whom humorous Jacques with envy view’d,  
Not even that clown could amplify,  
On this trite text, so long as I  
Eleven years we now may tell,  
Since we have known each other well,  
Since, riding side by side, our hand  
First drew the voluntary brand, 10  
And sure, through many a varied scene,  
Unkindness never came between  
Away these winged years have flown,  
To join the mass of ages gone,  
And though deep mark’d, like all below,  
With chequer’d shades of joy and woe,  
Though thou o’er realms and seas hast ranged,  
Mark’d cities lost, and empires changed,  
While here, at home, my narrower ken  
Somewhat of manners saw, and men, 20  
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,  
Fever’d the progress of these years,  
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem  
The recollection of a dream,  
So still we glide down to the sea  
Of fathomless eternity

Even now it scarcely seems a day,  
 Since first I tuned this idle lay,  
 A task so often thrown aside,  
 When leisure gave it caes denied, 30  
 That now, November's dreary gale,  
 Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,  
 That same November gale once more  
 Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore  
 Then wex'd boughs streaming to the sky  
 Once more our naked birches sigh,  
 And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,  
 Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again  
 And mountain dark, and flooded mead,  
 Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed 40  
 Earlier than wont along the sky,  
 Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly,  
 The shepherd, who in summer sun,  
 Had something of our envy won,  
 As thou with pencil, I with pen,  
 The features traced of hill and glen,—  
 He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,  
 At ease among the heath-flowers lay,  
 View'd the light clouds with vacant look,  
 Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book, 50  
 Or idly busied him to guide  
 His angle o'er the lessen'd tide,—  
 At midnight now, the snowy plain  
 Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,  
 Through heavy vapours dark and dun,  
 When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,  
 Hears, half asleep, the rising storm  
 Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
 Against the casement's tinkling pane, 60  
 The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,  
 To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
 Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
 To dismal and to dangerous task  
 Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,  
 The blast may sink in mellowing rain;  
 Till, dark above, and white below,  
 Decided drives the flaky snow,

And forth the hardy swain must go,  
 Long, with dejected look and whine,  
 To leave the hearth his dogs repine,  
 Whistling and cheering them to aid,  
 Around his back he wreathes the plaid  
 His flock he gathers, and he guides,  
 To open downs, and mountain-sides,  
 Where fiercest though the tempest blow,  
 Least deeply lies the dust below  
 The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,  
 Stiffens his locks to icicles,  
 Oft he looks back, while streaming fair,  
 His cottage window seems a star,—  
 Loses its feeble gleam,—and then  
 Turns patient to the blast again,  
 And, facing to the tempest's sweep,  
 Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep  
 If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,  
 Benumbing death is in the gale  
 His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,  
 Close to the hut, no more his own,  
 Close to the aid he sought in vain,  
 The morn may find the stiffen'd swain  
 The widow sees, at dawning pale,  
 His orphans raise their feeble wail,  
 And, close beside him, in the snow,  
 Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,  
 Couches upon his master's breast,  
 And licks his cheek to break his rest

70

80

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,  
 His healthy fare, his rural cot,  
 His summer couch by greenwood tree,  
 His rustic kin's loud revelry,  
 His native hill-notes, tuned on high,  
 To Marion of the blithesome eye,  
 His crook, his scap, his oaten reed,  
 And all Arcadia's golden creed?

90

Changes not so with us, my Skene,  
 Of human life the varying scene?  
 Our youthful summer oft we see  
 Dance by on wings of game and glee,

While the dark storm reseives its rage, 110  
Against the winter of our age  
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,  
His manhood spent in peace and joy,  
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,  
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms  
Then happy those, since each must claim  
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—  
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,  
To whom the mingled cup is given,  
Whose lenient sorrows find relief, 120  
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief  
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,  
When thou of late, wert doom'd to twine,—  
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—  
The cypress with the myrtle tie  
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,  
And bless'd the union of his child,  
When love must change its joyous cheer,  
And wipe affection's filial tear  
Not did the actions next his end, 130  
Speak more the father than the friend  
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid  
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade,  
The tale of friendship scarce was told,  
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—  
Far may we search before we find  
A heart so manly and so kind!  
But not around his honour'd urn,  
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn,  
The thousand eyes his care had died, 140  
Pour at his name a bitter tide,  
And frequent falls the grateful dew,  
For benefits the world ne'er knew  
If mortal charity dare claim  
The Almighty's attributed name,  
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,  
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay"  
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem  
My verse intrudes on this sad theme,  
For sacred was the pen that wrote, 150  
"Thy father's friend forget thou not"  
And grateful title may I plead,

For many a kindly word and deed,  
To bring my tribute to his grave  
'T is little—but 't is all I have

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain  
Recalls our summer walks again,  
When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,  
Not anxious to find aught to do,—  
The wild unbounded hills we ranged, 160  
While oft our talk its topic changed,  
And, desultory as our way,  
Ranged, unconfined, from grave to gay  
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,  
No effort made to break its trance,  
We could right pleasantly pursue  
Our sports in social silence too,  
Thou gravely labouring to portray  
The blighted oak's fantastic spray,  
I spelling o'er, with much delight, 170  
The legend of that antique knight,  
Tirante by name, yclep'd the White  
At either's feet a trusty squire,  
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,  
Jealous, each other's motions view'd,  
And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.  
The laverock whistled from the cloud,  
The stream was lively, but not loud,  
From the white thorn the May-flower shed  
Its dewy fragrance round our head 180  
Not Ariel lived more merrily  
Under the blossom'd bough, than we

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,  
When Winter stript the summer's bowers  
Careless we heard, what now I hear,  
The wild blast sighing deep and dier,  
When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,  
And ladies tuned the lovely lay,  
And he was held a laggard soul,  
Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl. 190  
Then he, whose absence we deplore,  
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,  
The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more,

And thou, and I, and dear-loved R—,  
 And one whose name I may not say,—  
 For not Mimosa's tender tie  
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—  
 In merry chorus well combined,  
 With laughter drown'd the whistling wind  
 Mirth was within, and Care without 200  
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout  
 Not but amid the buxom scene  
 Some grave discourse might intervene—  
 Of the good horse that bore him best,  
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest  
 For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care,  
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear  
 Such nights we've had, and, though the game  
 Of manhood be more sober tame,  
 And though the field-day, or the dull, 210  
 Seem less important now—yet still  
 Such may we hope to share again  
 The sprightly thought inspires my strain!  
 And mark, how, like a horseman true,  
 Lord Marmion's march I thus renew

## CANTO FOURTH.

*The Camp.*

## I

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark  
The first notes of the merry laik  
The laik sang shrill, the cock he crew,  
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,  
And with their light and lively call,  
Brought gloom and yeoman to the stall  
Whistling they came, and free of heart,  
But soon their mood was changed,  
Complaint was heard on every part,  
Of something disarranged 10  
Some clamour'd loud for armour lost,  
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host,  
"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,  
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"  
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,  
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire,  
Although the rated horse-boy sware,  
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair  
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,  
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,— 20  
"Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!  
Bevis lies dying in his stall  
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,  
Of the good steed he loves so well?"  
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw  
The charger panting on his straw,  
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—  
"What else but evil could betide,  
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?"

Better we had through mire and bush  
 Been lantern-led by Filar Rush " 30

## II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,  
 Nor wholly undeistood,  
 His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd,  
 He knew Lord Marmion's mood  
 Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,  
 And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,  
 And did his tale display  
 Simply as if he knew of nought  
 To cause such dismay 40  
 Lord Marmion gave attention cold,  
 Nor marvel'd at the wonders told,—  
 Pass'd them as accidents of course,  
 And bade his clarions sound to hoise

## III

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost  
 Had reckon'd with their Scottish host,  
 And, as the charge he cast and paid,  
 "Ill thou deserv'st thy hire," he said,  
 "Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?  
 Fauies have ridden him all the night, 50  
 And left him in a foam!"  
 I trust that soon a conjuring band,  
 With English cross, and blazing brand,  
 Shall drive the devils from this land,  
 To their infernal home  
 For in this haunted den, I trow,  
 All night they trample to and fro"  
 The laughing host look'd on the hue,—  
 "Grameicy, gentle southern squire,  
 And if thou comest among the rest, 60  
 With Scottish broadsword to be blest,  
 Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,  
 And short the pang to undergo"  
 Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion  
 Gave now the signal to set on  
 The Palmer showing forth the way,  
 They journey'd all the morning day.

## IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,  
Through Humble's and through Saltoun's wood,  
A forest glade, which, varying still, 70  
Here gave a view of dale and hill,  
There narrower closed, till over head  
A vaulted screen the branches made  
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said,  
"Such as where errant-knights might see  
Adventures of high chivalry,  
Might meet some damsel flying fast,  
With hair unbound, and looks aghast,  
And smooth and level course were here,  
In her defence to break a spear 80  
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells,  
And oft, in such, the story tells,  
The damsel kind, from danger freed,  
Did grateful pay her champion's meed"  
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind  
Perchance to show his lore design'd,  
For Eustace much had pored  
Upon a huge romantic tome,  
In the hall window of his home,  
Imprinted at the antique dome 90  
Of Caxton, or De Worde  
Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,  
For Marmion answer'd nought again

## V

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,  
In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,  
Were heard to echo far,  
Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,  
But by the flourish soon they know,  
They breathed no point of war  
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land, 100  
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,  
Some opener ground to gain,  
And scarce a furlong had they rode,  
When thinner trees, receding, show'd  
A little woodland plain

Just in that advantageous glade,  
 The halting loop a line had made,  
 As forth from the opposing shade  
 Issued a gallant train

## VI

First came the trumpets, at whose clang 110  
 So late the forest echoes rang,  
 On prancing steeds they forward press'd,  
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest,  
 Each at his tump a banner wore,  
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore  
 Healds and puisivants, by name  
 Bute Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came,  
 In painted tabards, proudly showing  
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,  
 Attendant on a King-at-arms, 120  
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,  
 That feudal strife had often quell'd,  
 When wildest its alarms

## VII

He was a man of middle age;  
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,  
 As on King's errand come,  
 But in the glances of his eye,  
 A penetrating, keen, and sly  
 Expression found its home,  
 The flash of that satiric rage, 130  
 Which, bursting on the early stage,  
 Banded the vices of the age,  
 And broke the keys of Rome  
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced,  
 His cap of maintenance was graced  
 With the proud heron-plume  
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,  
 Silk housings swept the ground,  
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
 Embroider'd round and round 140  
 The double tressure might you see,  
 First by Achaius borne,  
 The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,  
 And gallant unicorn.

So bright the King's armorial coat,  
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,  
 In living colours, blazon'd brave,  
 The Lion, which his title gave,  
 A train, which well beseem'd his state,  
 But all unarm'd, around him wait  
     Still is thy name in high account,  
     And still thy verse has charms,  
 Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
     Lord Lion King-at-arms !

150

## VIII

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,  
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King,  
 For well the stately Baron knew  
 To him such courtesy was due,  
 Whom royal James himself had crown'd,  
 And on his temples placed the round  
     Of Scotland's ancient diadem  
 And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,  
 And on his finger given to shine  
     The emblematic gem  
 Their mutual greetings duly made,  
 The Lion thus his message said —  
 "Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore  
 Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,  
 And strictly hath forbid resort  
 From England to his royal court,  
 Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,  
 And honours much his warlike fame,  
 My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack  
 Of courtesy, to turn him back,  
 And, by his order, I, your guide,  
 Must lodging fit and fair provide,  
 Till finds King James meet time to see  
 The flower of English chivalry "

160

170

## IX

Though only chafed at this delay,  
 Lord Marmion bears it as he may  
 The Palmer, his mysterious guide,  
 Beholding thus his place supplied,

180

Sought to take leave in vain  
 Strict was the Lion-King's command,  
 That none, who rode in Marmion's band,  
 Should sever from the train  
 "England has here enow of spies  
 In Lady Heron's witching eyes "  
 To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,  
 But fair pretext to Marmion made  
 The right hand path they now decline,  
 And trace against the stream the Tync

190

## X

At length up that wild dale they wind,  
 Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank,  
 For there the Lion's care assign'd  
 A lodging meet for Marmion's rank  
 That Castle rises on the steep  
 Of the green vale of Tync  
 And far beneath, where slow they creep,  
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
 Where alders moist, and willows weep,  
 You hear her streams repine  
 The towers in different ages rose,  
 Their various architecture shows  
 The builders' various hands,  
 A mighty mass, that could oppose,  
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
 The vengeful Douglas bands

200

## XI

Crichtoun ' though now thy miry court  
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,  
 Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,  
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort  
 Oft have I traced, within thy fort,  
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,  
 Quarter'd in old armorial sort,  
 Remains of rude magnificence  
 Nor wholly yet had time defaced  
 Thy lordly gallery fan,  
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,

210

220

Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
Adorn thy ruin'd stair  
Still rises unimpair'd below,  
The court-yard's graceful portico,  
Above its cornice, row and row  
Of fair hewn facets richly show  
Their pointed diamond form,  
Though there but houseless cattle go,  
To shield them from the storm  
And, shuddering, still may we explore, 230  
Where oft whilom were captives pent,  
The darkness of thy Massy Moiré,  
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,  
May trace, in undulating line,  
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

## XII

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,  
As through its portal Marmion rode,  
But yet 'twas melancholy state  
Received him at the outer gate;  
For none were in the Castle then, 240  
But women, boys, or aged men.  
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,  
To welcome noble Marmion, came,  
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,  
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold,  
For each man that could draw a sword  
Had march'd that morning with their lord,  
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died  
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side  
Long may his Lady look in vain! 250  
She ne'er shall see his gallant train  
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean  
'Twas a brave race, before the name  
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

## XIII

And here two days did Marmion rest,  
With every rite that honour claims,  
Attended as the King's own guest —  
Such the command of Royal James,

Who marshall'd then his land's array,  
 Upon the Bórough-moor that lay 260  
 Peichance he would not foeman's eye  
 Upon his gathering host should pry,  
 Till full prepared was every band  
 To march against the English land  
 Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit  
 Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit,  
 And, in his turn, he knew to prize  
 Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—  
 Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,  
 And policies of war and peace 270

## XIV

It chanced, as fell the second night,  
 That on the battlements they walk'd  
 And, by the slowly fading light,  
 Of varying topics talked,  
 And, unaware, the Herald-bard  
 Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,  
 In travelling so far,  
 For that a messenger from heaven  
 In vain to James had counsel given 280  
 Against the English war,  
 And, closer question'd, thus he told  
 A tale, which chronicles of old  
 In Scottish story have enroll'd —

## XV

*SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE*

"Of all the palaces so fair,  
 Built for the royal dwelling,  
 In Scotland, far beyond compare  
 Linlithgow is excelling,  
 And in its park in jovial June,  
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
 How blithe the blackbird's lay! 290  
 The wild-buck bells from feiny bialc,  
 The coot dives merry on the lake,  
 The saddest heart might pleasure take  
 To see all nature gay.

But June is to our sovereign dear  
 The heaviest month in all the year  
 Too well his cause of grief you know,  
 June saw his father's overthrow  
 Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
 The princely boy against his King!  
 Still in his conscience burns the sting  
 In offices as strict as Lent,  
 King James's June is ever spent.

## XVI

"When last this ruthless month was come  
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
 The King, as wont, was praying,  
 While, for his royal father's soul,  
 The chanters sung, the bells did toll,  
 The Bishop mass was saying—  
 For now the year brought round again  
 The day the luckless king was slain—  
 In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,  
 With sackcloth-shut, and iron belt,  
 And eyes with sorrow streaming,  
 Around him in their stalls of state,  
 The Thistle's Knight-Companions sat,  
 Their banners o'er them beaming  
 I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
 Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,  
 Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
 Through the stain'd casement gleaming,  
 But, while I marked what next befell,  
 It seem'd as I were dreaming  
 Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
 In azure gown, with cincture white,  
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
 Down hung at length his yellow hair  
 Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,  
 I pledge to you my knightly word,  
 That, when I saw his placid grace,  
 His simple majesty of face,  
 His solemn bearing, and his pace  
 So stately gliding on,—

Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint  
 So just an image of the Saint,  
 Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—  
 The loved Apostle John!

## XVII

“He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,  
 And stood with rustic plainness there,  
 And little reverence made, 340  
 Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,  
 But on the desk his arm he leant,  
 And words like these he said,  
 In a low voice, but never tone  
 So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone —  
 ‘My mother sent me from afar,  
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—  
 Woe waits on thine array,  
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare, 350  
 James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware  
 God keep thee as he may!’  
 The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek  
 For answer, and found none,  
 And when he raised his head to speak,  
 The monitor was gone  
 The Marshal and myself had cast  
 To stop him as he outward pass'd,  
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
 He vanish'd from our eyes, 360  
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
 That glances but, and dies”

## XVIII

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,  
 The twilight was so pale,  
 He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,  
 While listening to the tale,  
 But, after a suspended pause,  
 The Baron spoke —“Of Nature's laws  
 So strong I held the force,  
 That never superhuman cause 370  
 Could e'er controul their course,

And, three days since, had judg'd your aim  
Was but to make you guest your game  
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
What much has changed my sceptic creed,  
And made me credit aught—"He staid,  
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid  
But, by that strong emotion press'd,  
Which prompts us to unload our breast,

Even when discovery's pain, 380  
To Lindesay did at length unfold  
The tale his village host had told,  
At Gifford, to his train  
Nought of the Palmer says he there,  
And nought of Constance, or of Clare,  
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems  
To mention but as feverish dreams

## XIX

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread  
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head

Fantastic thoughts return'd, 390  
And, by their wild dominion led,  
My heart within me burn'd  
So sore was the delicious goad,  
I took my steed, and forth I rode,  
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,  
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold  
The southern entrance I pass'd through,  
And halted, and my bugle blew  
Methought an answer met my ear,—  
Yet was the blast so low and dear, 400  
So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own

## XX

"Thus judging, for a little space  
I listen'd, ere I left the place,

But scarce could trust my eyes,  
Nor yet can think they served me true  
When sudden in the ring I view,  
In form distinct of shape and hue  
A mounted champion rise

I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,  
 In single fight, and mix'd array,  
 And ever, I myself may say,  
     Have borne me as a knight,  
 But when this unexpected foe  
 Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—  
 I care not though the truth I show,—  
     I trembled with affright,  
 And as I placed in rest my spear,  
 My hand so shook for very fear,  
     I scarce could couch it right

410

420

## XXI

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?  
 We ran our course,—my charger fell,—  
 What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?—  
     I roll'd upon the plain  
 High o'er my head, with threatening hand,  
 The specter shook his naked brand,—  
     Yet did the worst remain  
 My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—  
 Not opening hell itself could blast  
     Their sight, like what I saw!  
 Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—  
 A face could never be mistook!  
 I knew the stern vindictive look,  
     And held my breath for awe  
 I saw the face of one who, fled  
 To foreign climes, has long been dead,—  
     I well believe the last,  
 For ne'er, from vizard raised, did stare  
 A human warrior, with a glaze  
     So grimly and so ghast  
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;  
 But when to good Saint George I pray'd,  
 (The first time e'er I ask'd his aid,)  
     He plunged it in the sheath,  
 And, on his couiser mounting light,  
 He seem'd to vanish from my sight  
 The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night  
     Sunk down upon the heath

430

440

'Twere long to tell what cause I have  
To know his face, that met me there,  
Call'd by his hatred from the grave,  
To cumber upper air  
Dead or alive, good cause had he  
To be my mortal enemy”

## XXII

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount,  
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount  
Such chance had happ'd of old,  
When once, near Norham, there did fight,  
A spectre fell of fiendish might,  
In likeness of a Scottish knight,  
With Brian Bulmer bold,  
And train'd him nigh to disallow  
The aid of his baptismal vow  
“And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,  
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid  
And fingers red with gore,  
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,  
Or where the sable pine-trees shade  
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,  
Dromouchty, or Glenmore  
And yet, whate'er such legends say,  
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,  
On mountain, moor, or plain,  
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,  
True son of chivalry should hold,  
These midnight terrors vain,  
For seldom have such spirits power  
To harm, save in the evil hour,  
When guilt we meditate within,  
Or harbour unrepented sin”—  
Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,  
And twice to clear his voice he tried,  
Then press'd Sir David's hand,—  
But nought, at length, in answer said,  
And here their farther converse staid,  
Each ordering that his band  
Should bowne them with the rising day,  
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—  
Such was the King's command

## XXIII

Early they took Dun-Edin's road, 490  
 And I could trace each step they trode  
 Hill, brook, noi dell, noi rock, noi stone,  
 Lies on the path to me unknown  
 Much might it boast of storied loic,  
 But, passing such digression o'er,  
 Suffice it that the route was laid  
 Across the fuizy hills of Braid  
 They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,  
 And climb'd the opposing bank, until  
 They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill. 500

## XXIV.

Blackford ' on whose uncultured breast,  
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
 While rose, on breezes thin,  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
 Saint Giles's mingling din  
 Now, from the summit to the plain,  
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain, 510  
 And o'er the landscape as I look,  
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
 To me they make a heavy moan,  
 Of early friendships past and gone.

## XXV

But different far the change has been,  
 Since Marmion, from the crown  
 Of Blackford, saw that martial scene  
 Upon the bent so brown  
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow, 520  
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,  
 Upland, and dale, and down —  
 A thousand did I say? I ween,  
 Thousands on thousands there were seen,

That chequer'd all the heath between  
 The streamlet and the town,  
 In crossing ranks extending far,  
 Forming a camp irregular,  
 Oft giving way, where still there stood  
 Some relics of the old oak wood, 530  
 That darkly huge did intervene,  
 And tamed the glaring white with green  
 In these extended lines there lay  
 A martial kingdom's vast array

XXVI

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,  
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
 And from the southern Redswire edge,  
 To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge,  
 From west to east, from south to north,  
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth 540  
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
 Of myriads up the mountain come,  
 The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,  
 Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,  
 And charger's shrilling neigh,  
 And see the shifting lines advance,  
 While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,  
 The sun's reflected ray

XXVII

Thin curling in the morning air,  
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare 550  
 To embers now the brands decay'd,  
 Where the night-watch then fires had made  
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,  
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,  
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
 By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war,  
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,  
 And culverins which France had given  
 Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain  
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain. 560

## XXVIII

Not mark'd they less, where in the air  
 A thousand streamers flaunted far,  
     Various in shape, device, and hue,  
     Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,  
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,  
 Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandiol, there  
     O'er the pavilions flew  
 Highest and midmost, was descried  
 The royal banner floating wide,  
     The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,      570  
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,  
 Which still in memory is shown,  
     Yet bent beneath the standard's weight  
     Where'er the western wind unroll'd,  
     With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,  
 And gave to view the dazzling field,  
 Where in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
     The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

## XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—  
 He view'd it with a chief's delight,—      580  
     Until within him burn'd his heart,  
     And lightning from his eye did part,  
     As on the battle-day,  
     Such glance did falcon never dart,  
     When stooping on his prey  
 "Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
 Thy King from warfare to dissuade  
     Were but a vain essay.  
 For, by St George, were that host mine,  
 Not power infernal nor divine,      590  
 Should once to peace my soul incline,  
 Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine  
     In glorious battle-day!"  
 Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood  
 "Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,  
     That kings would think withal,  
 When peace and wealth then land has bless'd,  
 'Tis better to sit still at rest,  
     Than rise, perchance to fall"

## XXX

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd, 600  
 For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd,  
 When sat'd with the martial show  
 That peopled all the plain below,  
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
 And mark the distant city glow  
 With gloomy splendour red,  
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
 That round her sable turrets flow,  
 The morning beams were shed,  
 And tinged them with a lustre proud, 610  
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud  
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,  
 And all the steep slope down,  
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
 Mine own romantic town !  
 But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
 And as each heathy top they kissed, 620  
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,  
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law  
 And, broad between them roll'd,  
 The gallant Frith the eye might note,  
 Whose islands on its bosom float,  
 Like emeralds chased in gold  
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent,  
 As if to give his rapture vent,  
 The spur he to his charger lent, 630  
 And raised his bridle hand,  
 And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare  
 To fight for such a land !"  
 The Lindesay smiled his joy to see,  
 Not Marmion's frown repress'd his glee

## XXXI

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,  
 Where mingled trumpet, and clarion loud,

And fife, and kettle-drum,  
 And sackbut deep, and psaltery, 610  
 And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
 And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
 Making wild music bold and high,  
 Did up the mountain come ;  
 The whilst the bells, with distant chime,  
 Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,  
 And thus the Lindesay spoke  
 "Thus clamour still the war-notes when  
 The king to mass his way has ta'en,  
 Or to St Katharine's of Sienne, 650  
 O! Chapel of Saint Rocque  
 To you they speak of martial fame,  
 But me remind of peaceful game,  
 When blither was their cheer,  
 Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,  
 In signal none his steed should spare,  
 But strive which foremost might repair  
 To the downfall of the deer

## XXXII

"Nor less," he said,—"when looking forth,  
 I view yon Empress of the North 660  
 Sit on her hilly throne,  
 Her palace's imperial bowers,  
 Her castle, proof to hostile powers,  
 Her stately halls and holy towers—  
 Nor less," he said, "I moan,  
 To think what woe mischance may bring,  
 And how these merry bells may ring  
 The death-dirge of our gallant King,  
 O! with the larum call  
 The buighers forth to watch and ward, 670  
 'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard  
 Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall  
 But not for my presaging thought,  
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!  
 Lord Marmion, I say nay  
 God is the guider of the field,  
 He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—  
 But thou thyself shalt say,

When joins yon host in deadly stowre,  
That England's dames must weep in bower 680  
Her monks the death-mass sing ,  
For never saw'st thou such a power  
Led on by such a King"—  
And now, down winding to the plain,  
The barriers of the camp they gain,  
And there they made a stay  
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling  
His hand o'er every Border string,  
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,  
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King, 690  
In the succeeding lay.



# NOTES

## INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE TO CANTO IV

1-12 *James Skene . the voluntary band* "In his pursuit of his German studies Scott acquired (in 1796) a very important assistant in Mr Skene of Rubislaw, in Aberdeenshire. Their fondness for the same literature, with Scott's eagerness to profit by his new acquaintance's superior attainment in it, opened an intercourse which general similarity of tastes, and, I venture to add, in many of the most important features of character, soon ripened into the familiarity of a tender friendship. Among the common tastes which served to knit these friends together was their love of horsemanship, in which, as in all other manly exercises, Skene highly excelled, and the fears of a French invasion becoming every day more serious, their thoughts were turned with corresponding zeal to the project of *organizing a force of mounted volunteers in Scotland*. 'The London Light Horse had set the example,' says Mr Skene, 'but in truth it was to Scott's ardour that this force in the North owed its origin. The post of quartermaster was properly selected for him, that he might be spared the rough usage of the ranks; but, notwithstanding his infirmity, he had a remarkably firm seat on horseback, and in all situations a fearless one. No fatigue ever seemed too much for him, and his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps, while his ready *mot a rire* kept up, in all, a degree of good-humour and relish for the service, without which the toil and privations of long daily drills would not easily have been submitted to by such a body of gentlemen. At every interval of exercise, the order "Sit at ease" was the signal for the quartermaster to lead the squadron to merriment, every eye was intuitively turned on "Earl Walter," as he was familiarly called by his associates of that date, and his ready joke seldom failed to raise the ready laugh. He took his full share in all the labours and duties of the corps, had the highest pride in its progress and proficiency, and was such a

trooper himself as only a very powerful frame of body, and the warmest zeal in the cause, could have enabled any one to be. But his habitual good-humour was the great charm, and at the daily mess (for we all dined together when in quarters) that reigned supreme."—LOCKHART.

3-4 *Motley's the only wear.* See the speech of Jaques in *As You Like It*, act II. sc. vii.

40 *Forsake the banks of Tweed.* Scott used to go to his house at Edinburgh in the winter. See *Introd. Ep. V.* 28, n.

42 *Rack.* 'Drifting clouds.' Cf. III. xxii. 395.

43-46 For Mr. Skene's visits to Scott at Ashestiel, see I. 156-172, and n.

78 *Fells.* 'Bare hills.'

101 *Kirn.* "A farmer's *kirn* or *harvest-home*."—LOCKHART.

122-55 *Lamented Forbes.* "Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His *Life of Beattie*, whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative." (I. 133-35.) "This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters."—Sc. n. Cf. Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 10.

156-172 *Our summer walks, &c.* Mr. Skene "seldom failed to spend a part of the summer and autumn at Ashestiel, as long as Scott remained there, and during these visits they often gave a wider scope to their expeditions. 'Indeed,' says Mr. Skene, 'there are few scenes at all celebrated either in the history, tradition, or romance of the Border counties which we did not explore together in the course of our rambles. We traversed the entire vales of the Yarrow and Eitrick, with all their sweet tributary glens, and never failed to find a hearty welcome from the farmers at whose houses we stopped, either for dinner or for the night. He was their chief magistrate, extremely popular in that official capacity, and nothing could be more gratifying than the frank and hearty reception which everywhere greeted our arrival, however unexpected. The exhilarating air of the mountains, and the healthy exercise of the day, secured our relishing homely fare; and we found inexhaustible entertainment in the varied display of character which the affability of the Sheriff drew forth on all occasions in genuine breadth and purity. The beauty of the scenery gave full employment to my pencil, with the free and frequent exercise of which he never seemed to feel impatient. He was at all times ready and willing to alight when any object attracted my notice, and used to seat

himself beside me on the brae to con over some ballad appropriate to the occasion, or narrate the tradition of the glen—sometimes, perhaps, to note a passing idea in his pocket book, but this was rare, for in general he relied with confidence on the great storehouse of his memory. And much amusement we had, as you may suppose, in talking over the different incidents, conversations, and traits of manneis that had occurred at the last hospitable fireside where we had mingled with the natives. Thus the minutes glided away until my sketch was complete, and then we mounted again with fresh alacrity.”—LOCKHART. One of their earliest expeditions was to Loch Skene. See *Introd. Ep. II* 238-63, and n.

172 *Tirante the White*. One of the most famous of the old romances, composed in Portugal before 1460. When Don Quixote's books of chivalry are being examined, the priest says, “Is *Tirante the White* there? Give me him here, neighbour, for I make account I have found in him a treasure of delight and a mine of entertainment.”—*Don Quixote*, I vi. (See Tucknor, *Spanish Literature*, I p. 346, and Dunlop, *History of Fiction*, chap. v.)

174 *Camp*. “Camp was at this time the constant parlour dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. Scott always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said, and the animal certainly did comprehend not a little of it. In particular it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend, the greyhounds as volatile young creatures whose freaks must be borne with. This favourite began to droop early in 1808, and became incapable of accompanying Scott in his rides, but he preserved his affection and sagacity to the last. At Ashestiel, as the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would address the dog lying on his mat by the fire, and say, ‘Camp, my good fellow, the Sheriff's coming home by the ford, or by the hill,’ and the sick animal would immediately bestir himself to welcome his master, going out at the back door or the front door, according to the direction given, and advancing as far as he was able. He died about January, 1809, and was buried in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street [in Edinburgh], immediately opposite to the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife (Scott's daughter) tells me she remembers the whole family standing in tears about the grave, as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized on account of ‘the death of a dear old friend,’ and Mr. Macdonald Buchanan was not at all surprised that he should have done so,

when it came out next morning that Camp was no more"—  
LOCKHART

The following words, written in his diary after the ruin of his fortunes, reveal the strength of Scott's attachment to his dogs: "I was to have gone there" (*i.e.* to his house at Abbotsford) "on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be"—LOCKHART

177 *Laverock* 'Laik'

181-2 *Not Ariel lov'd, &c.* See Ariel's song, "Where the bee sucks," *Tempest*, act V sc 1, which concludes thus—

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

191-3 *He whose absence we deplore* "Colin Mackenzie, Esq., of Portmoie, one of the Principal Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott"—BLACK'S Edit of *Marmion*

194 *Dear loved R—* "Sir William Rae of St Catharine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged, and he, the poet, Mr Skene, Mr Mackenzie, and a few other friends had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper-tables in rotation."—BLACK'S Edit

195-7 *One whose name I may not say* "The gentleman whose name the poet 'might not say' was the late Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, Bart., son of the author of the *Life of Beattie*, and brother-in-law of Mr Skene, through life an intimate, and latterly a generous, friend of Sir Walter Scott, died 24th October, 1828"—BLACK'S Edit

196 *Mimosa's tender tree*, *i.e.* the sensitive plant

202 *Buxom* Cf III iv 78, n

204-5 *The good horse, &c.* Scott was a fearless horseman, and as fond of his horses as of his dogs. "The brother of Mungo Park remained in Scott's neighbourhood for many years, and was frequently his companion in his mountain rides. Though a man of the most dauntless temperament, he was often alarmed at Scott's reckless horsemanship. 'The de'il's in ye, Sheira,' he would say, 'ye'll never halt till they bring you hame with

your feet foremost'. Before beginning his desk-work in the morning, Scott uniformly visited his favourite steed, and neither Captain nor Lieutenant, nor the Lieutenant's successor, Brown Adam (so called after one of the heroes of the Minstrelsy), liked to be fed except by him. The latter charger was indeed altogether intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was bridled and saddled, it was the custom to open the stable door as a signal that his master expected him, when he immediately trotted to the side of the 'leaping-on stone,' of which Scott from his lameness found it convenient to make use, and stood there, silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvettings. Brown Adam never suffered himself to be backed but by his master. He broke, I believe, one groom's arm, and another's leg, in the rash attempt to tamper with his dignity."—LOCKHART

206 *Mad Tom* See *King Lear*, act III sc iv—EDGAR (*log*) "Poor Tom who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, *horse to ride, and weapon to war*."

## CANTO IV

INTRODUCTION.—I In Canto IV we continue to accompany Marmion towards the Scottish court, till we reach with him the barriers of the camp which James has formed outside Edinburgh. The canto to some extent explains Canto III. In Canto III we saw Marmion ride out in the night to the Pictish camp, but what happened there we were not told. Now, in IV xix-xxi, we have Marmion's account of his dreadful encounter with his ghostly foe. We must remember, however, that we only get at what *Marmion* knew. Much that is mysterious has happened during the night spent at the Scotch hostel (see IV 1), and the full explanation is not given till VI vii viii.

II We are reading what is not merely the story of Marmion, but also "a tale of Flodden Field." So far (Cantos I-III) we have, it is true, been chiefly busy with Marmion and his adventures, but now, in Canto IV, we are called to watch James IV's warlike preparations against England. We see that all Scotland is in arms (see, e.g., st. xii), and that James is determined to fight (See st. xiv). Then we stand for a moment looking down upon beautiful Edinburgh and the Scottish army encamped outside (st. xxv-xxv), and as the canto closes we ride with Marmion into the camp itself. N.B. The canto is called "The Camp," but the full description of the Scottish camp is given in V 1-7.

III More of the life of feudal times is told us in this canto

(a) The importance of heraldry in those times is seen in the honour shown to Sir David Lindsay, the Lion King at Arms (See st vi-viii, &c) For heralds and heraldry, see I vi. 82-87, n

(b) The superstitions of those days, of which we heard much in Canto III, are still further illustrated by Sir David Lindsay's tale (st xv-xvii), and Marmion's story (St xiv-xvi)

I 9-26 *Complaint was heard*, &c Marmion's followers, who know nothing of their master's midnight ride, are surprised to find his charger in sad plight But this is not all for the horse of Blount, Marmion's second squire, has evidently also been ridden during the night, and armour has been removed The explanation of the mystery is not given till VI viii The truth is, that the Palmer (i.e. the disguised De Wilton), seeing Marmion go out armed, has borrowed horse and armour from his sleeping followers, and sallied out to meet him

17 *Ratid* 'Scolded'

31 *Fiur Rush* = 'Will-o'-the-Wisp' "This personage is a strolling demon, or *esprit follet*, who once upon a time got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack-o'-Lantern It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks—

"She was punched, and pulled, she said,  
And he by *Fiur's lanthorn* led"—SC n

II 32, 33 *Fitz-Eustace* *understood*, i.e. Fitz-Eustace is not surprised to hear that 'Bevis lies dying in his stall,' for, when Marmion returned from his mysterious ride, he saw that the charger had had a fall But he does not know what happened to Marmion at the Pictish camp What did happen there Marmion will tell us in st xiv-xvi But we shall see from these stanzas that Marmion himself has no suspicion of the truth—no idea that the Palmer is his deadliest enemy, and the cause of all these mysterious events

Note the contrast between the two squires Fitz-Eustace, the model of what a squire ought to be, no less courteous, intelligent, and accomplished, than brave and devoted to his lord, Blount, equally brave and devoted, but slow-witted and rough-spoken The contrast is worked out in the succeeding cantos, e.g. V xxix-xxxi, VI xxvii-xxviii Scott is fond of such contrasts Cf Blount and Raleigh See *Kennilworth*

34 *Plaints* = 'lamentations,' 'complaints' Cf 'plain'd,' III xii 188

41 *Attention cold* Marmion is plunged in thought about his strange ride, and anxious to prevent its being discovered by his

tain This probably accounts for his reception of Eustace's news, which might otherwise have given him a suspicion of the truth

44 *Clarions* 'Trumpets' (Gl)

III 52, 53 To *conjure* a spirit = to force it, by magical charms, to obey one's will Blount hopes the Scottish demons will soon be driven away, but he threatens them with the attack, not of a magician, but of the English army

59 *Gramercy* Cf I xxv 421, n

60 *And if* See VI xiv 412, n

IV 69 *Humble* *Saltoun* See map

88 *Romantic tome* = 'volume of romance'

90 *Dome* 'House,' 'abode' Cf II xii 217 (Gl II)

91 *Caxton*, the first English printer, learnt his art in Germany, and afterwards brought the printing press to England, probably between A.D. 1471 and 1477 *Wynkyn de Worde* came from Germany with Caxton, remained with him all his life, and succeeded him at his death.

V 99 *They breathed*, &c, *ie* the trumpets' sound was not that which would precede an enemy's attack

100-6 *Yet cautious*, &c This shows Marmion 'a leader sage' in war They are in 'foeman's land,' so he moves them rapidly to an 'advantageous glade,' *ie* a tolerably open space, where they will be able to meet the enemy with best advantage, if the need arises

VI 115 *Scutcheon* (Gl I)

116-120 For heralds and their dress see especially I vi 82-87 n, also I xi 151-52, n (*Heralds, Pursuivants, Tabards*, Gl I)

119 *Gules* = 'red' (Gl), *argent* = 'silver,' *or* = 'yellow,' *azur* = 'blue' In the language of heraldry

120 *King-at arms* See st vii 124 n

121 *Trunchon* = 'short staff,' 'baton' (Gl)

VII 124-154 *Sir David Lindesay* *Lord Lion King-at-arms* Sir David Lindesay was not born till about 1490, and did not become Lion King-at-arms or *Chief of the Heraldry* till about 1529 Scott in this case, as elsewhere in the poem, is using his liberty as a poet, and altering the details of history to make his story more picturesque He gains much by being able to introduce the well-known figure of Lindesay (To justify Scott read I. xiii 192, n) "Lindesay's appointment was one of peculiar

importance at this period, bringing him into active life. It was then customary to employ the Lion King in royal messages and embassies as a recognized official" (Cf note on heralds, I vi 87 end). But Sir David was more than a great officer of state. He is "by general consent the most popular of the early Scottish poets." The most remarkable of his productions is his play, entitled *The Satyre of the Thrie Estatis* (c. 1510). "Its prominent object was the reformation of abuses, by exposing the abuses that prevailed both in Church and State, the ignorance of the priests, the grievances of tithes and other clerical exactions, the profligate lives of the prelates, and the evils which abounded in the king's minority (i.e. James V's), and encouraged him in idleness and vice by the influence of such attendants as Flattery, Falsehood, and Sensuality, usurping the places of Verity, Chastity, and Divine Correction" (Cf I 130-133). His writings no doubt did much to bring about the Reformation in Scotland by exposing the corruption in the Church, though he himself never renounced the Romish faith. N.B. 'The Mount' (I 150), with which Sir David's name is always associated, is a conspicuous hill near Cupar, in Fife, which gives the name to an estate he inherited (LAINING'S Introduction to *Lindesay's Works*).

135 *Cap of maintenance*, or cap of state, is of crimson velvet, doubled with ermine, and was formerly esteemed a badge and symbol of high dignity, e.g. worn by kings (EDMONDSTON'S *Heraldry*).

## VII 138 *Housings* Cf I vi 91, n (Gl I)

141-3 *Tressure fleur-de-lis* The *tressure* is a kind of border or frame on a shield, generally double, and in the Scottish arms surrounded the lion, and was ornamented with *fleurs de lis*. The *fleur-de-lis* is generally supposed to be the lily, or very nearly allied to it, or it may = 'Flower of Louis,' being used from very early times in the royal arms of France. N.B. The lion, with double tressure and *fleur de lis*, may be seen on the British Royal Standard of to-day, or on the floorin (*Tressure*, Gl).

142 *Achatus* is said to have become king of the Scots in 787. The old chroniclers declare that he made alliance with Charlemagne, and that, to preserve the memory of this alliance, Charlemagne allowed him to place the *double tressure* with the *fleur-de-lis* round the lion on the Scottish arms. The same Achatus is also fabled to have founded the Order of the *Thistle* (called also the Order of St Andrew), after a victory won, in conjunction with 'Hungus, king of the Picts,' over an English king, on which occasion, "being in the night time on their knees in prayer, the Scottish men beheld in heaven the crosse of St Andrew the Apostle, their patron, by virtue and encouragement of which sight, by break of day the next morning, they had the victory

over the king, their enemy"—(FAVINE'S *Theatre of Honour*. See also JOHN LESLIE, quoted by NICOLAS, *Orders of Knighthood*, III)

147 *Blazon'd brave*=Splendidly depicted on the coat of arms  
Cf I xi 165, n (Gl I)

149 *Besetn'd his state*=besetted his dignity

VIII 159-164 *Whom royal James gem* "The office of heralds in feudal times being held of the utmost importance," the King at arms, their chief, received his office only after a very solemn ceremony. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the anointing was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindsay, in 1592, "was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown, and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the king's table wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of Sir David was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King at arms when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation" (SC n)

171 *For is* a conj = 'because'

IX 179 *Chafed* Cf III xlviii 539, n

181-83 *The Palmer sought to take leave*. When we have read VI viii we shall understand why the Palmer is anxious to leave. He fears that his part in the events of the past night will be discovered.

186 *Sever*= 'separate'

187 *Enough*= 'enough' Cf I xix 303

187-88 *England Lady Helen*. See V x 260-61 and 279-80—

"O'er James's heart the courtiers say,  
Sir Hugh the Heiron's wife held sway"  
And thus the Scotch king—

Admitted English fair,

"His inmost counsels still to share"

189 *Marchmount* One of the heralds (See I 117)

190 *Fair pretext*, i.e. some plausible explanation of his strictness, that Marmion might not be offended

X 194 *Crichton Castle* (See map)

202 *His* 'The three Gyne's'

206-8 *A mighty mass Douglas bands* "The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton,

and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440.—SC. n

XI 209-10 . *Miry court* . *sheep* "It were to be wished" (says Scott) "the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle, although perhaps there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle architecture." Note here Scott's love of antiquity, and disgust at those who let ancient things perish. Cf. his scorn of (1) the destroyer of Edinburgh Cross (V. xxv 709-17), and (2) the stormers of Lichfield Cathedral (VI. xxxvi 1094-98). We must never forget that Scott lived "at a time when, as it were, a great mist had been blown away from a past that had been looked upon with contempt," and that no one did so much as Scott to bring about the change—to make men see the beauty and the picturesqueness of the Gothic cathedral, the ruined abbey, and the ruined castle, and to excite their imaginations about the days when these old buildings were the centres of national life.

214 *The mystic sense*, i.e. the hidden meaning, the meaning concealed beneath the signs of heraldry.

215 *Prudence* A scutcheon of pretence is the small shield sometimes borne in the centre of a man's own escutcheon, and generally of the same shape, bearing the coat-of-arms of his wife. (For *scutcheon* see I. xi 151, n and Gl. I.)

216 *Quarter'd* "Quartering is the marshalling or regular arrangement of various coats-of-arms in one shield, thereby to denote the several matches and alliances of one family with the houses of others."

220-22 *The stony cord* . *stair*. Cf. the description of the ornamentation in stone at Melrose Abbey. See *Lay*, II. viii 1x.

220 *Unbraced* 'Unbound,' 'loosened.' It is pointed out 'that time' must be understood before it. See I. 218.

229 *Them* = 'themselves.' Cf. I. xvi 499, n.

231 *Whilom* = 'of old,' 'formerly' (Gl. I.)

*Pent* = 'confined.'

232 *Massy More* The name of the dungeon at Crichton. A word of Moorish origin, "not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland. 'Caicea subterranea sive, ut Mauri appellant, Marmoria'"—SC. n

XII 236-38 *Another aspect* . *melancholy state*, i.e. the castle was then no ruin, as it is now, but yet it gave Marmion

but a gloomy welcome, for the lord and his followers had gone to join the army of their king. NB The stanza makes us realize the greatness of James's wail-like preparations. Cf III 11

245 *Pioffer'd* = 'offered his services'

248-52 *Earl Adam Hepburn* "was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day

"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,  
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast, (=burst)  
And stepping forth, with stomach good,  
Into the enemies' throng he thurst, (=thrust)  
And "Bothwell! Bothwell!" cried bold,  
To cause his souldiers to ensue, (=follow)  
But there he caught a wellcome cold,  
The Englishmen stright down him thiew  
Thus Haburn (=Hepburn) through his hardy heart  
His fatal fine (=end) in conflict found," &c

—*Flodden Field*

254 *Hated Bothwell*. James Earl of Bothwell (grandson of Earl Adam), who murdered Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots. Mary afterwards married Bothwell, and so became suspected of being concerned in the murder, and lost her crown and her liberty. See Scott's *Abbot*

XIII 256 *Every rite claims*, i.e. all attention due to persons of rank

260 *Borough moor* Just outside Edinburgh. See st xxv 521, and n

*That* has for antecedent 'land's array' (l. 259)

XV 284-87 *Of all the palaces excelling*. The metrie of these lines was much ridiculed by Jeffrey. This is another example of how a critic may go wrong from not looking carefully enough into the author's purpose. Scott, when turning the old tale into verse, naturally falls into a ballad metrie, such as we find in the old and popular ballad of *The Dove's Den of Yarrow*, which concludes thus

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!  
For á' this breeds but sorrow,  
I'll wed ye to a better lord  
Than him ye lost on Yarrow

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!  
Ye mind me but of sorrow,  
A faure rose did never bloom  
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow"

Cf Wordsworth—

“And falling into Bruce’s arms,  
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
Thus from the heart of her true love  
The mortal spear repelling”

Here we have another great poet using the same metre when telling anew the story of an old ballad—an additional proof that the metre is suitable in such cases (*B M* p 288, 292)

287 *Linhthgow* (See map)

291 *Wild-buck bolls*, i.e. ‘the deer utters its cry’ “‘Bell’ seems to be an abbreviation of ‘bellow’” A knight in the reign of Henry VIII built a house in Wanchiff Forest for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of “listening to the hart’s bell” (*Sc*)

*Fenny brake* Ground covered with ferns

292 *Coot* A short-tailed water fowl From the same root as vb ‘to cut’

295-303 *But June his father’s overthrow spint*  
“The rebellion against James III was signaled by the cruel circumstance of *his son’s presence in the hostile army*. When the king saw his own banner displayed against himself and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he had ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom James IV, after the battle, passed to Steirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances”—*Sc* Cf V ix 243-49, and n *N B Offus* (l 302) here = ‘religious rites,’ ‘penances’

XVI 304 *Ruthful month* = ‘month of sorrow,’ when the king shows how he *ruus* his share in his father’s death (*Ruth*, Gl II)

305 *Dome* Cf II xii 217, and n (Gl II)

308 *Chantres* ‘Singers’ (Lat ‘canto’)

312 *Katharine’s aisle* In Linlithgow church

313 *Iron belt* Part of James’s penance was the wearing of the celebrated iron belt See V ix 245-49, and n

315-16 *The Thistle Knight-Companions*, i.e. the knights of the Order of St Andrew, or the Thistle, which is the great Scotch Order of Knighthood, occupying in Scotland the place of the Order of the Garter in England Scott tells us that “the king’s throne in St Catherine’s aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights-Companions of the Order of the Thistle, is still shown as the place where the apparition was seen” It is, however, doubtful whether the

Order of the Thistle was founded till the reign of James V. For the fable of its very early origin see St vii 142, n. The first well proved appearance of the Thistle as the Scottish badge is in the poem of Dunbar, *The Thistle and the Rose*, written to celebrate the marriage of James IV and Margaret of England. Nature is supposed to order the beasts, birds, and flowers to attend her court. Then

"The awfull *thistle* she beheld,  
And saw him guarded with a bush of spears;  
Considering him so able for the wars,  
A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,  
And sud, in field go forth and fend the lave" (= defend the rest)  
—*Pinkerton*, &c

325 *Cincture* 'Gudle' (Lat 'cingo')

334 *Lammer* 'Painter' (Gl)

XVII 346 *My mother* These words could be properly used only by St John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary—Sc (See *St John's Gospel* xix 26, 27)

346-52 *My mother* *Woe waits . . . as he may* Note the alliteration in these lines, i.e. the use of several words *beginning with the same letter* following close to one another Cf *Lord of Isles*, IV 1—

"Of <sup>1</sup>desert <sup>1</sup>dignity to that <sup>1</sup>dread shore  
That sees gum <sup>2</sup>Coolin <sup>2</sup>rise, and hears <sup>2</sup>Coriskin <sup>2</sup>roar"

Where in (1) we have the simplest kind of alliteration, in (2) (3) something a little more complex. N.B. In very early English poetry there was no rhyme, but alliteration occurred according to a fixed rule, e.g. (1) "I *shope* me in *shroudes* as I a *shepe* were"—PIERS THE PLOWMAN. (ii) The extract given in VI xxxiii 1010-11, n.

*Sir David Lindsay's Tale* The whole story of the apparition is thus given in the *Chronicle* of Lindsay of Pittcottie: "The king came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth, a pair of brookings on his feet to the great of his legs, with all other hose and clothes conform thereto, but he had nothing on his head, but syde (= 'long') red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets (= 'cheeks') which wan down to his shoulders, but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speuing for the king, saying he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers, but when

he saw the king he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grovelling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows "Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time where thou art purposed, for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell with no woman, nor use their counsel, for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame."

"By this man had spoken their words unto the king's grace, the evening-song was near done, and the king paused on their words, studying to give him an answer, but in the meantime, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay Lyon-heiurd, and John Inglis, the marshal, who were at that time young men and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him. But all for nought, they could not touch him, for he vanished away bewitcht them, and was no more seen."

Two questions suggest themselves here. I. What is the good of reading Pitscottie when the same thing is given with so much more beauty and power by Scott? The answer is, that by reading Pitscottie we can better appreciate Scott. Nothing reveals to us better the art of the poet than to compare what the poet has produced with the materials out of which he has produced it. Read, for instance, this simple narrative of Pitscottie—rough and, so to speak, unhewn—and then see what Scott has made of it. Thus, to take an example, Pitscottie says, "This man vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen." That is quaint prose. Scott tells us—

"But lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
He vanish'd from our eyes,  
*Like sunbeam on the billow cast*  
*That glances but and duns*"

That is poetry.

II. What are we to think of this apparition? Scott throws round it all the glamour of the romance. We half believe, as we read, that the apostle John did appear in the church of Luthgow. When we begin to inquire what foundation there is for the story, we find there is abundant evidence that *someone* did appear and address James as described by Sir David Lindesay. Thus Buchanan tells us he had the story from Sir David himself, "a man of approved worth and honesty (and a great scholar too),

for in the whole course of his life he abhorred lying, and if I had not received this story from him as a certain truth, I had omitted it as a romance of the vulgar " It is supposed that those who did not wish the king to go against England instructed a man to appear thus James was superstitious, and they thought he might be influenced by such a supposed apparition (Another prodigy that preceded the king's expedition is wonderfully described in V xxv -vi )

362 *Glances but*, i.e. 'merely gleams for a moment' *But* is adv

XVIII 368-71 *Of Nature's laws* course When Marmion is able to think calmly this is his 'sceptic creed' (l 375) about ghosts and all supernatural stories Like most people in modern times, he believes that the universe is governed by fixed laws, and that these laws are never broken This strong opinion of Marmion makes more striking to us the story that follows (st xix -xxi ) The disbeliever in all apparitions believes he has met the phantom of one 'long dead' The man

"Who scarce received

For gospel what the Church believed" (III xxx 578-79) calls to the saints for the first time in his life for aid (xxi 442-43 )

372 *Had* = 'should have' Cf III xxi 512, and n

375 *Sceptic* = 'doubting,' 'wanting in faith or belief' *Cred* = 'belief' *Sceptic creed* is almost the same as 'unbelief'

376 *Credit ought* = believe anything

378-80 *But by that strong emotion* pain "With how sure a touch is presented to us the manner in which Marmion pours his half-confidences into Lindesay's ear The oppression of these horrible thoughts was so great that he was driven to unbosom himself, in Shakspeare's words—

"To cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,

That weight upon the heart"—

even though 'discovery was pain' (l 380), i.e. though it would be most painful for him to reveal his secret (DOYLE, p 116 )

382-83 *The tale*, &c See III xix -xxv

384-87 *Nought of Constance* The 'way and wise' Marmion, of course, will not reveal to Lindesay the true reasons of his feverishness, viz, the sense of guilt, and dread of what may befall Constance NB There is enough of nobility in Marmion's nature to make him hate the deception he has to keep up See VI xvii 532-33, &c

XIX 389 *Conc'd* 'Laid at rest'

393 *Delirious god* 'The feverish thoughts spurring me on'

396 *Wold* 'Down,' 'moor' (Gl )

XX 411 *In single fight, and mixed array* In the original MS the line was—"In combat single, or mêlée"

'In combat single,' as in the first day of the tournament at Ashby; 'in mêlée,' as in the second day of that tournament. See *Ivanhoe*, chap. x.

413 *Me* = 'myself.' Cf. I. xxix. 499, n.

420 *Couch*. 'Place the spear in its position for charging.' Cf. I. xiv. 222, n. (Gl. I.)

XXI. 422 *We ran our course*. Cf. *Lay*, IV. xxxiv.—

"Such combat should be made on horse,  
On foaming steed, in full career,  
With brand to aid, whenas the spear  
Should shiver in the course."

423 *What could he . . . shock of hell; i.e.* 'What could my horse do against the might of an evil spirit?' 'And what could I do?' Marmion implies, excusing his own failure, as well as his horse's fall.

431 *Struck*. 'Struck.' Cf. III. xiv. 228.

435-6 *Of one*, &c.; *i.e.* of De Wilton.

440 *Grimly* (adj.) = 'grim,' 'dreadful,' *e.g.*—

"In came Margaret's *grimly* ghost."—*Beaum. and Flet.*

*Ghast* (adj.) = 'ghastly,' 'weird.'

446 *He seem'd to vanish from my sight*. Stanzas xx. xxi. would alone prove Scott to be a true poet. He shows here a wonderful power of imagination; for he knows exactly what Marmion must feel when he meets with his adventures in the Pictish camp, and all that happens *he makes us see with Marmion's eyes*. "With what extreme skill, or rather with how unerring an instinct, all the words in this narrative are chosen. Marmion *sees*—he has just told us so—"in form distinct of shape and hue, a mounted champion *rise*." We, however, are in the secret, and know that he has seen nothing of the kind. The phantom rode quietly into the ring, on Blount's charger, borrowed for this very purpose, ten minutes before, from the inn stable." But Marmion, "stung into feverish irritability by remorse," cannot help imagining that the unexpected foe is "starting from the gulf below;" cannot help imagining that he is gazing on the face of "one long dead"—that no living knight could "stare with a glare so grimly and so ghast;" cannot help imagining that when to "good St. George" he prayed, the demon rider "*vanished*" from his sight.

For other fine examples of Scott's power of looking into the human heart, and "photographing, so to speak, a passing mood of the mind with an infallibility like that of the sun acting upon the artist's plate," see *Lay*, II. xx. xxi., where Deloraine, like Marmion, is overcome by superstitious fears; and *Lay*, II. vii. viii., where the monk of St. Mary's Aisle is reminded of his warlike youth by the visit of Deloraine. (DOYLE, III-III6.)

452 *Cumber*. 'Burden,' 'trouble'

XXII 457 *Such chance* of old, & e strange things of a similar kind had happened in old days

462-3 *And trained him* *vow*, & e almost beguiled him into rejecting all the strength that his religion would give him (against evil spirits)

N B The use of a holy name was a good way of repelling the attacks of evil spirits (Cf Scott's *Glenfinlas*, st xlviii xlix lv lvi) Thus in the tale of Brian Bulmer, mentioned here (458-63), the knight goes out hunting, and meets what seems to be a Scottish knight, well known to him. As it is war time, they fight. Bulmer is overthrown and seriously wounded. The Scotchman offers to cure him of his wound, if he will promise not to name or think of anything that is holy. Pain makes the Englishman promise, and he is completely healed. But, surprised at the miracle, or (to quote the old MS), "maxima præ rei inaudita novitate formidine percussus," he utters the name of Jesus, and at once his enemy vanishes, and it is plain to every one who hears his story that an evil spirit has taken upon himself the form of a Scotch knight, in the hope of joining Bulmer's soul (Latin MS quoted by SCOTT)

470 "The forest of *Glennmore*, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called Lham-dearg, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him, and the clergyman, who makes up an account of the district, gravely assures us that in his time Lham-dearg fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict"—SCOTT

Scott gives us another curious story "of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when, behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling, this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union, nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that

they should renounce their redemption, which being declined, he was obliged to retract "

474-83 *Spotless in faith hand* "How forcibly must the wise old Scotchman's comment have fallen upon the guilty conscience of Marmion"—DOYLE, p 116

485 *Farther staid* Their conversation ceased

487 *Bowme them* 'Make ready,' 'prepare themselves' Cf —  
'Towait Lowdown thai *bowmynt thaim* to ride "

—Wallace, III 67 (G1)

XXIII 490 *Dun Edin* The Gaelic name for *Edin-burgh*

494 *Storied lore* Legends, tales of old times

497-500 For *Braid* and *Blackford* see map

N B "The route by which Marmion is carried to Edinburgh was made the subject of good-natured banter by some of Scott's friends 'Why,' said one of them, 'did ever mortal coming from England to Edinburgh go by Gifford, Crichton Castle and over the top of Blackford Hill? There never was a road that way since the world was created' 'That is a most irrelevant objection,' replied Scott 'It was my good pleasure to bring Marmion by that route, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the view from Blackford Hill, it was his business to find his road, and pick his steps the best way he could' In the poem, however, another reason is suggested for the route chosen—

"They might not choose the lowland road

For the Merse forayers were abroad,

Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,

Had scarcely failed to bar their way' (III 1 5-8)

It was at the suggestion of the friend who offered the above criticism that Scott took his hero back by Tantallon" (See V xv *et seq*)—PALGRAVE (Globe Ed)

XXIV 502 *Whin* 'Goise,' 'fuize' (G1)

504 *Listed*= 'listened' (intrins) Cf II xxxiii 631, and distinguish from 'listed,' I viii 108, and 'listed,' I xii 179 (See G1 I)

507-8 *Saint Giles* The cathedral at Edinburgh "Its elegant *spire* rises to the height of 241 feet, and is seen from all points, a conspicuous and beautiful object"

514-15 *To me* *early friendships* . Cf *Lady of the Lake*, I xxxiii 1 15-24

XXV 519 *Bent* 'A coarse grass,' and therefore 'an open field,' 'plain,' because pasture ground often abounded with such grass (G1)

520 *Pavilions* 'Tents' (G1)

521 "The *Borough*, or Common *Moor* of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills"—Sc.

525 *Chequer'd* Made into patches of different colours, like a chess-board or *chequer*, *i.e.* variegated, dotted Cf I 531-32 (See *check*, Gl I)

530 *The old oak wood* "The Borough Moor was anciently a forest, and in that state was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually When James IV mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough Moor was, according to Hawthornden, 'a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks'"—Sc n

531-32 *That darkly huge tamed the glaring white with green* See the note on Scott's love of colour, st xxx Cf. with I 531-32 *Lady of the Lake*, III xix —

"Where Teith's young waters roll,  
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,  
That grazed the sable strath with green"

XXVI 535 *Hebrides* = 'Hebrides' The Western Isles

536 *Lodou* = 'Lothian'

537 *Redswire Edge* is in the Cheviots, by Carter Fell

N B In lines 535-38 we have the meaning of I 539 expressed in a more poetic way

541 *The mingled hum* Cf VI xxv 756

XXVII 554 *Wain* = 'wagon' (Gl)

557 *Sisters Seven* Some pieces of cannon in James's army

558 *Culverins* Ancient cannons (See Gl) N B Artillery was far from being so important in those days as it is now For the use of cannon at Flodden see VI xxiii. 685, and n.

XXVIII 564 *Sanguine* 'Blood-coloured' (Lat 'sanguis')

566 *Pennon* See I iii 30, n (Gl I) *Pensil* = 'pennoncel,' dimin of 'pennon' See I iii 30, n

*Bandol* (Gl)

571-72 *A massive stone* "Upon this, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the *Hare-Stane*, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the high-way leading towards Braid"—Sc n.

576 *Fuld* (a term in heraldry), *i.e.* the surface of the shield, the background on which the lion was drawn Cf note on heraldry, I vi 82-87 It was of *gold* in the Scottish arms See I 578

578 *Ramp'd* "William king of Scotland chose for his armorial bearings a red lion, *rampant*, that is, standing on its hind legs, as if it were going to *lemb*" (Fr 'ramper')—Sc *T. of G* I 27 Cf (in Dunbar's *Thistle and Rose*)—

"Red of his colour as the ruby glance,  
On field of gold he stood full mightily"

(*Ramp GI*)

XXIX 579-593 *Lord Marmion* *would it with a chief's delight, &c* No poet can describe better than Scott the feelings of a warrior, because no one has ever had more of the warrior's spirit than he. Read, for instance, what he says of war in *The Lord of the Isles*, IV xx —

"Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,  
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!  
Such gleams, as from thy polished shield  
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!  
Such transports wake, severe and high,  
Amid the pealing conquest-cry,  
Scarce less when, after battle lost,  
Must the remnants of a host,  
And as each comrade's name they tell,  
Who in the well fought conflict fell,  
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,  
Vow to avenge them or to die! —  
Warriors! — and where are warriors found,  
If not on martial Britain's ground?  
And who, when waked with note of fire,  
Love more than they the British lyre?  
Know ye not, hearts to honour dear!  
That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,  
At which the heartstrings vibrate high,  
And wake the fountains of the eye?"

He is always at his best when describing scenes of war and battle, e.g. in st xxvi. 541-548, &c, but especially in the whole account of Flodden, VI xxv *et seq*

588 *Essay* = 'attempt' (*GI II*)

XXX. 600-636 In this very beautiful stanza.

(1) Note the view seen by Marmion. He is standing on Blackford Hill, and looking due north (See map). Directly in front of him is Edinburgh, and the Castle Hill rising conspicuously in its midst (612-17). Further north, a few miles beyond the city, is the arm of the sea called the Firth of Forth, dotted with numerous islands (624-27), and further north still, on the other side of the Firth, are the shores of Fife (622). Then, far away in the north-west, on the borders of Perthshire and Kinross, he sees the Ochil Hills (618-21), and, lastly, looking north-eastward, he follows with his eye the shores of East Lothian (or Haddingtonshire), ever stretching farther into the sea from Preston Bay to the conspicuous hill called Berwick Law, which marks the most northerly point of the county.

(ii) Note Scott's intense patriotism—his intense love of Scotland and of Edinburgh N B especially 1628-634, 617 For his pride in Edinburgh see also Introd Ep V 37-106, where too we have a good description of the city (a) as it was in feudal times (l 37-52), (b) as it was in Scott's time (l 53-61)

(iii) Note Scott's love of colour In his intense delight in the beauty of nature this love of colour is always conspicuous "And in general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the one character which he will give is colour, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness" Thus, for example, "where he has to describe tents mingled among oaks, he says nothing about the form of either tent or tree, but only gives the two strokes of colour—

"Thousand pavilions, white as snow,

          .      chequ'd all the heath

Oft giving way, where still there stood  
Some relics of the old oak wood,  
That darkly huge did intervene,  
*And tam'd the glaring white with green*" (IV xxv)

Again, of tents at Flodden—

"Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,  
To view afar the Scottish power,  
Encamp'd on Flodden edge  
The *white* pavilions made a show,  
Like remnants of the winter snow,  
Along the *dusky* ridge" (VI xviii)

"Again, there is hardly any form, only smoke and colour, in his famous description of Edinburgh

"The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow," &c

(IV xxx—the passage we are now reading)

Observe, the only hints at form given throughout are in the somewhat vague words, 'ridgy,' 'massy,' 'close,' and 'high,' but the colours are all definite Note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky red, sable (pure black), amethyst (pure purple), green and gold—a noble chord throughout"—RUSKIN, *Mod. Paint*

Other well-known examples of Scott's mastery over colour are *Rokeby*, III viii, and *Lady of the Lake*, I xi-xiv One very lovely passage, that is not so well known, occurs in the *Lord of the Isles*, IV xiii, a description of a sunset—

"The sun, ere yet he sunk behind  
Ben-Ghoul, 'the Mountain of the Wind,'  
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,  
And bade Loch Ranza smile

Thither then destined course they drew,  
 It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,  
 So brilliant was the landward view,  
 The ocean so serene,  
 Each puny wave in *diamonds* roll'd  
 O'er the calm deep, where hues of *gold*  
 With *azure* strove and *green*  
 The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,  
 Glow'd with *the tints of evening's hour*,  
 The beech was *silver* sheen "

602 *Sated with*, i.e. having taken a full look at, having seen enough of (Gl)

624 *Roll'd* is put, agreeing with 'Frith' in l 625

632 *Dimvolv'd* An artificial motion of a horse, in which it gives a half turn, with the fore legs raised See V ll 33-35, n (Gl)

XXXI 638 *Claron* A kind of trumpet Cf st ll 44 (Gl)

640 *Sackbut* Trombone (Gl)

*Psalttery* A stringed instrument (Gl) Cf *Daniel* iii 7—  
 "Therefore at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, *sackbut*, *psalttery*, and all kinds of music," they "fell down and worshipped the golden image," &c

646 *Hour of prime*, i.e. of the service said at sunrise Fr *prime* = 'the first hour of the day'

XXXII 660 *Empress of the North*, i.e. the city of Edinburgh Cf *Introd Ep V 37 et seq*

665-72 *Noi liss I moan bells may ring the death dirge*, &c See Aytoun's ballad, *Edinburgh after Flodden*—

"Every dusky spue is ringing

With a dull and hollow knell,

And the Misereere's singing

To the tolling of the bell

Through the streets the burghers hurry,

Spreading terror as they go,

And the rampart's thronged with watchers

For the coming of the foe "

668 *Death dirge* 'Lament for the death' Cf III xiii 211.

669 *Larum* = 'alarm' = 'alarm' Cf *Introd Ep V 97*

671 *Sack* The plundering of a town

673-74 *Presaging* 'Foreboding' (*Presage*, Gl) *Lindesay* has given utterance to his fears for the future, but recollects that he is speaking to an Englishman He was, we may remember, not alone in disliking the war See V xiv 413, and n, also IV xvii, end of n

679 *Stowne* 'Battle,' 'conflict' (Gl)

685 *The barriers of the camp* The camp was enclosed, for safety, with a palisade. See V l. 2-4

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO IV

**bandrol**, *banderole*, dim of the Spanish form of *banner*, which is der through Low Lat from a Teut word *band*, 'a band,' 'strip of cloth,' hence 'something bound to a pole'

**bent**, 'a coarse grass' A S *beonet* Perhaps *bent* is connected with *bin* (e.g. 'coin-bin'), which may have meant originally 'a basket made of osiers'

**bowne**, from Scand *búnn*, 'prepared,' 'ready,' pp of Scand *búa*, 'to prepare' The same as Mod E *bound*, in the phrase 'bound for New York'

**clarion**, (lit) 'a clear sounding horn,' der through O F from L *clario*, which is from *clarus*, 'clear'

**culverin**, a corrupt form of *culevriin*, der through O F *couleuvriie*, from Lat *colubia*, (fem) 'serpent,' 'adder' N B The name was applied to this kind of cannon for its long, thin, serpent-like shape Some were similarly called *serpentina*

**demi-volte** *Demi* 'half,' '1/2,' der from Lat *dimidius* (*dis-medius*) *Volte*, F, der th g Ital *volta*, 'the bounding turn cunning riders teach their horses,' from Lat *voluta*, fem p part of *volvere*, 'to roll,' 'turn round'

**gules**, der through F from Lat *gula*, 'the throat,' probably from the colour of the open mouth of the lion in heraldry

**lunner**, from *lunn*, 'to paint,' 'to illuminate' M E *lunnen*, shortened from *lunnen*, *enlunnen*, which is der through O F from Lat *illuminare*

**pavilion**, 'a tent,' der through F *pavillon*, from Lat *papilio*, which means originally 'a butterfly,' hence applied to what is spread out like the wings of a butterfly, 'a tent' N B *Papilio* is from a root *pal*, meaning 'to vibrate' Cf *palpebra*, 'the eyelid' (from its quivering)

**psaltery**, through O F and Lat from Greek *ψαλτήρ*, 'a harper,' from *ψάλλειν*, 'to harp' Cf 'psalm'

**presage**, 'an omen,' dei through O F from Lat *præ*, 'before,' and *sagire*, 'to perceive quickly,' which is probably connected with *sagus*, 'piesging,' 'predicting'

**ramp**, from F *ramper*, the old meaning of which was 'to clamber' Cf Mod F *rampe*, 'a flight of steps' The word is of Teut origin Cf Germ *raffen*, 'to snatch'

**sackbut**, dei through F from Spanish *sacabuche*. The further derivation is doubtful *Saca* is clearly from Spn *sacar*, 'to draw out,' with reference to the tube of the instrument *Buche* is perhaps the Span word meaning 'stomach' If this is so, *sacabuche* means 'that which exhausts the stomach or chest,' a name given in derision from the exertion used in playing the trombone

**sate**, 'to glut,' 'fill full,' 'satisfy,' a shortened form of *satiare*, which is from Lat *satiare* (from same root as Lat *satis*, 'enough') N B *Sad* is from same root, and means 'originally 'sated,' 'tired'

**stowre**, Scand *styrir*, 'a stu,' 'disturbance,' connected with A S *styrjan*, 'to move,' 'to stir'

**treasure**, 'a border' (in heraldy), from F *trèze*, 'a tress' or 'plait of hair' *Tresse* comes through Low Latin, from Grn *τρίχα* (from *τρεῖς*, *três*), 'in three parts,' 'threefold,' from the usual method of plaiting hair in *three* folds

**truncheon**, 'a short staff,' dimin of F *tronc*, 'trunk,' 'stem of a tree,' from Lat *truncus*, 'stem,' 'piece cut off,' which is from adj *truncus*, 'maimed,' 'mutilated'

**wain**, the same word as *wagon*, from A S *wægn*, contracted *wæn* N B *Wagon* is from a corresponding Dutch form *wagen* *Wain* is the true English form

**whilom**, lit 'at times,' dat pl of A S *hwil*, 'a time' Cf 'for a *while*'

**whin**, 'goose,' from Welsh *chwyn*, 'weeds'

**wold**, 'a down,' from A S *weald*, *wald*, 'a wood,' 'forest' It is probably from the same root as *wuld*, 'to manage,' 'to use,' and formerly also 'to have power over,' 'to possess,' and perhaps meant originally 'hunting ground,' considered as the possession of a tribe

ENGLISH SCHOOL-CLASSICS

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# SCOTT'S POEMS

## Marmion

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

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Part III.

CANTOS V & VI

RIVINGTONS

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# MARMION

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

To George Ellis, Esq

*Edinburgh*

WHEN dark December glooms the day,  
And takes our autumn joys away,  
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,  
Upon the weary waste of snows,  
A cold and profitless regard,  
Like patron on a needy bard;  
When silvan occupation's done,  
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,  
And hang, in idle trophy, near,  
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear, 10  
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,  
And greyhound, with his length of limb,  
And pointer, now employ'd no more,  
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor,  
When in his stall the impatient steed  
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed,  
When from our snow-encircled home,  
Scarce cares the hardest step to roam,  
Since path is none, save that to bring  
The needful water from the spring, 20  
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,  
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,  
And darkling politician, cross'd,  
Inveighs against the lingering post,  
And answering housewife sore complains  
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains,

When such the country cheer, I come,  
 Well pleased, to seek our city home,  
 For converse, and for books, to change  
 The Forest's melancholy range, 30  
 And welcome, with renew'd delight,  
 The busy day and social night

Not here need my desponding rhyme  
 Lament the ravages of time,  
 As erst by Newaik's riven towers,  
 And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers  
 True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,  
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
 Within its steepy limits pent,  
 By bulwark, line, and battlement, 40  
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,  
 Gai'ded and garrison'd she stood,  
 Denying entrance or resort,  
 Save at each tall embattled port;  
 Above whose arch, suspended, hung  
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong  
 That long is gone,—but not so long,  
 Since, early closed, and opening late,  
 Jealous revolved the studded gate,  
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide, 50  
 A wicket churlishly supplied  
 Stein then, and steel-girt was thy brow,  
 Dun-Edin ' O, how alter'd now,  
 When safe amid thy mountain court  
 Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,  
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,  
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea,  
 For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,  
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,  
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray 60  
 Ten thousand lines of brighten day

Not she, the Championess of old,  
 In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,  
 She for the charmed spear renown'd,  
 Which forc'd each knight to kiss the ground,—  
 Not she more changed, when, plac'd at rest,  
 What time she was Malbecco's guest,

She gave to flow her maiden vest  
 When from the corslet's grasp relieved,  
 Fice to the sight her bosom heaved, 70  
 Sweet was her blue eve's modest smile,  
 Erst hidden by the aventayle,  
 And down her shoulders graceful roll'd  
 Her locks profuse, of paly gold  
 They who whilom, in midnight fight,  
 Had marvell'd at her matchless might,  
 No less her maiden charms approved,  
 But looking liked, and liking loved  
 The sight could jealous pangs beguile,  
 And chaim Malbecco's cares a while, 80  
 And he, the wandering Squire of Dames  
 Forgot his Columbella's claims,  
 And passion, eist unknown, could gain  
 The breast of blunt Sir Satyane,  
 Nor durst light Pandel advance,  
 Bold as he was, a looser glance  
 She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart,  
 Incomparable Butomarte !

So thou, fair City ! disaray'd  
 Of battled wall, and rampart's aid, 90  
 As stately seem'st, but lovelier far  
 Than in that panoply of war  
 Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne  
 Strength and security are flown,  
 Still, as of yore, Queen of the North !  
 Still canst thou send thy children forth  
 Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call  
 Thy bughers rose to man thy wall,  
 Than now, in danger, shall be thine,  
 Thy dauntless voluntary line, 100  
 For fosse and turret proud to stand,  
 Their breasts the bulwarks of the land  
 Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,  
 Full red would stain their native soil,  
 Ere from thy mural crown there fell  
 The slightest knosp, or pinnacle  
 And if it come,—as come it may,  
 Dun-Edin ! that eventful day,—  
 Renown'd for hospitable deed,

That virtue much with Heaven may plead, 110  
In patriarchal times whose caire  
Descending angels deign'd to share ;  
That claim may wrestle blessings down  
On those who fight for The Good Town,  
Destined in every age to be  
Refuge of injured loyalty ,  
Since first, when conquering York arose,  
To Henry meek she gave repose,  
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,  
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw 120

True to these thoughts !—for, as they rise,  
How gladly I avert mine eyes,  
Bodings, or true or false, to change,  
For Fiction's fair romantic range,  
Or for tradition's dubious light,  
That hovers 'twixt the day and night  
Dazzling alternately and dim,  
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,  
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,  
Creation of my fantasy, 130  
Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,  
And make of mists invading men  
Who loves not more the night of June  
Than dull December's gloomy noon ?  
The moonlight than the fog of frost ?  
And can we say, which cheats the most ?

The weapon from his hand could wring,  
And break his glass, and shear his wing,  
And bid, reviving in his strain,  
The gentle poet live again,  
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay  
An unpedantic moral gay,  
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit  
On wings of unexpected wit,  
In letters as in life approved,  
Example honour'd, and beloved,—  
Dear ELLIS ! to the bard impart  
A lesson of thy magic art,  
To win at once the head and heart,—  
At once to charm, instruct and mend,  
My guide, my pattern, and my friend !

160

Such minstrel lesson to bestow  
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O !  
No more by thy example teach,  
—What few can practise, all can preach,—  
With even patience to endure  
Lingering disease, and painful cure,  
And boast affliction's pangs subdued  
By mild and manly fortitude  
Enough, the lesson has been given  
Forbid the repetition, Heaven !

170

Come listen, then ! for thou hast known,  
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,  
Who, like his Border sues of old,  
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,  
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,  
With wonder heard the northern strain  
Come listen ! bold in thy applause,  
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws,  
And, as the ancient art could stain  
Achievements on the storied pane,  
Irregularly traced and plann'd,  
But yet so glowing and so grand,—  
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,  
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,  
And loves, and aims, and harpers' glee,  
And all the pomp of chivalry.

180

190

## CANTO FIFTH

*The Court.*

## I

THE train has left the hills of Braid ;  
The banner guard have open made  
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,  
That closed the tented ground ,  
Their men the warders backward drew,  
And carried pikes as they rode through,  
Into its ample bound  
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,  
Upon the Southern band to stare.  
And envy with their wonder rose,  
To see such well-appointed foes ,  
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,  
So huge, that many simply thought,  
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought ,  
And little deem'd then force to feel,  
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,  
When rattling upon Flodden vale,  
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

10

## II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view  
Glance every line and squadron through ,  
And much he marvel'd one small land  
Could marshal forth such various band  
For men-at-arms were here,  
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,  
Like iron towers for strength and weight,  
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,  
With battle-axe and spear

20

Young knights and squires, a light~~er~~ train,  
 Practised then charges on the plain,  
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein, 30  
     Each wailike feat to show,  
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
 And high cuivert, that not in vain  
 The sword sway might descend amain  
     On foeman's casque below  
 He saw the hardy burgheis there  
 March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,  
     For vizor they wore none,  
 Noi waving plume, noi crest of knight,  
 But burnished weie then corslets bright, 40  
 Then brigantines, and gorgets light,  
     Like very silver shone  
 Long pikes they had for standing fight,  
     Two-handed swords they wore,  
 And many wielded mace of weight,  
     And buckles bight they bore

## III

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd  
 In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,  
     With iron quilted well,  
 Each at his back (a slender store) 50  
 His forty days' provision bore,  
     As feudal statutes tell  
 His arms were halberd, axe, or spear,  
 A crossbow there, a hagbut here,  
     A dagger-knife, and brand  
 Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,  
 As loth to leave his cottage dear,  
 And march to foreign strand,  
 Or musing, who would guide his steed,  
     To till the fallow land 60  
 Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye  
 Did aught of dastard terror lie,  
     More dreadful far his ire,  
 Than thens, who, scorning danger's name,  
 In eager mood to battle came,  
 Their valour like light straw on flame,  
     A fierce but fading fire

## IV

so the Borderer —bred to war,  
 knew the battle's din afar,  
 and joy'd to hear it swell 70  
 peaceful day was slothful ease,  
 harp, nor pipe, his ear could please  
 like the loud slogan yell  
 active steed, with lance and blade, —  
 light-arm'd pricker plied his trade, —  
 at nobles fight for fame,  
 vassals follow where they lead,  
 gers to guard their townships bleed,  
 ut war 's the Borderer's game  
 ir gain, their glory, their delight, 80  
 ileep the day, maraud the night,  
 'er mountain, moss, and moor,  
 ul to fight they took their way,  
 ce caring who might win the day,  
 heir booty was secure  
 se, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,  
 k'd on at first with careless eye,  
 marvell'd aught, well taught to know  
 form and force of English bow  
 when they saw the Lord array'd 90  
 plendid arms and rich brocade,  
 h Borderer to his kinsman said, —  
 Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!  
 st guess which road they'll homeward ride? —  
 could we but on Border side,  
 Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
 set a prize so fair!  
 t fangless Lion, too, then guide,  
 ht chance to lose his glistening hide,  
 vn Maudlin, of that doublet pied, 100  
 ould make a kiltie rare

## V.

t, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,  
 lfferent language, form, and face,  
 various race of man,  
 then the Chiefs their tribes array'd  
 wild and garish semblance made,

The chequei'd tiaws, and belted plaid,  
And varying notes the war-pipes blay'd,  
To every varying clan,  
Wild through their red or sable hair  
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare,  
On Marmion as he pass'd,  
Their legs above the knee were bare,  
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,  
And harden'd to the blast,  
Of taller race, the chiefs they own  
Were by the eagle's plumage known.  
The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide  
Their hairy buskins well supplied,  
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head  
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid,  
A broadsword of unwieldy length,  
A dagger proved for edge and strength,  
A studded targe they wore,  
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!  
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,  
To that which England bore.  
The Isles-men carried at their backs  
The ancient Danish battle-axe  
They raised a wild and wondering cry,  
As with his guide rode Marmion by  
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when  
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,  
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,  
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

## VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,  
And reach'd the City gate at last,  
Where all around, a wakeful guard,  
Arm'd buighers kept their watch and ward  
Well had they cause of jealous fear,  
When lay encamp'd, in field so near,  
The Borderer and the Mountaineer  
As through the bustling streets they go,  
All was alive with martial show  
At every turn, with dinning clang,  
The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang,

Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel  
 The bar that aims the charger's heel,  
 Or axe, or falchion, to the side  
 Of jarring grindstone was applied 150  
 Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,  
 Through street, and lane, and market-place,  
 Bore lance, or casque, or sword,  
 While bighieirs, with important face,  
 Describ'd each new-come lord,  
 Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,  
 His following, and his warlike fame  
 The Lion led to lodging meet,  
 Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street,  
 There must the Baron rest, 160  
 Till past the hour of vesper tide,  
 And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—  
 Such was the King's behest  
 Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns  
 A banquet rich, and costly wines,  
 To Marmion and his train,  
 And when the appointed hour succeeds,  
 The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,  
 And following Lindesay as he leads,  
 The palace-hall they gain 170

## VII

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,  
 That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee  
 King James within her princely bower  
 Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,  
 Summon'd to spend the parting hour,  
 For he had charged, that his array  
 Should southward march by break of day  
 Well loved that splendid monarch aye  
 The banquet and the song, 180  
 By day the tourney, and by night  
 The merry dance, traced fast and light,  
 The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,  
 The revel loud and long  
 This feast outshone his banquets past,  
 It was his blithest—and his last  
 The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,  
 Cast on the Court a dancing ray,

Here to the harp did minstrels sing,  
 There ladies touch'd a softer string,  
 With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest, 190  
 The licensed fool retail'd his jest,  
 His magic ticks the juggler plied,  
 At dice and draughts the gallants vied,  
 While some, in close recess apart,  
 Court'd the ladies of their heart,  
 Not court'd them in vain,  
 For often, in the parting hour,  
 Victorious Love asserts his power  
 O'er coldness and disdain,  
 And flinty is her heart, can view 200  
 To battle march a lover true—  
 Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,  
 Nor own her share of pain

## VIII

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,  
 The King to greet Lord Maimion came,  
 While, reverent, all made room  
 An easy task it was, I trow,  
 King James's manly form to know,  
 Although, his courtesy to show,  
 He doff'd, to Maimion bending low, 210  
 His broider'd cap and plume  
 For royal was his garb and mien,  
 His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,  
 Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild,  
 His vest of changeful satin sheen,  
 The dazzled eye beguiled,  
 His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown  
 The thistle brave, of old renown  
 His trusty blade, Toledo right, 220  
 Descended from a baldrick bight,  
 White were his buskins, on the heel  
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel,  
 His bonnet, all of crimson fair,  
 Was button'd with a ruby rare  
 And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen  
 A prince of such a noble mien

## IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size,  
For feat of strength, or exercise,  
Shaped in proportion fair; 230  
And hazel was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye,  
His short curl'd beard and hair.  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
And, oh! he had that merry glance,  
That seldom lady's heart resists.  
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—  
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain, 240  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain  
I said he joy'd in banquet bower;  
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,  
How suddenly his cheer would change,  
His look o'ercast and lower,  
If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
The pressure of his iron belt,  
That bound his breast in penance pain,  
In memory of his father slain  
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore, 250  
Soon as the passing pang was o'er  
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,  
Into the stream of revelry  
Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
Startles the courser in his flight,  
And half he halts, half springs aside;  
But feels the quickening spur applied,  
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,  
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain

## X

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say, 260  
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway.  
To Scotland's Court she came,  
To be a hostage for her lord,  
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,  
And with the King to make accord,  
Had sent his lovely dame.

Nor to that lady free alone  
Did the gay King allegiance own;  
For the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a tuiquois ring and glove, 270  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance,  
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
And march three miles on Southron land,  
And bid the banners of his band  
In English breezes dance  
And thus, for France's Queen he drest  
His manly limbs in mailed vest,  
And thus admitted English fair  
His inmost counsels still to share, 280  
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd  
The ruin of himself and land !  
And yet, the sooth to tell,  
Nor England's fan, nor France's Queen,  
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—  
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,  
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

## XI

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,  
And weeps the weary day, 290  
The war against her native soil,  
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil —  
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,  
Dame Helen rises with a smile  
Upon the harp to play  
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er  
The strings her fingers flew,  
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,  
Ever her bosom's rise and fall  
Was plainer given to view; 300  
For, all for heat, was laid aside  
Her whimple, and her hood untied  
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,  
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,  
And then around the silent ring;  
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say  
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,

She could not, would not, durst not play '  
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,  
 Mingled with aich simplicity, 310  
 A soft, yet lively, air she sung,  
 While thus the wily lady sung —

## XII.

## LOCHINVAR

*Lady Heron's Song.*

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,  
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where foid there was none, 320  
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied,— 331  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar"

The bride kiss'd the goblet the knight took it up,  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. 340  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace,  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,  
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,  
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near,  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, 351  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur,  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar

There was mounting 'mong Gæames of the Netherby clan,  
 Foisters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran  
 There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar? 360

## XIII

The Monarch o'er the sullen hung  
 And beat the measure as she sung,  
 And, pressing closer, and more near,  
 He whisper'd praises in her ear  
 In loud applause the courtiers vied,  
 And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside  
 The witching dame to Marmion threw  
 A glance, where seem'd to reign  
 The pride that claims applauses due,  
 And of her royal conquest too, 370  
 A real or feign'd disdain  
 Familiar was the look, and told,  
 Marmion and she were friends of old  
 The King observed their meeting eyes,  
 With something like displeased surprise,  
 For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
 Even in a word, or smile, or look  
 Straight took he forth the parchment broad,  
 Which Marmion's high commission show'd  
 "Our Borders sack'd by many a raid, 380  
 Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said,

“ On day of fuice our Warden slain,  
 Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en—  
 Unwoithy were we here to reign,  
 Should these for vengeance cry in vain,  
 Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Our herald has to Henry boine ”

## XIV

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,  
 And with stern eye the pageant view'd  
 I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore, 390  
 Who coronet of Angus bore,  
 And, when his blood and heart were high,  
 Did the third James in camp defy,  
 And all his minions led to die

On Lauder's dreary flat  
 Princes and favourites long grew tame,  
 And trembled at the homely name  
 Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat,  
 The same who left the dusky vale  
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale, 400

Its dungeons, and its towers,  
 Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,  
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
 To fix his princely bowers  
 Though now, in age, he had laid down  
 His armour for the peaceful gown,  
 And for a staff his brand,  
 Yet often would flash forth the fire,  
 That could, in youth, a monarch's ire  
 And minion's pride withstand, 410  
 And even that day, at council board,  
 Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood  
 Against the war had Angus stood,  
 And chafed his royal lord

## XV

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,  
 Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,  
 Huge-boned, and tall and grim, and gaunt,  
 Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower.

His locks and beard in silver grew  
 His eyebrows kept their sable hue 420  
 Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,  
 His bitter speech he thus pursued  
 "Lord Marmion, since these letters say,  
 That in the North you needs must stay  
 While slightest hopes of peace remain,  
 Uncourteous speech it were, and stein,  
 To say—Return to Lindisfaine,  
 Until my herald come again  
 Then rest you in Tantallon Hold,  
 Your host shall be the Douglas bold,— 430  
 A chief unlike his sires of old  
 He wears their motto on his blade,  
 Their blazon o'er his towers display'd,  
 Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,  
 More than to face his country's foes  
 And, I bethink me, by St Stephen,  
 But e'en this morn to me was given  
 A prize, the first fruits of the war,  
 Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,  
 A bevy of the maids of Heaven 440  
 Under your guard, these holy maids  
 Shall safe return to cloister shades,  
 And, while they at Tantallon stay,  
 Requiem for Cochran's soul may say"  
 And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,  
 Across the Monarch's brow there came  
 A cloud of ire, remorse and shame

## XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak;  
 His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break  
 He turn'd aside, and down his cheek 450  
 A burning tear there stole  
 His hand the Monarch sudden took,  
 That sight his kind heart could not brook  
 "Now, by the Bruce's soul,  
 Angus, my hasty speech forgive'  
 For sure as doth his spirit live,  
 As he said of the Douglas old,  
 I well may say of you,—

That never king did subject hold,  
 In speech more free, in war more bold, 460  
 More tender and more true  
 Forgive me, Douglas, once again"—  
 And, while the King his hand did strain,  
 The old man's tears fell down like rain  
 To seize the moment Marmion tried,  
 And whisper'd to the King aside  
 "Oh! let such tears unwonted plead  
 For respite short from dubious deed!  
 A child will weep a bramble's smart,  
 A maid to see her sparrow part, 470  
 A stripling for a woman's heart  
 But woe awaits a country, when  
 She sees the tears of bearded men  
 Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,  
 When Douglas wets his manly eye!"

## XVII

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd  
 And tamper'd with his changing mood  
 "Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"  
 Thus did the fiery Monarch say,  
 "Southward I march by break of day, 480  
 And if within Tantallon strong,  
 The good Lord Marmion tarrys long,  
 Perchance our meeting next may fall  
 At Tamworth, in his castle-hall"—  
 The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,  
 And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt  
 "Much honour'd were my humble home,  
 If in its halls King James should come,  
 But Nottingham has archers good,  
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood, 490  
 Northumbrian pickers wild and rude  
 On Derby Hills the paths are steep,  
 In Ouse and Tyne the foids are deep;  
 And many a banner will be torn,  
 And many a knight to earth be borne,  
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
 Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Tient  
 Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"—  
 The Monarch lightly turn'd away,

And to his nobles loud did call,—  
 “Lords, to the dance,— a hall ! a hall !”  
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,  
 And led Dame Heiron gallantly,  
 And minstrels, at the royal order,  
 Rung out—“Blue Bonnets o’er the Border”

500

## XVIII

Leave we these revels now, to tell  
 What to Saint Hilda’s maids befell,  
 Whose galley, as they sail’d again  
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta’en  
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,  
 Till James should of their fate decide,  
 And soon, by his command,  
 Were gently summon’d to prepare  
 To journey under Marmion’s care,  
 As escort honour’d, safe, and fair,  
 Again to English land  
 The Abbess told her chaplet o’er,  
 Nor knew which saint she should implore,  
 For, when she thought of Constance, sore  
 She fear’d Lord Marmion’s mood  
 And judge what Clara must have felt !  
 The sword, that hung in Marmion’s belt,  
 Had drunk De Wilton’s blood  
 Unwittingly, King James had given,  
 As guard to Whitby’s shades,  
 The man most dreaded under Heaven  
 By these defenceless maids  
 Yet what petition could avail,  
 Or who would listen to the tale  
 Of woman, prisoner, and nun,  
 ’Mid bustle of a war begun  
 They deem’d it hopeless to avoid  
 The convoy of their dangerous guide

510

520

530

## XIX

Then lodging, so the King assign’d,  
 To Marmion’s, as their guardian, join’d,  
 And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,  
 The Palmer caught the Abbess’ eye,

Who warn'd him by a scroll,  
 She had a secret to reveal,  
 That much concern'd the Church's weal, 540  
 And health of sinner's soul,  
 And, with deep charge of secrecy,  
 She named a place to meet,  
 Within an open balcony,  
 That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,  
 Above the stately street,  
 To which, as common to each home,  
 At night they might in secret come

## XX

At night, in secret, there they came,  
 The Palmer and the holy Dame 550  
 The moon among the clouds rose high,  
 And all the city hum was by.  
 Upon the street, where late before  
 Did din of war and warriors roar,  
 You might have heard a pebble fall,  
 A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
 An owlet flap his boding wing  
 On Giles's steeple tall  
 The antique buildings, church and hall,  
 Whose Gothic frontlets soared to sky, 560  
 Were here wrapt deep in shade,  
 There on their brows the moon-beam broke,  
 Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,  
 And on the casements play'd  
 And other light was none to see,  
 Save torches gliding far,  
 Before some chieftain of degree,  
 Who left the royal revelry  
 To bowne him for the war —  
 A solemn scene the Abbess chose, 570  
 A solemn hour, her secret to disclose

## XXI.

"O, holy Palmer!" she began,—  
 "For sure he must be sainted man,  
 Whose blessed feet have trod the ground  
 Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—

For His dear Church's sake, my tale  
 Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
 Though I must speak of worldly love,—  
 How vain to those who wed above!—  
 De Wilton and Lord Maimion woo'd 580  
 Clara de Claie, of Gloster's blood, -  
 (Idle it were of Whitby's dame,  
 To say of that same blood I came,)  
 And once, when jealous rage was high,  
 Lord Maimion said despiteously,  
 Wilton was traitor in his heart,  
 And had made league with Martin Swait,  
 When he came here on Simnel's part,  
 And only cowardice did restrain  
 His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,— 590  
 And down he threw his glove —the thing  
 Was tried, as wont, before the King,  
 Where frankly did De Wilton own,  
 That Swait in Gueldres he had known,  
 And that between them then there went  
 Some scroll of courteous compliment  
 For this he to his castle sent,  
 But when his messenger return'd,  
 Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd!  
 For in his packet there was laid 600  
 Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,  
 And proved King Henry's cause betray'd  
 His fame, thus blighted, in the field  
 He strove to clear, by spear and shield,—  
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
 For wondrous aie His ways above!  
 Perchance some foim was unobserved,  
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved;  
 Else how could guiltless champion quail,  
 Or how the blessed ideal fail? 610

## XXII

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw  
 As recreant doom'd to suffer law,  
 Repentant, own'd in vain,  
 That, while he had the scrolls in care,  
 A stranger maiden, passing fair,

Had drench'd him with a beverage rare,  
 His words no faith could gain  
 With Clare alone he credence won,  
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
 Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair, 620  
 To give our house her livings fair  
 And die a vestal votress there  
 The impulse from the earth was given,  
 But bent her to the paths of heaven  
 A purer heart, a lovelier maid,  
 Ne'er sheltered her in Whitby's shade.  
 No, not since Saxon Edelfled,  
 Only one trace of earthly stain,  
 That for her lover's loss  
 She cherishes a sorrow vain, 630  
 And murmurs at the cross —  
 And then her heritage,—it goes  
 Along the banks of Tame,  
 Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,  
 In meadows rich the heifer lows,  
 The falconer and huntsman knows  
 Its woodlands for the game  
 Shame were it to Saint Hilda deal,  
 And I, her humble votress here,  
 Should do a deadly sin, 640  
 Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,  
 If this false Marmion such a prize  
 By my consent should win,  
 Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn  
 That Clare shall from our house be torn,  
 And grievous cause have I to fear,  
 Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

## XXIII

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd  
 To evil power, I claim thine aid,  
 By every step that thou hast trod 650  
 To holy shrine and grotto dim,  
 By every martyr's tortured limb,  
 By angel, saint, and seraphim,  
 And by the Church of God  
 For mark —when Wilton was betray'd,  
 And with his squire forged letters laid,

She was, alas ! that sinful maid,  
 By whom the deed was done,—  
 O ! shame and horror to be said !—  
 She was a peijured nun ! 660  
 No clerk in all the land, like hei,  
 Triaced quaint and varying character  
 Peichance you may a marvel deem,  
 That Maimion's paramour  
 (For such vile thing she was) should scheme  
 Hei lover's nuptial hour,  
 But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,  
 As privy to his honour's stain,  
 Illimitable power  
 For this she secretly retain'd 670  
 Each proof that might the plot reveal  
 Instructions with his hand and seal,  
 And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,  
 Through sinner's perfidy impure,  
 Hei house's glory to secure,  
 And Clare's immortal weal

## XXIV

"Twere long, and needless, here to tell,  
 How to my hand these papers fell,  
 With me they must not stay  
 Saint Hilda keep hei Abbess true ! 680  
 Who knows what outrage he might do,  
 While journeying by the way ?—  
 O, blessed Saint, if e'er again  
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,  
 To travel or by land or main,  
 Deep penance may I pay !—  
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer  
 I give this packet to thy care,  
 For thee to stop they will not dare,  
 And O ! with cautious speed, 690  
 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,  
 That he may show them to the King :  
 And, for thy well-earn'd meed,  
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine  
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,  
 While priests can sing and read

What ail'st thou?—Speak!—For as he took  
 The charge, a strong emotion shook  
 His frame, and, ere reply,  
 They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone, 700  
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,  
 That on the breeze did die,  
 And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,  
 "Saint Withold, save us!—What is here!  
 Look at yon City Cross!  
 See on its battled tower appear  
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,  
 And blazon'd banners toss!"—

## XXV

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,  
 Rose on a turret octagon, 710  
 (But now is razed that monument,  
 Whence royal edict rang,  
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent  
 In glorious trumpet-clang  
 O' be his tomb as lead to lead,  
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!—  
 A minstrel's malison is said)  
 Then on its battlements they saw  
 A vision, passing Nature's law,  
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen, 720  
 Figures that seem'd to rise and die,  
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
 While nought confirm'd could ear or eye  
 Discern of sound or mien  
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
 Heralds and Puisuivants prepare,  
 With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
 A summons to proclaim,  
 But indistinct the pageant proud,  
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud, 730  
 When flings the moon upon her shroud  
 A wavering tinge of flame,  
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
 This awful summons came —

## XXVI

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,

Whose names I now shall call,

Scottish, or foreigner, give ear,

Subjects of him who sent me here,

At his tribunal to appear,

740

I summon one and all

I cite you by each deadly sin,

That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within,

I cite you by each brutal lust,

That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—

By wrath, by pride, by fear,

By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,

By the dark grave, and dying groan !

When forty days are pass'd and gone,

I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,

750

To answer and appear "

Then thunder'd forth a roll of names

The first was thine, unhappy James !

Then all thy nobles came,

Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,

Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—

Why should I tell their separate style ?

Each chief of birth and fame,

Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,

Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile,

760

Was cited there by name,

And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,

Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,

De Wilton, erst of Aberley,

The self-same thundering voice did say

But then another spoke

"Thy fatal summons I deny,

And thine infernal Lord defy,

Appealing me to Him on High,

Who burst the sinner's yoke "

770

At that dread accent, with a scream,

Parted the pageant like a dream,

The summoner was gone

Pione on her face the Abbess fell,

And fast, and fast, her beads did tell,

Her nuns came, startled by the yell,

And found her there alone

She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,  
What time, ~~on~~ how, the Palmer pass'd

## XXVII

Shift we the scene — The camp doth move, 780  
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,  
Save when, for weal of those they love,  
To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,  
The tottering child, the anxious fair,  
The grey-hair'd sue, with pious care,  
To chapels and to shrines repair —  
Where is the Palmer now? and where  
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare? —  
Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair  
They journey in thy charge 790  
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,  
The Palmer still was with the band,  
Angus, like Lindesay, did command,  
That none should roam at large  
But in that Palmer's alter'd mien  
A wondrous change might now be seen,  
Freely he spoke of war,  
Of marvels wrought by single hand,  
When lifted for a native land,  
And still look'd high, as if he plann'd 800  
Some desperate deed afar  
His courser would he feed and stroke,  
And, tucking up his sable flocke,  
Would first his mettle bold provoke,  
Then soothe or quell his pride  
Old Hubert said, that never one  
He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
A steed so fairly ride

## XXVIII

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,  
By Eustace govern'd far, 810  
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,  
With all her nuns, and Clare  
No audience had Lord Marmion sought,  
Ever he feared to aggravate  
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate,

And safer 'twas, he thought,  
To wait till, from the nuns removed,  
The influence of kinsmen loved,  
And suit by Henry's self approved,  
Her slow consent had wrought 820  
His was no flickering flame, that dies  
Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,  
And lighted oft at lady's eyes ,  
He long'd to stretch his wide command  
O'er luckless Clara's ample land  
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,  
Although the pang of humbled pride  
The place of jealousy supplied,  
Yet conquest, by that meanness won  
He almost loath'd to think upon, 830  
Led him, at times, to hate the cause,  
Which made him burst through honour's laws.  
If e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,  
Who died within that vault of stone

## XXIX

And now, when close at hand they saw  
North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,  
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,  
Before a venerable pile,  
Whose turrets view'd, afar,  
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle, 840  
The ocean's peace or war  
At tolling of a bell, forth came  
The convent's venerable Dame,  
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest  
With her, a loved and honour'd guest,  
Till Douglas should a bark prepare  
To waft her back to Whitby fan.  
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,  
And thank'd the Scottish Prioress,  
And tedious were to tell, I ween,  
The courteous speech that pass'd between  
O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave ;  
But when fair Clara did intend,  
Like them, from horseback to descend,  
Fitz-Eustace said,—“ I grieve,

Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,  
 Such gentle Company to part,—  
 Think not discourtesy,  
 But lords' commands must be obey'd ,  
 And Maimion and the Douglas said, 860  
 That you must wend with me  
 Lord Maimion hath a letter broad,  
 Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,  
 Commanding, that, beneath his care,  
 Without delay, you shall repair  
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Claire"

## XXX

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd ,  
 But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,  
 Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—  
 She deem'd she heard her death-doom read. 870  
 "Cheer thee, my child !" the Abbess said,  
 "They dare not tear thee from my hand,  
 To ride alone with armed band"  
 "Nay, holy mother, nay,"  
 Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely Clare  
 Will be in Lady Angus' care,  
 In Scotland while we stay,  
 And, when we move, an easy ride  
 Will bring us to the English side,  
 Female attendance to provide 880  
 Befitting Gloster's heir  
 Nor thinks nor dreams my noble lord,  
 By slightest look, or act, or word,  
 To harass Lady Clare  
 Her faithful guardian he will be,  
 Nor sue for slightest courtesy  
 That e'en to stranger falls,  
 Till he shall place her, safe and free,  
 Within her kinsman's halls "  
 He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace, 890  
 His faith was painted on his face,  
 And Clare's worst fear relieved  
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd  
 On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,  
 Entreated, threaten'd, grieved.

To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,  
 Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,  
 And call'd the Prioress to aid,  
 To curse with candle, bell, and book  
 Her head the grave Cistercian shook  
 "The Douglas, and the King," she said,  
 "In their commands will be obey'd,  
 Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall  
 The maiden in Tantallon hall"

900

## XXXI

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,  
 Assumed her wonted state again,—  
 For much of state she had,—  
 Composed her veil, and raised her head,  
 And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,  
 "Thy master, bold and bad,  
 The records of his house turn o'er,  
 And, when he shall there written see,  
 That one of his own ancestry  
 Drove the monks forth of Coventry,  
 Bid him his fate explore!  
 Prancing in pride of earthly trust,  
 His charger hurl'd him to the dust,  
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,  
 He died his band before  
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me,  
 He is a Chief of high degree,  
 And I a poor recluse  
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see  
 Even such weak minister as me  
 May the oppressor bruise  
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay  
 The mighty in his sin,  
 And Jael thus, and Deborah"—  
 Here hasty Blount broke in  
 "Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band:  
 St Anton' fire thee! wilt thou stand  
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
 To hear the Lady preach?  
 By this good light! if thus we stay,  
 Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,  
 Will sharper sermon teach

910

920

930

Come, d'on thy cap, and mount thy horse,  
The Dame must patience take perforce."

## XXXII

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,  
"But let this barbarous lord despair 940  
His purposed aim to win,  
Let him take living, land, and life,  
But to be Marmion's wedded wife  
In me were deadly sin  
And if it be the King's decree,  
That I must find no sanctuary,  
In that inviolable dome,  
Where even a homicide might come,  
And safely rest his head,  
Though at its open portals stood, 950  
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,  
The kinsmen of the dead,  
Yet one asylum is my own  
Against the dreaded hour,  
A low, a silent, and a lone,  
Where kings have little power.  
One victim is before me there —  
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer  
Remember your unhappy Clare!"  
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows 960  
Kind blessings many a one  
Weeping and wailing loud arose,  
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes  
Of every simple nun  
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,  
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide  
Then took the squire her rein,  
And gently led away her steed,  
And, by each courteous word and deed,  
To cheer her strove in vain 970

## XXXIII

But scant three miles the band had rode,  
When o'er a height they pass'd,  
And, sudden, close before them show'd  
His towers, Tantallon vast,

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
 And held impregnable in war,  
 On a projecting rock they rose,  
 And round three sides the ocean flows,  
 The fourth did battled walls enclose,  
 And double mound and fosse 980  
 By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,  
 Though studded gates, an entrance long,  
 To the main court they cross  
 It was a wide and stately square  
 Around were lodgings, fit and fair,  
 And towers of various form,  
 Which on the court projected far,  
 And broke its lines quadrangular  
 Here was square keep, there turret high,  
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky, 990  
 Whence oft the Wander could descry  
 The gathering ocean-storm

## XXXIV

Here did they rest — The princely care  
 Of Douglas, why should I declare,  
 Or say they met reception fair ?  
 Or why the tidings say,  
 Which, varying, to Tantallon came,  
 By hurrying posts of fleetest fame,  
 With ever varying day ?  
 And, first they heard King James had won 1000  
 Etall, and Wark, and Ford, and then,  
 That Norham Castle strong was ta'en  
 At that sore marvell'd Marmion, —  
 And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand  
 Would soon subdue Northumberland  
 But whisper'd news there came,  
 That, while his host inactive lay,  
 And melted by degrees away,  
 King James was dallying off the day  
 With Heron's wily dame 1010  
 Such acts to chronicles I yield,  
 Go seek them there, and see  
 Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
 And not a history

At length they heard the Scottish host  
On that high ridge had made their post,

Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain,  
And that brave Surrey many a band  
Had gather'd in the Southern land,  
And march'd into Northumberland,

1020

And camp at Woolei ta'en  
Marmion, like charger in the stall,  
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,

Began to chafe, and swear —  
“A sorry thing to hide my head  
In castle, like a fearful maid,

When such a field is near!  
Needs must I see this battle-day  
Death to my fame if such a fray  
Were fought, and Marmion away!

1030

The Douglas, too, I wot not why,  
Hath 'bated of his courtesy  
No longer in his halls I'll stay”  
Then bade his band they should array  
For march against the dawning day

## NOTES

### INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE TO CANIO V.

*George Ellis* Scott began a correspondence with Ellis early in 1801 "His acquaintance was opened to Scott through their common friend, Heber" (to whom the Introductory Ep VI is dedicated) "Mr Ellis was then busily engaged in collecting the materials for his charming works, entitled *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry* and *Specimens of Ancient English Romance*. The correspondence between him and Scott soon came to be constant. They met personally, not long after the correspondence had commenced, conceived for each other a cordial respect and affection, and continued on a footing of almost brotherly intimacy ever after. To this valuable alliance Scott owed, among other advantages, his early and ready admission to the acquaintance and familiarity of Ellis's bosom friend, his co-adjutor in the *Anti-jacobin*, and the confidant of all his literary schemes, the illustrious statesman, Mr Canning"—LOCKHART

When *Marmion* was published, Ellis wrote Scott a letter full of the highest appreciation and the soundest criticism. "In the first place," he says, "all the world are agreed that you are like the elephant mentioned in the *Spectator*, who was the greatest elephant in the world except himself, and consequently that the only question at issue is, whether the *Lay* or *Marmion* shall be reputed the most pleasing poem in our language, save and except one or two of Dryden's fables." And of the Introductory Epistles he writes (comparing them with the introductory parts of the *Lay*) "The personal appearance of the minstrel, who, though the last, is by far the most charming of all minstrels, is by no means compensated by the idea of an author shorn of his picturesque beard, deprived of his harp, and writing letters to his intimate friends. *These introductory epistles, indeed, though excellent in themselves, are in fact only interruptions to the fable*, and accordingly nine out of ten have perused them separately, either after or before the poem, and it is obvious that

they cannot have produced, in either case, the effect which was proposed; viz., of relieving the readers' attention, and giving variety to the whole. Perhaps it would be fair to say that *Marmion* delights us in spite of its introductory epistles, while the *Lay* owes its principal charm to the venerable old minstrel."

—LOCKHART

28 *Our city home* Scott spent the winters at Edinburgh. In 1806 he was appointed one of the Principal Clerks of Session, a post which he held for a quarter of a century. This, of course, necessitated his residence in Edinburgh for a considerable portion of each year.

30 *The Forest, &c.* Ettrick Forest (See Introd. Ep. II 1-21, and n). It will be remembered that the introductions to the first four cantos are dated "Ashiestiel, Ettrick Forest."

34-5 *Newark's seven towers* See Introd. Ep. II 32, and n.

36 *Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers* See Introd. Ep. II 1 *et seq.*

37 *Cal'donia's Queen is changed* "The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the 'Queen of the North' has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction."—SC. n.

47-51 *Studded gate . . . wicket* Cf. *Heart of Midlothian*, chap. vi. "The metropolis was at this time" (1736) "surrounded by a high wall, with battlements and flanking projections at some intervals, and the access was through gates, called in the Scottish language ports, which were regularly shut at night. A small fee to the keepers would indeed procure egress and ingress at any time, through a wicket left for that purpose in the large gate." It will be remembered that Scott tells us, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, that Butler had just passed through one of these gates, the West Port, when he was seized by the Poiteous rioters, and compelled to return with them, and that the rioters were careful to secure the gates.

57 *Flung thy white arms, &c.* "Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in  *Caractacus*—

"Britain heard the descant bold,

She flung her white arms o'er the sea,

Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold

The freight of harmony."

—SC. n.

N.B. *Caractacus* was a drama by Mason, the friend and the

biographer of Gray It was modelled on Greek lines, with the classic accompaniment of the chorus

58-9 *Thy dark cloud, with unbes'd lower* Cf the description of Edinburgh as seen by Marmion, IV. xiv 605-17

62-88 *Brutomarte* See Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, Book III. c ix st 18-25

64-5 *Charmed spear* See *Faerie Queen*, III iii 60

72 *Aventayle* = 'Visor' Cf *Lay*, II iii —

(Deloraine) "lifted his *barr'd aventayle*

To hail the monk of St Mary's aisle "

81-2 *Squire of Dames* See *Faerie Queen*, III vii st 51, &c

100 *Voluntary line* See Introd Ep IV 1-11, and n, for Scott's part in the Volunteer movement during the French War, and Introd Ep I 83, n, for his patriotic enthusiasm

106 *Knosp* An ornament resembling a bud

109-13 *In patriarchal times* *wrestle blessings down*. See *Genesis* xviii

115-18 *Destined* . *Henry meek* "Henry VI, with his queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton"—SC n

119-20 *Till late* *great Bourbon's relics* Some of the exiled royal family of France resided at Holyrood Palace after the outbreak of the French Revolution —ALISON, iii 549

138-40 *Romantic strain* *Henry's ear* "Mr Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the *Specimens of Romance*, has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravallere, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo-Norman kings, rather than those of the French monarch, produced the birth of Romance literature"—SC n NB 'Henry' = Henry I

145-6 *Such notes*, &c "*Marie* compiled from *Armorican originals* and translated into Norman-French, or Romance language, the twelve curious *Lays* of which Mr Ellis has given us a *précis* in the Appendix to his Introduction The story of *Blondel*, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I, needs no commentary"—SC n

147-54 *O' born, Time's ravage to repair*, &c For Ellis and his works, see the note at beginning of epistle

178-81 *Who, like his Border sires* . *strain* When Scott and his wife visited England in 1803, they went to Mr Ellis's house at "Sunninghill, where they spent a happy week, and Mr and Mrs Ellis heard the first two or three cantos of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* read under an old oak in Windsor Forest "

Cantos I II of *Marmion* were sent to the printer during another visit to England, early in 1807, when he spent much time at Sunninghill (LOCKHART)

N B Sunninghill is near Windsor Park and Ascot

182-91

*Irregularly traced and plumed,  
But yet so glowing and so grand*

The nature of the Romance is finely exhibited in these lines Cf Introd Ep F 249 *et seq*, and n, Introd Ep III 152 *et seq*, and notes

## CANTO V

INTRODUCTION —(A) In Cantos III IV we have followed Marmion from Norham to Edinburgh, but we must not forget the Abbess and Clive, and what was told us in Canto II In Canto II Constance, before her death at Holy Island, produced a packet, which, she said, contained proofs of De Wilton's innocence and Marmion's baseness Now in Canto V we are told (1) what became of this "guilty packet" (see st xxiv), (ii) what were its contents (see st xvi-xxiv), (iii) what became of Clive and the Abbess after they left Holy Island (see st xviii xxvii-xxiv) We shall find that all the principal characters in the story are brought together at Edinburgh, and that events happen which place Clive for the time in Marmion's power, while the packet falls into the possession of the very last person Marmion would wish to hold it We must remember, however, that Marmion knows nothing of the danger that threatens him, nothing either of Constance's confession or Constance's death

N B Throughout this canto Scott leads us to see the nobler side of Marmion's character as he moves to his death at Flodden His dignified bearing as England's ambassador before James (st xvii), his remorse and self contempt for his breach of "honour's laws" (st xxviii)—all this prepares us to sympathize with him when his higher self wins the mastery, and he dies—

'A gallant knight,

With sword in hand, for England's right "

—VI xxxvii 1145-46

(B) The day of Flodden is approaching At the beginning of Canto V we have reached the very day before the king of Scotland marched southward from Edinburgh with his army We see his forces assembled at the Borough Moor, and then we pass to Holy Rood, where James is holding joyous court for the last time The gay monarch's person is fully described (st viii ix), and his character illustrated by his behaviour to (1) Lady Heron, (ii) Marmion, (iii) Douglas (st xiii-xvii) The causes of the war, and the opposition to it which James met with, are stated (st xiii 380-83, xiv 411-14), and then we pass rapidly over the movement of the army from Edinburgh (st xxvii), the

first successes of James—the taking of Etall, Waik, Ford, and Notham—and the melting away of his troops while he remains inactive at Ford (st xxxiv), and when we end the canto the Scotch are at Flodden Edge, Surrey and the English army are facing them at Wooler, and Scott is able to say, when he is beginning a new canto—

“Hark! I hear the distant drum!  
The day of Flodden Field is come”

—Intro Ep VI 231-32

(C) We learn a good deal more of the days of chivalry in this canto (1) We are taken through the camp, which we looked down upon towards the close of Canto IV. The Scottish army was always particularly interesting, because, besides having the usual elements of a feudal army—the knights and men at arms on horseback, and the foot-soldiers from the towns and country districts (st ii iii)—it contained also the *Borderers* and the *Highlanders*. Well might the citizens of Edinburgh keep “watch and ward” with “jealous fear” at the city gates—

“When lay encamped, in field so near,  
The Borderer and the mountaineer”

—St vi 137-42

“The Borderers,” Scott tells us elsewhere, “resembled the Highlanders in their mode of government and habits of plundering, and, as it may be truly added, in their disobedience to the general government of Scotland, yet they differed in many particulars. The Highlanders fought always on foot, the Borderers were all horsemen. The Borderers spoke the same language with the Lowlanders, wore the same sort of dress, and carried the same arms. Being accustomed to fight against the English, they were also much better disciplined than the Highlanders, but in point of obedience to the Scottish government they were not much different from the clans of the north”—  
*T of a Grand* 1 97

(ii) From the camp we pass to the court, and are shown “all the pomp of chivalry” (Intro Ep V 191) Scott determines here to—

“Fling  
His hand o’er every Border string,  
And fit his harp the pomp to sing  
Of Scotland’s ancient court and king”

—IV xxxii 687-90

His picture of James and his court is as fine as his scenes connected with royal personages usually are and the brightness of the scene is the more striking because we know as we read that it is the prelude to “Flodden’s fatal field,” that the feast is James’s “blithest—and his last” (St vii 185)

(iii) The superstition of the days of chivalry is further illustrated by the story of the demon summons at Edinburgh Cross

(St xxv xxvii.) Here, as in the other story of the ghostly message to James (see IV xv-xxvii), Scott can so sympathize with the superstitious terrors of his characters, that he makes us see the vision with their eyes and well nigh believe it with them.

I 2-4 *The banner guard the palisade, &c* The guards removed the stakes that protected the camp, so that the visitors might enter, just as, when Marmion approached Norham, the garrison 'unspar'd' 'the lofty palisade' (Gl I) See I iv 56, and n

5 *Warders.* The captains of the entrance guard Cf I ii 24 n (Gl I)

6 *Carved pikes* 'Presented arms' *Pikes* = 'long spears' See I ix 130, n and Gl I

12-18 *Such length of shafts, such mighty bows* The yeomen of England were renowned for their archery. With their 'six foot bows' and arrows a yard long (l 18), they were able (says a monk who sings then praises) to "penetrate steel coats from side to side, transfix helmets, and even splinter lances and pierce through swords." So much were they feared, that the Scotch had a proverb "that every English archer carried under his belt twenty four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts" — Sc. Everyone knows of the deeds of the English archers at Cressy, Poitiers, &c. They are only briefly mentioned in Scott's account of Flodden (see VI xxvi 785, and xxxiv 1024-29), but there is a fine description of their doings at Bannockburn, in *Lord of the Isles*, VI xxii —

"Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,  
Just as the Northern ranks arose,  
Signal for England's archery  
To halt and bend their bows  
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,  
Glanced at the intervening space,  
And raised his left hand high,  
To the right ear the cords they bring—  
At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,  
Ten thousand arrows fly!  
Nor paused on the devoted Scot  
The ceaseless fury of their shot,  
As fiercely and as fast,  
Forth whistling came the grey goose wing  
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring  
Adown December's blast  
Nor mountain taiga of tough bull hide,  
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide,  
Woe, woe to Scotland's bannered pride  
If the fell shower may last!"

See also (1) for a good description of an English archer *Lay* III xvi, and (u) for the skill of the archers (a) the feats of Robin Hood (*Ivanhoe*, chap xiii and xxxi), and (b) the note to *Marmion*, V xiii 380

14 *Vaunt* 'Vain display' Many thought that such enormous bows and arrows could only be made for show, not for use

II 19 *Nor less*, &c , i.e. Marmion observed the Scotch with as much curiosity as they showed towards him Cf st 1 8, 9

23 *Men-at-arms* Cf the description in I viii

24 *Maul and plate* Cf I vi 79, and n (*Maul*, Gl I)

32 *Croupe* The part of the horse's back behind the saddle. Cf st xii 350-52 (Gl)

33-35 *Curvett* A certain leap of a horse, in which he gives his body a cuive (Gl)

*Amam* 'With strength' (Prefix *a + man*) Cf 'might and main'

*Casque* 'Helmet' (Gl I)

N B The *curvett*, of course, added very much to the force of the blow Thus "Monsieur de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the *demiwolte* (explained IV 632, n), did with his sword strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet, for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his *combette*, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground" (SC n) And Brian de Bois Guilbert made a *demi-combette* (=curvett), "rising in the stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of his horse," when he struck down Athelstane at Torquilstone Castle See *Ivanhoe*, ch xxxi

36 *Burghers* 'Citizens' Troops drawn from the towns, as the yeomen (st iii) were from the country (Gl)

38 *Vizor* The part of the helmet covering the face Cf III xiv 467, and Gl III

39 *Crest* Cf I vi 82, and n

40 *Burnished* 'Polished' (Gl I)

*Corsets* 'Body-armour' (Gl)

41 *Brigantines* Body armour composed of iron rings or small thin iron plates sewed upon canvas, linen, or leather, and covered with similar materials (Gl)

*Gorget* Armour to protect the throat (Gl)

46 *Bucklers* Shields with a buckle or central boss

III 47 *Yeoman* See I viii 115, n and Gl I Cf the description of the yeoman's dress, &c, given here, with that of the 'bold yeoman' Watt Tynnon (*Lay*, IV v.)

48 *Steel Jack* "Jacks were a sort of leathern doublet, covered with plates of iron"—Sc *T of Glend* I 157 (Gl)  
*Swarthy* 'Dark'

50-52 *Each at his back* . *feudal statutes* "When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with *forty days' provision* When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course"—Sc (See st xxiv 1007-8, and n)

53 *Halbert* 'A pole axe' See I viii 104, and n and Gl I

54 *Hagbut* (or *haclbut*) A kind of musket, "probably so called from its shape, which was *bent* or *hooked*, whereas the oldest hand guns had the barrel and butt all in one straight line, so that it was difficult to take aim" (See Gl)

59 *Steer* 'A young ox'

63 *Ire* 'Anger' (Lat 'na')

IV 68 *The Borderers*, who dwelt by the English Border, and was always engaged in wild forays See note I 1 1-3

73 *Slogan* 'War-cry' Speaking of the battle in which James IV, when a boy, was brought by the rebel lords against his father, Scott says, "The Borderers of Liddesdale and Annandale charged with the wild and furious cries which they called their *slogan*"—*T of Glend* 1 166 (Gl)

75 *Pricker* 'A light horseman' Cf I xix 304, n (Gl I)  
 N B "Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men at arms, and the *Border-prickers*, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot"—Sc Cf I 37, 47

82 *Moss*, i.e. 'morass,' the marshy land on the Border Hence the marauding Borderers were often called *moss* troopers (Gl)

91 *Brocade* A silken stuff with variegated pattern (Gl)

98-101 *That fangless Lion* *glistering hide* The Borderers are attracted by the *bright garment* which Lindsay wears as Lion King at arms Cf IV vi

98 *Fangless*, i.e. Lindsay is Lion in dress, but not in power to defend himself, for his train is 'all unnamed' (IV vii 150)

99 *Glistering* 'Glistening,' 'glittering'

100 *Doublet pied* Coat of various colours (*Doublet*, Gl II, *Pied*, Gl V)

101 *Kirtle* 'Gown,' 'petticoat' (See Gl)

N B The want of respect for the chief of the heralds shows very well the wild, lawless nature of the Borderers Note, too, that they care not whether they attack Scotch or English We read of the Borderers Deloraine, in the *Lay*, that—

"Five times outlawed had he been

By *England's* king, and *Scotland's* queen"

—*Lay*, I xxi

V 102 *The Celtic race*, i. the Highlanders "The Highlands of Scotland, so called from the rocky and mountainous character of the country, consist of a very large proportion of the northern parts of that kingdom. It was into these pathless wildernesses that the Romans drove the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain; and it was from these that they afterwards sallied to invade and distress that part of Britain which the Romans had conquered, and in some degree civilized. The inhabitants of the Highlands spoke, and still speak, a language totally different from the Lowland Scots. That last language does not greatly differ from English, and the inhabitants of both countries easily understand each other, though neither of them comprehend the Gaelic, which is the language of the Highlanders. The dress of these mountaineers was also different from that of the Lowlanders. They wore a *plaid*, or mantle of frieze or of a striped stuff called taitan, one end of which being wrapt round the waist, formed a short petticoat, which descended to the knee, while the rest was folded round them like a sort of cloak. They had *bushens* made of raw hide, and those who could get a bonnet, had that covering for their heads, though many never wore one during their whole lives, but had only their own shaggy hair tied back by a leather strap. They went always armed, carrying bows and arrows, long swords, which they wielded with both hands, called clymores, poleaxes, and daggers for close fight. For defence they had a round wooden shield, or *target*, stuck full of nails, and then great men had shirts of mail, not unlike to the flannel shirts now worn, only composed of links of iron instead of threads of woisted, but the common men were so far from desiring armour, that they sometimes threw their plaids away, and fought in their shirts, which they wore very long and large, after the Irish fashion. This part of the Scottish nation was divided into *clans*, that is, tribes. The persons composing each of these clans believed themselves all to be descended, at some distant period, from the same common ancestor, whose name they usually bore. Thus one tribe was called MacDonald, which signifies the sons of Donald, another MacGregor, or the sons of Gregor, MacNeil, the sons of Neil, and so on. Every one of these tribes had its own separate *chief*, or commander, whom they supposed to be the immediate representative of the great father of the tribe, from whom they were all descended. To this chief they paid the most unlimited obedience, and willingly followed his commands in peace or war, not caring although, in doing so, they transgressed the laws of the king, or went into rebellion against the king himself. Each tribe lived in a valley, or district of the mountains, separated from the others, and they often made war upon, and fought desperately with each other"—SCOTT, *T of a Grand* 1 96

106-7 *And wild and garish semblance . . . plaid, i.e. the trousers striped with the clan colours ('chequer'd ties'), and the loose outer garment, also of the clan colours, fastened with a belt ('belted plaid'), made a strange and gaudy picture (Garish, Ties, Gl For chequer'd see Check, Gl I)*

116-17 *The chief, the eagle's plumage . . .* So when Conachar, the young chief of the clan Quhele, appeared to Catherine (in the *Fair Maid of Perth*), he wore in his bonnet "the eagle's feather, marking the quality of chief"

119 *Buskins* A kind of high shoe, covering the foot and leg to the middle, and tied underneath the knee (Gl)

120 *Bonnet* 'Man's cap,' in Scotland.

124 *Targe* A round wooden shield

125-7 *And quivers, bows, and shafts . . . weak the bow*  
The Scotch peasantry could not be got to practise the use of the bow "The Highlanders were the most numerous, if not the only archers in Scotland These mountaineers carried a weak bow, short and imperfectly strung, which discharged a heavy arrow with a clumsy barb, three or four times the weight of an English shaft"—SCOTT, *Hist of Scot* 1 345-6

How skilfully and easily Scott brings each of the parts of the motley Scotch host before us—the heavy cavalry (who were not numerous in Scottish armies), the pike-men from the towns, the war-hating but determined yeomen, then—a complete contrast to these—the Borderers, to whom war was sport (l 79), and the still wilder Highlanders

VI 149 *Falchion* 'Sword' (Gl II)

156 *Lineage* 'Family'

157 *Following* 'Retainers,' 'those who followed his banner'

136-57 Note once more how real all this is to Scott, and how, just as he made us enter Norham with Marmion, and see the ghostly knight with Marmion's eyes, so he takes us through the camp, and makes us thoroughly feel the waillike bustle in the streets of Edinburgh Equally vivid is the picture of the court in st vii *et seq*

162 *Holy Rood* The royal palace at Edinburgh

168 *Don* 'Put on' (= 'do on') Cont 'doff,' viii 210

*Weeds* 'Clothes' (Gl)

VII 172 *Wassell* Cf I xv 231, xxx 526, and Gl I

180 *Tournay* = 'tournament.' For an example, see the tournament at Ashby, *Ivanhoe*, chap x (Gl)

181 *Traced* P part 'Followed through all its steps'

182 *Pageant* 'Show,' 'spectacle' (Gl)

185 *Blithest* 'Gayest'

*And his last.* Note the contrast (or antithesis) in this line.

"A judiciously chosen contrast is an agreeable surprise, its effect is that of a strong light and shade, or a quick change in a scene." We are looking on the gaiety of James and his court, and suddenly we are reminded that Flodden and death are near, that never again will James keep court at Holy Rood, that soon will be raised in Scotland the "universal wail" for

"Flodden's fatal field,

Where shiver'd was fall Scotland's spear,

And broken was her shield!"—VI xxxiv 1059-66

191 *Licensed fool* i.e. the jester, who was freely permitted to indulge in jokes and gibes, e.g. Wamba in *Ivanhoe*, Le Glorieux in *Quentin Durward*, Jonas Schwanker, the Duke of Austria's jester, in *Tahsman*

VIII 210 *Doff* = 'do off,' 'take off' (opp. of 'don' l 168)

212 *Mien* 'Appearance,' 'bearing'

213 *Piled* Pile = the nap, the fine hairy or woolly surface of cloth Cf—

"Velvet soft or plush with shaggy pile"

—COWPER (Gl.)

215 *Sheen* (adj.) 'Bright,' 'clear,' 'beautiful' (Gl.)

217-19 *The badge of Scotland's crown, the thistle brace* We have referred already to the fable of the very early adoption of the thistle by the monarchs of Scotland. See IV vii 142, n, xvi 315-16, n

220 *Toledo right*, i.e. 'of genuine Toledo make' The swords of Toledo (in Spain) were in high repute

221 *Baldric* = 'belt' (Gl.)

222 *Bushins* See st v 119, n (Gl.)

224 *Bonnet*. See st v 120, n

IX 235 *And firm his stirrup* "James was distinguished by his strength and agility, leaping on his horse without putting his toe in the stirrup, and always riding full gallop, follow who could"—Sc

243-49 *The iron belt* James could never forgive himself for having appeared in arms against his father. "Amongst other tokens of repentance, he caused to be made an iron belt, or girdle, which he wore constantly under his clothes, and every year of his life he added another link of an ounce or two to the weight of it, as if he desired that his penance should not be relaxed, but rather should increase during all the days of his life"—Sc *T of G* i 172 Cf. IV xv 295 *et seq.*, and n

244 *His cheer*, 'his countenance,' i.e. 'the expression of his face'

254-59 *Thus, dim-seen startles the courser*. This simile reminds us that Scott was a volunteer cavalry officer and a most daring horseman. See *Introd Ep IV* notes.

N B —Some interesting extracts, illustrating Scott's love of his horses and dogs, will be found among the notes to this Epistle (See pp 213-15)

X 262-66 *To Scotland's Court she came Cessford* We have already shown that Scott is not historically correct in his account of the Heron family (See I xiii 192, n) What really happened was as follows Three English Borderers murdered Sir Robert Keir of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches One of the murderers, a brother of Heron of Ford, escaped by spreading a report that he had died of the plague, and having himself carried in a coffin through the party sent to seize him Henry VII, to please James, gave up Heron of Ford in place of his brother James's acquaintance with Lady Heron did not commence till he marched into England and took Ford Castle Scott places the wife at Holy Rood instead of the husband to be able to introduce st xi-xiii (Sc)

265 *Accord* = 'agreement'

269 78 *The fair Queen of France charged him, as her knight* The French, at war with England, and anxious for Scotch help, played upon James's known love of romance A knight was bound to obey his lady-love and to face all dangers at her summons Sir William Marmion, for instance, rode alone against the Scotch at Norham at his lady's bidding See I xiv 223, n

279 *English fair, i e* Lady Heron, who, the Scotch historians say, revealed to the English the weakness of James's army

283 *Sooth* = 'truth' (Gl I)

285 *Sheen* 'Bright, 'clear' Cf st viii 215 (Gl)

287-88 *His own Queen hour* The alteration in the metre suits well the change in the thought Once more (as in l 185, 244) we see that there is a gloomy background to the gay picture of the court revels

XI 289-92 *The Queen boud* The Queen of Scotland tried in vain to prevent James from invading England "Yet this wise and loving counsel could not be ta'en in good part by him, because she was the king of England's sister Albeit this noble woman laboured as much as she could for the weal of her husband, and also for the love she bore to her brother, the king of England, she desired that no discord might be between the two realms in her time But nothing could stay the king"—*Pittscottie* i 268

302 *Wimple* A covering for the neck (Gl)

XII 313-360 *Lady Heron's Song* Note the metre here—

The pairs of short, unaccented syllables, occurring over and over again, give briskness and rapidity, and so suit the story. It was suggested to Scott by an old ballad called *Katherine Janfaru*. (*B Minst* p 296)

332 *Love swells like the Solway* The Solway Firth was remarkable for the rapid inrush of the tide. On one occasion a traveller was unhorsed by the tide "as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three foot abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head. In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance, no one knew where he was. The sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind"—*B Minst* p 294. See also *Redgauntlet*, Letter IV.

344 *Galliard* 'A lively dance' (Gl)

351 *Croupe* The part of the horse's back behind the saddle. Cf V ii 32 (Gl)

353 *Scaur* A precipitous bank. Cf *Lay I* xii (Gl)

XIII 361 *Siren*=(originally) one of a band of nymphs, said (in old fables) to entice sailors to destruction by singing sweet music. Ulysses is said to have saved himself and his crews by stopping the ears of the crew with wax, so that they could not hear the song, and making them tie him to the mast, so that, though he was fascinated by the music, he could not follow it to his ruin. See *Odyssey*, lib xii (Gl)

367 *Witching* 'Bewitching,' 'fascinating,' 'charming'

370 *Of her royal conquest*, i.e. of the king, whom she had won for an admirer.

374-78 *The King observed*, &c. Note the rapid change in James's mood. He has been thinking of nothing but the gaieties of the court, but the glance of intelligence between Marmion and Lady Heron makes him the proud king, burning for revenge upon England, and angry at all opposition. James was liable to these sudden changes of feeling, as Scott tells us (See I 242-53). We see this also in his behaviour to Douglas. Contrast st xv with st xvi.

380-83 *Our Warden slain, stout Barton kill'd* We have here given the chief causes of James's bitterness against Henry VIII. (1) The slaying of Ken of Cessford, the *Warden* (= 'Protector') of the Middle Marches. For details see st x 262, n. N B. *Marches*= 'Borderland' (ii) The

attack on *Andrew Barton* by Lord Thomas Howard, High Admiral of England, and his brother, and the capture of Barton's famous ship, the *Lion*. (l. 383.) James took great interest in the navy; and Barton, a famous mariner, had made many attacks on English merchant ships. By order of Henry VIII. the Howards attacked Barton. "The fight was very obstinate. If we may believe a ballad of the time, Barton's ship was furnished with a peculiar contrivance, suspending large weights or beams from his yard-arms, to be dropped down upon the enemy when they should come alongside. To make use of this contrivance, it was necessary that a person should ascend the mainmast, or, in naval language, go aloft. As the English apprehended much mischief from the consequences of this manœuvre, Howard had stationed a Yorkshire gentleman, named Hustler, the best archer in the ship, with strict injunctions to shoot every one who should attempt to go aloft to let fall the beams of Barton's vessel. Two men were successively killed in the attempt; and Andrew Barton himself, confiding in the strong armour which he wore, began to ascend the mast. Lord Thomas Howard called out to the archer to shoot true, on peril of his life. 'Were I to die for it,' said Hustler, 'I have but two arrows left.' The first which he shot bounded from Barton's armour without hurting him; but as the Scottish mariner raised his arm to climb higher, the archer took aim where the armour afforded him no protection, and wounded him mortally through the arm-pit. Barton descended from the mast. 'Fight on,' he said, 'my brave hearts; I am a little wounded, but not slain. I will but rest a while, and then rise and fight again; meantime, stand fast by Saint Andrew's Cross,' meaning the Scottish flag, or ensign. He encouraged his men with his whistle while the breath of life remained. At length the whistle was heard no longer; and the Howards, boarding the Scottish vessel, found that her daring captain was dead. They carried the *Lion* into the Thames, and it is remarkable that Barton's ship became the second man-of-war in the English navy."—*Sc. T. of a Grand*. i. 178-79. (Note the skill of the English archer. Cf. st. i. 12-18, n.)

XIV. 388-404 *Douglas*. All readers of Scottish history or of Scott know of the greatness of the Douglas family in the Middle Ages. After a very fierce struggle between the kings of Scotland and this powerful family, extending over several reigns, the last Earl of Douglas was driven into exile by James II. about 1450; but on the ruins of the elder line of the Douglasses sprang up a younger branch of the same house, headed by the Earl of *Angus*. Angus had been on the side of James II. against his kinsman, "which, from the difference of the family complexion,

led to a popular saying that the Red Douglas had put down the Black." He was rewarded by large grants of the Douglas' lands—a very unwise gift of the king's, "since it served to raise this younger branch to a height not much less formidable to the crown than that which the original Douglasses had attained."

Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Angus referred to in *Marmion*, was a man of great strength of will and strength of body.

(1) To illustrate his strength of will, we may describe the circumstances which led to his receiving the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat* (l 398) James III "was so ill advised as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the old historian neverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the king's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar, and seizing the opportunity when, in 1482, the king had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of *Lauder* for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the king's person" (l 39, 95) When all had agreed that this ought to be done, "Lord Gray requested their attention to a fable 'The mice,' he said, 'being much annoyed by the persecution of the cat, resolved that a bell should be hung about puss's neck to give notice when she was coming. But though the measure was agreed to in full council, it could not be carried into effect, because no mouse had courage enough to undertake to tie the bell to the neck of the f<sup>o</sup>r J<sup>o</sup>l'e'e'e \ ' This was as much as to intimate his opinion \ ' The discontented nobles might make bold resolutions against the king's ministers, yet it would be difficult to find anyone courageous enough to act upon them. Archibald, Earl of Angus, started up when Gray had done speaking. 'I am he,' he said, 'who will bell the cat,' from which expression he was distinguished by the name of Bell-the-Cat to his dying day. While thus engaged, a loud authoritative knocking was heard at the door of the church. This announced the arrival of Cochran, attended by a guard of three hundred men attached to his own person, and all gaily dressed in his livery of white, with black facings, and armed with p<sup>o</sup>isans. As Cochran entered the church, Angus, to make good his promise to bell the cat, met him, and rudely pulled the gold chain from his neck, saying, 'A halter would better become him.' They told him he was but a false thief, and should die with all manner of shame, and they hanged Cochran over the centre of the bridge of *Lauder*, in the middle of his companions, who were suspended on each side of him"—SCOTT, *Hist of Sc* I 306, *T of Grand* I 160-2, and n to *Marmion*

(11) To illustrate his strength of body we may describe the circumstance which led to his leaving *Hermitage Castle* for 'Bothwell's turrets' (399-404) "Spens of Kilspindie, a renowned cavalier, had been present in court, when the earl of Angus was highly praised for strength and valour 'It may be,' answered Spens, 'if all be good that is upcome,' insinuating that the courage of the earl might not answer the promise of his person (i.e. might not be so great as his strength) Shortly after, Angus, while hawking near Bothwick, with a single attendant, met Kilspindie 'What reason had ye,' said the earl, 'for making question of my manhood? Thou art a tall fellow, and so am I, and by St Bride of Douglas, one of us shall pay for it' 'Since it may be no better,' answered Kilspindie, 'I will defend myself against the best earl in Scotland' With these words they encountered fiercely, till Angus, with one blow, severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died upon the spot The earl then addressed the attendant of Kilspindie 'Go thy way, tell my gossip, the king, that here was nothing but fair play I know my gossip will be offended, but I will get me into Liddisdale, and remain in my castle of the Hermitage till his anger be abated'" The king seems to have taken advantage of the slaying of Kilspindie, to compel Angus, as a condition of pardon, to exchange the lordship of Liddisdale and the castle of Hermitage for the castle and lordship of Bothwell, hoping thus to make him less dangerous to the crown (*B Minst Int.* 11, 12, and n)

390 *Of yore* 'In old days' (Gl)

394 *Minions* 'Favourites' (Gl)

404 *To fix*. *bowers* would naturally come before *where Bothwell's fair*. (l 402-3) Cf I xxiv 418-20, n on inversion in poetry

411-4 *Against the war had Angus stood* James met with much opposition in connection with the war against England, and resented it highly When, just before Flodden, his council thought of advising him to leave the army, so as to secure his own safety, he burst in upon them, and said, "I will fight with the English though you had all sworn the contrary You may shame yourselves by flight, but you shall not shame me, and as for Lord Patrick Lindsay, who has got the first vote, I vow that when I return to Scotland I will cause him to be hanged over his own gate"—Sc *T of Grand* I 183.

XV. 415-8 *His giant form, like ruined tower*. (a) Note the fine simile here (b) The gigantic strength and grim determination of the Douglasses (or of some of the most famous of them) seem to have taken Scott's imagination very much Everybody remembers the Douglas in the *Lady of the Lake*,

who 'thrust his giant strength between' Malcolm Græme and Roderick Dhu (II xxxiv), and struck down the groom at Stirling with a

"Blow no other hand could deal,

Though gauntleted in glove of steel"—V xxv

See also *Fair Maid of Perth*, chap xi &c

416 *Muscle's brawny vaunt*, i.e. display of muscular power in his person Cf Tennyson's description of Geraint—

"The massive square of his heroic breast

And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,

As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,

Running too vehemently to break upon it"

—Geraint and Enid, *Idylls of the King*

418 *O'er to lower* 'To rise (or 'hang') gloomily over'

427 *Lundisfarne*=Holy Island, from which Marmion had started for Scotland See II xxix 547-9, I vi 261-4

428 *Until my herald come again*, i.e. from Henry VIII, who was besieging Terouenne, in France Cf st xiii 387, and VI 18

429 *Tantallon Hold*. The stronghold or castle of Douglas See st xxxiii and n

432 *He wears*, &c "A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godscroft as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem.

"So mony guid as of ye Douglas beinge,

Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seine

I will ye charge, efter ya I depart,

To holy grawe, and thair bury my hart,

Let it remane ever bothe tyme and howr,

To ye last day I sie my Saviour"—Sc n

433 *Blazon*=(here) 'coat of arms' "The arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars" They were carved on the highest turret of Tantallon See VI ii 31-36 (Cl I)

434-5 *Yet loves foes* This insult to Douglas by the king really took place just before Flodden Angus said the French were making Scotland fight for the benefit of France James, angry at his opposition, "said to him scornfully, 'Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home' The earl, on receiving such an insult, left the camp that night, but his two sons remained, and fell in the fatal battle, with two hundred of the name of Douglas"—Sc *T of Grand* I 183

439 *Galley*='Ship.' *Dunbar* See Map

440 *A bevy of the maids of Heaven* 'A party of nuns'

441 *Under your guard* The "holy maids" referred to are the Abbess and her nuns, including Claire. It was natural that James should send back English nuns under the protection of Marmion, the English ambassador. But of course Marmion was "the man most dreaded under heaven" by the Abbess and Claire. See st. xviii.

444-7 *Requiem for Cochran's soul*, i.e. a service performed for the repose of the soul of the dead favourite (Gl.) N.B. It is hard to see why James should feel 'grief, remorse, and shame' when he names Cochran. He never forgave himself, it is true, for having been led by the rebel lords against his father. But the death of Cochran took place six years before that, when James IV was hardly ten years old. How then could he fancy that he was at all responsible for what Angus and the lords did on that occasion? Is it possible that Scott has forgotten that Cochran was the favourite of James III, and is thinking that he was the favourite of James IV himself?

XVI 456 *His*, i.e. the Bruce's (See l. 454.) Robert Bruce was the victor at Bannockburn, and the liberator of Scotland. See *The Lord of the Isles and Marmion*, VI. xx. 609, n.

457-61 *As he said of the Douglas old true* The Good Lord James of Douglas was one of the two great lieutenants of the Bruce (See VI. xx. 609-17, n. and ii. 34-6, n.) The Bruce had vowed to go on a crusade, but death prevented him. On his death-bed "he beckoned that brave and gentle knight Sir James Douglas to come near, and thus addressed him: 'Sir James, my dear friend, when all went hardest against me I made a vow, which it now deeply grieves me not to have accomplished. Since, therefore, this poor frail body cannot go thither (i.e. to the Holy Land) and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there in place of my body to fulfil my vow, and because in my whole kingdom I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all those knightly qualities requisite for the accomplishment of this vow, it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that for the love you bear me, you will, instead of myself, undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for, believe me, I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you once undertake, you will not rest till you successfully accomplish, and thus I shall die in peace if you will do all that I shall enjoin you.' And when Sir James was able to reply he said, 'Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to be the keeper and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most willingly, and

to the best of my power most faithfully, shall I obey your commands, although I do truly think myself little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise' 'Now praise be to God,' said the king, 'I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my kingdom hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish' '—*FRANÇOISSAR 1, apud TYLLER*

467 *Unwonted* = 'unusual'

467-68 *I had for respite* *dad, i.e.* be an argument for pausing before you attempt what may be so fatal to you

470 *Her sparrow part* Scott wrote originally "Her love depart" Why did he alter this? Because he wants to say 'Douglas's weeping means a great deal, though the weeping of a child, a stripling, or a maid, may mean very little,' and he would spoil the contrast by giving the maiden so serious a cause for weeping as the death of her lover

N.B. Perhaps Scott is thinking of Catullus' "Passei mortuus est mea puellæ Passei, delictæ, &c (in 3, 4)

XVII 477 *Tamper'd with his changing mood*, i.e. took advantage of his change of feeling (towards Douglas), to urge him to give up his schemes against England

485-97 *The haughty Marmion answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt* "Where shall we find an answer given to a hostile

sovereign more dignified, more forcible, more becoming, than the answer given by Marmion to James? As coming from an ambassador penetrated with the responsibility of his position, from a veteran statesman and soldier, alive to all the evils of war, it is impossible to devise a reply finer, more spiced, and yet more temperate, than that of the English envoy when king James indulges his spleen in bitter sarcasms against him and England amid the festivities of Holy Rood"—DOYLE, p. 122-23

486 *Vaunt* 'Boasting speech'

491 *Prickers* 'Light horsemen' Cf st iv 75, n, and see Gl I

501 "*A hall! a hall!*" "An exclamation, forcibly used in the same way as '*A ring! a ring!*' now is, in order to make room in a crowd for some particular purpose"

XVIII 506-27 *Leave we to tell what to St Hilda's maids befall*, &c Since the end of Canto II we have been following Marmion to Holy Rood but we must not forget the scene at Holy Island, and the proofs of Marmion's guilt that Constance produced there The packet which contained those proofs is likely to ruin Marmion What has become of it? And what has become of Clare? These questions are answered in this stanza and in stanza xxiv 677-78 We find that the Abbess of St Hilda, with her nuns and Clare, has been captured by a Scotch ship during her voyage back to her abbey

at Whitby (508-9) James, respecting the sacred office of the Abbess and nuns, places them naturally under the protection of Marmion, the English ambassador, to be conducted safely back to England. But he could not have given them a guide they dreaded more, for the Abbess was one of Constance's judges (II xix 356-68), and she actually has in her possession the proofs of Marmion's guilt (V xxiv 677-78). Well, then, may she fear Marmion's vengeance if he finds out that Constance died, and how and well may she fear his violence if he suspects she has the fatal packet (See III xvii 296-303, and V xxiv 679-82). Clare too sees in Marmion the cause of De Wilton's death and her detested and dreaded suitor.

510 *Bede* = 'stay'

517 *Chaplet*, i.e. her rosary, the row of beads by which Roman Catholics count their prayers (Cf I xxvi 452-53 and n) N B "The *chapelet de roses*, a chaplet (or wreath) of roses placed on the statues of the Virgin (shortly called a 'rosarie,' or 'rosary'), came later to mean a sort of chain, intended for counting prayers, made of threaded beads, which at first were made to resemble the chaplets of the Madonna."

524 *Unwittingly* = 'unknowingly'. James did not know that the Abbess and Clare had any reason for dreading Marmion.

533 *The convey*, &c., i.e. the journey under the care of Marmion. N B 'To convey' is 'to accompany for protection'. Another form of 'convey'.

XIX 534-48 Note Scott's skill in constructing the story. How naturally the Abbess and Clare are brought under Marmion's care! The Scotch ships were plundering the English about this time indeed, one cause of the war was the boldness of the Bartons, famous Scotch mariners (See V xiii 383 and n). Then how naturally the Abbess is led to trust the packet to the Palmer. She is in dread of Marmion's violence. She sees a holy pilgrim (the Palmer) among Marmion's followers. She naturally thinks the best thing she can do is to tell him to carry the packet to the king of England (See I 572-75, 677-92). But the Palmer is no other than De Wilton himself, and so the Abbess (though she knows it not) is giving the proofs of Marmion's guilt to his bitterest enemy.

538 *A scroll* = 'a letter,' 'a roll of paper'. N B The word meant originally a 'strip,' 'shred'.

540 *The Church's weal* (*Weal* = 'welfare' Gl). The Abbess hopes and believes that the Church will be benefited by Clare's sorrows, because Clare, rather than marry Marmion, will become a nun, and give all her wealth to the Church. See st xxii 625-43, xxiii 673-6.

XX. 552 *By* (adv) 'Past,' 'over,' 'away.'

557 *Boding* 'Foreboding,' 'ominous' Cf III xvi 263 (Gl III)

569 *Bowne him* = 'prepare himself,' 'make ready' Cf. IV xiii 487, and n (Gl IV)

XXI 572 *et seq* The Abbess's speech (xxi—xxiv) is both very characteristic and very important to the story

(a) Very characteristic The Abbess looks at all that happens as one apart from the world and its ordinary joys and sorrows

"Love, to her ear, was but a name,  
Combined with vanity and shame,  
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
Bounded within the cloister wall" —II iii

All her thoughts are for the good of the Church and her convent of St Hilda

(b) Very important We know from her, for the first time, the full story of De Wilton's ruin, viz, the exact charge of treason brought against him, and the way in which (under Marmion's direction) Constance managed to forge letters in De Wilton's name, and place them among his papers We know, too, how complete are the proofs of Marmion's guilt, which Constance had kept (as she told us in II xxx 557-64) to retain her power over her faithless lover

573-5 *For sure he must be sainted man*, &c The Abbess stops herself, for a moment, to explain why she calls him 'holy Palmer' (l 572)

577-9 *Nor deem of light avail above!* The Abbess fears that a holy man like the Palmer will think her tale trivial, because she must speak of earthly love

582-3 *Idle it were came* 'Whitby's Dame' is evidently proud of her high birth, but thinks such pride wrong in an abbess

585 *Despiously* = 'cruelly,' sometimes 'maliciously' Cf — "*Despiously* him slough [*i e* slew] the fiers Achille" —CHAUC (See *Despite*, Gl II)

587-90 *Martin Swart . . Simnel Stokefield* There were two impostors who headed Yorkist risings in the reign of Henry VII Perkin Warbeck, the more dangerous of these, has been already mentioned (See I xviii 298) The other, *Lambert Simnel*, pretended to be the Earl of Warwick, the nephew of Edward IV *Martin Swart* was a German general under Simnel, and was killed at the battle of *Stoke* (1487), after which Simnel was made prisoner, and became a scullion in the king's kitchen.

596 *Some scroll of courteous compliment*, *i e* some mere letter of courtesy

600-1 *For in his packet there were laid letters and* For how these fatal letters were placed there, see st xxiii 655-60.

603-4 *His fame, thus blighted, in the field he strove to clear* It seems doubtful whether Scott is right here, in making a knight try<sup>to</sup> to clear himself through trial by battle, when the proof of his treason appeared so clear. Would he not have been at once degraded, like Sir Andrew Harchy (see I xii 185-6, n), who, having been declared guilty of traitorous correspondence with the enemies of England, became thereupon "no longer a knight but a knave." See JEFFREY, *Ed. Rev.*, and SCOTT, *Ess. on Chiv.* 55-6.

610 *Ordeal* = 'test of guilt or innocence' (See I xii 185-6, n on trial by battle). The Abbess cannot understand how, in the appeal to the judgment of God, De Wilton, the innocent man, was unsuccessful (Gl).

XXII 612 *A recreant doom'd to suffer law, &c* doomed to suffer the penalty of the law as a knight proved faithless (For *Recreant* see Gl). The penalty was degradation. See I xii 185-6, n.

615 *A stranger maiden* This was Constance. See l 660.

618 *Credence* = 'belief'. Clare alone, who loves De Wilton, believes, because she loves him, that he is innocent. We must remember that the Abbess, without knowing it, is saying all this to De Wilton himself.

622 *Vestal votaries* 'One who had taken vestal vows,' 'a nun'. Cf II v 96, n.

623 *The impulse from the earth was given, &c* it was an earthly motive (viz., disappointed love) which drove her to the convent.

627 *Saxon Edelfred* Cf II xiii 243-4, n.

631 *The cross* = the sorrow which God, as she believes, has given her, &c the loss of her lover, De Wilton.

647 *Mandate* = 'order from the king'. We shall find that Marmion had such an order (see st xxix 862-6), and, having shown it to Douglas, did remove Clare from the Abbess (See st. xxix *et seq.*)

XXIII 661 *Clerk* = 'scholar,' 'learned person'. See III xix 324, n (Gl III).

662 *Character* = 'handwriting' (from Gk *χαρακτήρ*, 'an engraved or stamped mark').

663-72 *Perchance you may a marvel deem, &c* Constance was skilful in imitating handwriting. She had forged letters in De Wilton's hand, and placed them among his papers (655-60). But why should Constance, who loved Marmion, work so hard to ruin De Wilton, which would help Marmion to marry Clare? (l 663-6). The Abbess suggests the following explanation. Constance wished to gain power over Marmion by holding a secret that, if revealed, would ruin his reputation. (667-9). It was for this reason that she kept all

the proofs of his connection with the vile plot against De Wilton (670-2) (*Paragon*, see I xv 256 n and Gl I)

673-6 *And thus Saint Hilda, &c* Very characteristic. The Abbess cannot help thinking that everything has been working for the good of the Church and of Clare's soul, that her saint has used Constance as an instrument to bring Clare and her lands to the Abbey of Whitby (675)

XXIV 677-8 *'Twere long, and needless* *fill* Constance produced the packet at her trial (See II xxviii 537-9) But, of course, the dreadful secret of Constance's fate will not be revealed by the Abbess

681 *He, i.e* Maimion

695 *Alas* See II xxvii 501, n (Gl II)

697-9 *What art'st thou* *strong emotion . . .* The Abbess is naturally astonished at the Palmer's strong excitement as he takes the packet. She does not know that she is giving it to De Wilton, who may well be overcome, for he holds in his hands the proofs of his innocence. Honour and love may be his once more

699-708 *Ere reply* *on its battled tower appear phantoms*

While earthly agencies (*i.e.* Constance's packet and the Abbess's efforts) are at work to overthrow all the cherished schemes of Maimion, "the powers of darkness also are mustering their strength against him. They are allowed by God to add his fate to the fate of those anxious thousands for whom life is about to end, and eternity to begin, on the hitherto unnoticed pastures and sheep-walks of Flodden. With the same mastery of his art that has been shown throughout, Walter Scott brings us nearer and nearer to the identification of his mysterious Palmer with the dishonoured and exiled knight, Ralph de Wilton. On receiving the all important papers, the emotion of the Palmer is visible to the Abbess at once, but, though we seem to be on the brink of a discovery and a confession, the end is not yet. By a happy accident the demon summons, addressed to those about to fall at Flodden, intervenes with wonderful effect," so that the Abbess does not discover that she has been speaking to De Wilton (DOYLE, 123-4)

XXV 709-18 *Dun-Edin's Cross* (a) "The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an *octagonal*" (or eight-sided) "*tower*. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch. Above these was a *projecting battlement*. Above this rose the *proper Cross*, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn." Cf I 705, 709-10, 718

(b) "From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the Acts of Parliament, and its site" (*i.e.* the

place where it stood), "marked by radii, diving from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still *the place where proclamations are made*" Cf l 712-4, 725-9

(c) "The magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*), destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street, while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross"—SC n

Note Scott's love of antiquities, and anger against those who mutilated or destroyed them Cf his remarks on Crichton Castle (IV xi 209-10, and n) and Lichfield Cathedral (VI xxxvi 1094-8)

711 *Razed* = 'laid level with the ground' (Lat '*rasum*'), 'demolished,' 'destroyed'

717 *Mahson* 'Curse' (See Gl)

719 *Passing Nature's law*, i.e. 'supernatural,' 'miraculous'

722 *Gibber* 'To make strange, unearthly noises' (N.B. 'Gibberish') Horatio says, in *Hamlet*, that just before Julius Cæsar's death—

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets"—*Ham* I 1

723-8 *Nought confirm'd darkly as there, proclaim*, i.e. they could see and hear nothing distinctly, but, so far as they could interpret the mysterious sights and sounds, it seemed as though at the Cross heralds and pursuivants, with their accustomed pomp, were preparing to proclaim a summons (i.e. to call on certain persons to appear before a judge)

729 *Pageant* 'Show,' 'spectacle' Cf. st. vii 182 (Gl)

730 *Foims* is a verb

XXVI 739 *Ham who sent me here*, i.e. Pluto (= Satan), as we see from the old story in *Pitscottie* for this legend, like that of the apparition in Linlithgow Church, is taken by Scott from the old chronicle of *Pitscottie*, and kindled into poetry by his genius

742 *Cite* 'Summon,' 'call on'

750 *At your monarch's*, i.e. at Pluto's See l 739, n.

760 *Foredoom'd pile*, i.e. doomed beforehand to form part of the multitude of dead on Flodden Field

764 *Erst* 'Formerly' (Gl)

764-9 "What an air of truth does the lawyer like accuracy of the demon herald give, in '*De Wilton, erst of Aberley*,' and how fine, on the other hand, is the poetical vagueness of

'*But then another spoke*'"

A second mysterious voice answers the first We shall be told later who this 'other' was (in Canto VI) —DOYLE, p 125

769 *Appealing me* 'Making my appeal' (N B The language of the law still kept up), applying for protection from the Evil One to the higher authority of Christ

774 *Proned* From Lat *pronus*, 'inclining forward'

779 *Pass'd* = 'went away'

Before leaving this account of the demon summons, note (a) How vividly Scott makes us feel the ghostly horror of the dreadful vision We see it with the eyes of the terrified abbeſs. (b) How fine is the contrast between the loud legal cleanness of the summons (st xxvi) and the vagueness and mystery of the phantom forms (st xxv)

XXVII 780 *Shift we, &c* 'let us change' Scott is going to pass over the description of James's departure from Edinburgh with his army, just as he passed over the convent banquet See II xii 215-6, and n Cf V xxxiv 993-1014

789-90 *Bold Douglas* 'thy change' An example of what is called Apostrophe See III xiii 201, n

792-4 *The Palmer still*, &c Why is this mentioned? To account for the Palmer (*z e* the disguised De Wilton) remaining with Marmion He tried to leave long ago, after the midnight encounter, but was prevented by Lindesay (See IV ix 181-6) Now he is naturally more anxious than ever to get away; for he bears with him the proofs of his innocence But it suits Scott to take the Palmer to Tantallon (we shall see why in Canto VI), and so he makes Angus, like Lindesay, compel all Marmion's train to keep together

796 *A wondrous change* The reason is clear De Wilton knows he can now prove his innocence Hope rises once more within his breast he is burning to do some great deed to win back his knightly fame See VI x 301-4

804 *His mettle* 'His horse's spirit' (Gl I)

XXVIII 813 *Audience* 'Interview' (with Clare).

821-34 *His was no flickering flame . . vault of stone* We learn much of Marmion's character and motives from these lines (a) He does not love Clare If he ever loved, it was Constance. (833-4) He woos Clare merely for her wealth (824-6 Cf II v 94), so that he cannot be said to have been jealous of De Wilton, though his proud nature could not bear failure in anything he sought (826-8) (b) He has done a gross wrong, but he is of too noble a nature to be happy in successful sin Just as he was stricken with remorse for his cruelty to Constance (see III xvii), so he is led almost to hate Clare, because she has been the innocent cause of his fall.

N B 1 829 *That meanness* = the forgery of the letters. (See st xxiii) 1 831 *The cause* = Clare (the heiress)

XXIX. 836 *North Berwick* is on the Firth of Forth, at the

extreme north of Haddingtonshire (See map) It must not be confused with Berwick on Tweed *North Berwick Law* is 'a lofty hill, which is extremely remarkable on account of its rising suddenly out of a level territory' N B Marmion saw it from Blackford Hill See IV xxx 623

838 *A venerable pile* i.e. a Cistercian nunnery, said by Dalrymple to have been founded before 1154

840 *The lofty Bars* One of several small islands in the Firth of Forth, north of Haddingtonshire (See map) "It is inaccessible on all sides, except by one narrow passage. It was an ancient possession of the family of Lauder, who for a long time refused to sell it, though solicited to it by several kings. King James VI told the then laird he would give him whatever he pleased to ask for it, to which he answered, 'Your Majesty must e'en resign it to me, for I'll have the auld Craig back again'" — *Blair of Scot* 1 453

*The Lamb's Isle* In original MS, "The Lamb's Green Isle" (See map)

853-66 *But when fair Clara, &c* The Abbess, we see, was right when she feared Clare would be taken from her (See st xxii 644-47) Marmion, as she suspected, has power to remove Clare (862-66) and to make her *wend* (= 'go') with him (861)

XXX 867-70 *The startled Abbess* *cold as lead* Note the contrast between the Abbess and Clare here. Anguish like Clare's may be too deep for word, too deep even for tears

874-91 *Nay, holy mother, &c* Eustace is the pattern of what a squire ought to be. Note (a) his beautiful courtesy (see 855-58 and 965-70), (b) his loyalty and truth, so evident that Clare no longer fears insult on her journey (890-92), (c) his belief in Marmion (882-89) A noble mind like Eustace's would naturally be unsuspecting, so we can easily understand his seeing nothing of Marmion's misdeeds (Cf III xv 256-59, n) Still, we cannot help respecting Marmion more because Eustace believes in him. Here (as in other passages in the latter part of the poem) the nobler side of Marmion's character is brought out as he moves to meet his death at Flodden

897 *Inveigh'd* 'Railed,' 'talked bitterly' N B The word means literally 'to carry on being against,' from Latin 'invehere'

899 *With candle, bell, and book* When people were solemnly excommunicated—i.e. cut off from the Church for their sins—the priest finished by crying out, "Fiat, fiat, doe the book, quench the candles, ring the bell Amen, Amen" And then (we are told) "the book was clapped together, the candles blown out, and the bells rung, with a most dreadful noise made by the congregation present bewailing the accursed persons concerned in that black doom denounced against them" — WORDS *Eccles. Brog.*

XXXI 906 *Wonted state* 'Accustomed (or usual) dignity'

915 *His fate explore* 'Learn what happened to him'

918 *Plebeian* is der. from Lat. 'plebs' = 'the common people'. The death-blow came from a common soldier, and was, therefore, base or ignominious to a knight.

911-19 *The records* *He and his band before* A real Robert de Marmion died thus in Stephen's reign. This baron, described as "Homo bellicosus, sciencia, et astucia, sine ulla re tempore impii," after driving out the monks from the church of Coventry, engaged in "a feudal war with the Earl of Chester. Marmion's horse fell as he charged in the van of his troop against a body of the earl's followers, the rider's thigh being broken by the fall. His head was cut off by a common foot-soldier ere he could receive any succour"—WILLIAM OF NEWBURY, Sc. n.

922 *Recluse* 'One living retired from the world,' e.g. an abbess or nun (Lat. 'claustrum')

924 *Minister* 'Servant,' instrument to carry out the divine will.

929-33 Note the contrast between '*hasty Blount*' and Fitz-Eustace here (Cf. IV. iii. 32-34, n., VI. xxvii-viii.) See how Blount's rough interruption—

"Wilt thou stand

All day, with bonnet in thy hand?"—

brings before us Eustace's patient courtesy.

935 *Fool* = 'foolish' (Gl.)

XXXII 939 *Submit we* = 'let us submit' Cf. st. xviii. 780.

946 *Sanctuary* = 'refuge'. In the Middle Ages those who were accused of crime, or pursued by powerful enemies, often took sanctuary, i.e. placed themselves within some holy building, and claimed the protection of the church. Thus the widow of Edward IV. took sanctuary at Westminster with her younger son, from fear of Richard of Gloucester (See Shakespeare, *Richard III.* ii. 3.) Cf. the Cities of Refuge among the Jews (*Deut.* xix.)

947 *Inviolable dome*, i.e. building that cannot be forcibly broken into (e.g. a church). It was a sin to attempt to carry off or injure those to whom the church had given sanctuary (*Dome*, see Gl. II.)

948 *Homicide* = 'man slayer'.

953-6 The *asylum* (= refuge) that no one can take from her is *the grave*.

957 *One victim* (of Marmion's cruelty), i.e. De Wilton, whom she believed dead. See II. vi.

958-9 *Mother*, &c. She turns here to the abbess.

XXXIII 971 *Scant* Cf. 'scarcely,' I. iii. 207, and Gl. I.

974 *His refs.* to *Tanallon*, which is personified, and is subject of 'show'd'. For Personification, see III. xiii. 201, n.

*Tantallon* (See map) "The shattered ruins of this celebrated fortress still overhang a tremendous rock on the coast of East Lothian" It was so strong that if a man wanted to say something was impossible, he would say one might as well try "to ding down Tantallon, and make a bridge to the Bass" (N B For the Bass see st xxix 840, n) About forty years after Flodden, Mary of Guise, Queen Regent of Scotland, tried to persuade the then Earl of Angus to give Tantallon up to her, "under pretence of putting a garrison there to defend it against the English At first he answered indirectly, as if he spoke to a hawk which he held on his wrist, and was feeding at the time. 'The devil,' said he, 'is in the greedy gled [kite]! Will she never be full?' The queen, not choosing to take this hint, continued to urge her request about the garrison 'The castle, madam,' he replied, 'is yours at command, but, by St Bride of Douglas, I must be the captain, and I will keep it for you as well as any one you will put into it'"—Sc *B Minst* p 15, n. *T of Grand I* 232

979 *Battled* (Gl I) Cf the description of Norham Castle (I 1-14) with this and the following lines See also VI 11

980 *Fosse* 'Ditch' (Gl I)

982 *Studded* Set thickly with nails, and so strengthened

988 *Broke its lines*, &c, i.e. the four straight lines of its sides were broken and varied by the projecting turrets, &c

989 *Keep*. 'The donjon' See I. 1 4, and n

XXXIV 993-9 *The princely care why should I declare day?* Scott hurries us over the days of Marmion's stay at Tantallon and James's first successes in England, and takes us at once to the time when Marmion determines to leave Tantallon on the following morning, so as to be with the English army before the decisive battle is fought

998 *By hurrying posts, or fleetest fame*, i.e. by swift messengers from the army, or by rumours that travelled still faster

1000 *Etall, Wark, and Ford* are Border fortresses (See map)

*Norham* is said to have been taken through the advice of a traitor, who was worthily rewarded by James For

"When the Scots the walls had won,  
And rifled every nook and place,  
The traitor came to the king anon,  
But for reward met with disgrace

'Therefore for this thy traitorous trick  
Thou shalt be hanged in a trice,  
Hangman, therefore, quoth he, be quick,  
The groom shall have no better place''

It was at *Ford Castle* that James wasted his time with Lady Heron. Meanwhile the forty days' provisions, which his troops had brought with them (see st iii 50-2) were used up, and many of them went home, partly from want of food, partly to place their booty in safety (Sc.)

1011-4 *Such acts to chronicles I yield*, &c. These lines are important. Scott is not writing a history. He is not bound to historical detail or accuracy. His is "a tale of Flodden Field" and of Lord Marmion, "not a history." Cf I xiii 192, n.

1015-21 *At length they heard at Wooler ta'en*. It is important to note carefully the positions of the armies (See map). "The Scottish army had fixed their camp upon a hill called *Flodden*, which rises to close in, as it were, the extensive flat called *Millfield Plain*. This eminence slopes steeply towards the plain, and there is an extended piece of level ground on the top, where the Scots might have drawn up their army, and awaited at great advantage the attack of the English." Surrey, with the English army, was at *Wooler*, only four or five miles away (See Map). It will easily be seen that he could hardly dare to go straight up to the attack from the side where he was. He first tried to work on James's well known spirit of chivalry. "He sent a herald to invite James to come down from the height, and join battle in the open plain of Millfield below, and hinted that it was the opinion of the English chivalry assembled for battle that any delay of the encounter would sound to the king's dishonour." But James refused, and then Surrey made the famous march described in VI xix-xx—*T of Grand I* 184. NB For Surrey see VI xxii 677, n.

1022-30 *Marmion, like charger*, &c. Note Marmion's warlike impatience, well brought out by the simile in l 1022-3. We shall find that Surrey and his army were as glad to welcome such a renowned warrior as Marmion was to join them. See VI xxiv.

1031-32 *I wol* = 'I know'. First pers pres indic of vb *to wit* (whence *wit* = 'understanding,' &c., is derived).

*Hath 'bated* courtesy, i.e. is less courteous than he was. 'Bate' = 'abate,' 'lessen,' 'diminish'. NB For the cause of the change in Douglas, see VI ix 265-68. De Wilton has told Douglas his story, and convinced him of Marmion's treachery. We shall see the scorn of Douglas blaze out in the famous scene of Marmion's departure. See VI xiii 400-408.

1035 *Against*. Cf (a)—

"The lists' dread barriers to prepare

*Against the morrow's dawn*—"Lay, V ix

(b) "Be ready *against* the third day"—*Exod* xix 11.

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO V

**baldric**, 'a belt,' 'girdle,' through O F. from O II G *bald-er-ich*, from *balz*, which means, and is allied with, E *belt*

**brigantine**, or **brigandine**, 'a coat of mail,' or 'a coat of plate armour,' so called because worn by *brigands* or robbers. F *brigand* is from Ital *briga*, 'strife,' 'quarrel'

**brocade**, 'a variegated silk stuff,' from Span *brocado*, which is from the same root as F *brocher*, 'to broach,' 'to spit,' 'to sew with great stitches,' and E *broach*, *brooch*

**burgher**=*burgh-er* *Burgh* (= 'borough') is from A S. *burh*, *burg* (cf *Edin-burgh*), from A S *beorgan*, 'to defend' 'protect'

**buskin**, 'a kind of legging,' from Dutch *broekens*, O Dutch *bose ken*, dimin of *bose*, 'a paise' *Boise* (borrowed from O F) comes through Low Lat from Gk *βύσση*, 'hide,' 'skin'

**corslet** *Cors el-et*, 'body armour,' is from O F *cors*, 'a body,' with dimin suffixes *Cors*, also *corps*, is from Lat *corpus* Cf *corpse*, *corse*

**croupe**, through O F, from Scand *krøppi*, 'a hunch or bump on the body' It is the same word as *crop* ('that which is reaped,' 'a harvest,' or 'a bird's crop'), the original meaning being 'that which sticks up or out'

**curvette**, through Ital *corvitta*, 'a leap,' 'bound,' and O Ital *corvare*, 'to bow,' 'bend,' from Lat *curvus*, 'bent'

**erst**=*er-st*, A S *ærest*, 'soonest,' 'first,' superlative of A S. *ær*, 'soon,' 'before,' the old form of Mod E *ere*

**fond**, M E *fonned*, p part of *fonnen*, 'to act foolishly,' from *fon*, 'a fool' (a word of Scand origin)

**galliard**, 'a lively dance,' from Span *gallardo*, 'pleasant,' 'gay,' 'lively' Cf O F *gaillard*, 'valiant,' 'bold'

**garish**, 'glaring,' 'showy' 'ga-ri-sh' from the old verb *gare*, 'to stare,' another form of M E *gar*, whence Mod E *gaze* Of Scand origin

**gorget**, from O F *gorge*, 'the throat,' from Lat *gurgis*, 'a whirlpool,' 'abyss,' a word applied in later times to the *gullet* from its voracity

**hagbut** (or, more properly, *hack-but*), through O F, from Dutch *haak bus*, from *haak*, 'a hook,' and *bus*, 'a gun-barrel.' Thus the meaning is 'a gun with a hook.' *Aiquebus* is another form of the same word.

**jack**, 'a military coat,' from O F *jaque*. It probably arose from the French name *Jacques*, 'James,' at the time of the *Jacquerie*, or revolt of the French peasantry, in the fourteenth century, during the Hundred Years' War. The French peasantry were popularly called *Jacques Bonhomme*. Cf. the name *John Bull* applied to the English people. N B *Jack* is der. from it.

**kirtle**, 'a sort of gown or petticoat,' used rather vaguely. Perhaps a dimin. of *skirt*, with loss of initial *s*.

**malison**, der. through O F *malison*, *maldecion*, from Lat *maledicere*, 'to speak evil against.' N B. It is only another form of *malediction*. Cf. *benediction* and *benison*.

**mignon**, 'a favourite' (F *mignon*), from F adj. *mign-on*, 'dainty,' 'neat,' also 'pleasing,' 'kind,' der. from Old G *minna*, *minni*, 'memory,' 'remembrance,' 'love.' From same root as E *mind*.

**moss**, from A S *moes*. *Mine* is from the same root.

**ordeal**, from A S *or dæl*, *or-dæl*, where *or* = 'out,' *dæl* = 'deal.' The word, therefore, means originally 'a dealing out,' 'separation,' 'discrimination,' hence 'judgment,' 'decision.' Cf. G *urtheil*.

**pageant**, 'a show,' 'a spectacle' (M E *pagent*), meant originally 'a movable scaffold,' such as was used in the representation of the old mysteries. *Pagent* is from Lat *pagina*, the *t* being inserted, as in *tyrant*, from Lat *tyrannus*. In Low Lat *pagina* denotes 'a stage' or 'platform,' der. from *pangere*, 'to fasten.'

**pie**, *pie* 'variegated like a magpie or pie.' *Pie* is, through F, from Lat *pica*, 'a magpie.' Cf. *piebald*.

**piled**, from *pile*, 'hau,' 'fibre of wool.' *Pile* is from Lat *pilus*, 'a hau.' *Plush*, *per wig* (and its shortened form *wig*), are der. from it.

**recreant**, O F *pies* part of *recroue*, from Low Lat *recredere*. This verb, which means literally, 'to believe again,' 'alter one's faith,' was also used in the phrase *se recredere*, 'to own oneself beaten in a duel or judicial combat.' Cf. *miscreant*.

**requiem**, acc. of Lat *requies*, 'rest.' The service for the repose of the souls of the dead was called *the requiem* because the anthem began with the words, "*Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine.*"

**scaur** (oi *scar*), from Scand *sker*, 'an isolated rock in the sea,' so called because 'cut off' from the mainland, being from same root as A S *scatan*, 'to cut, whence *shair*, *shair*, &c, are dei

**sheen**, properly an adj., A S *scēn*, *scōne*, meaning literally 'showy,' 'fair to sight,' and connected with *show*, not with *shine*. Cf Germ *schon*, 'beautiful'

**suen**, through Lat, from Gk *συφήν*, probably connected with *σῦρυξ*, 'a pipe,' from a root meaning 'to sound,' hence *συφήν* = (originally) 'singer,' 'pipet'

**s'ogan**, formerly *slogone*, from Gaelic *sluaigh ghanm*, 'the signal for battle among the Highland clans,' from *sluaigh* = 'host,' 'rimy,' and *ganm*, 'call,' 'outcry' (from same root as *crav*) *Slogan* means, therefore, 'the cry of the host'

**tourney** So called from the swift turning of the horses in the combat. Dei, like Eng *turn*, through O F, from Lat *torrare*, 'to turn in a lathe,' 'to turn,' from *torrus*, 'a lathe,' 'turner's wheel'

**trews**, Lowland Sc, from F *trousses*, 'breeches,' pl of *trousse*, 'a bundle,' formerly 'a case' (e.g. for arrows), from F *trousser*—earlier form *toiser*—'to tuss,' 'pack,' 'bind in,' which is from *torlus*, p. part of *torquer*, 'to twist' N B *Trousers* is a late form of the same word. In earlier Eng books we have the forms *trousis*, *troussis*, *trouse*

**weal**, A S *wela* *wæla*, 'prosperity,' 'welfare,' 'well being,' from A S adv *wel*, 'well' N B *Wealth* is dei from it Cf *health*, *dearth*, from *heal*, *dear*

**weeds**, 'garments' Used now chiefly in the phrase 'widow's weeds' Common in Shakspeare in the singular, e.g. "*Wid* wide enough to wrap a fairy in" From A S *wæde*, 'a garment,' originally 'something that is wound or wrapped round'

**wimple**, 'a covering for the neck,' from A S *wimpe*,—meant originally 'that which binds round'

**yore**, 'in old time,' 'long ago,' from A S *gēara*, 'formerly' (N B For the change of *ā* to *o*, which is usual, cf A S *stān*, Mod E *stone*,—*bān*, *bone*, &c) *Gēara* was gen pl of *gēar*, 'a year,' so that the original meaning was 'of years'—*e* 'in years past'—the genitive case being often used in A S to express *time when*

# MARMION

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

To Richard Heber, Esq.,

*Milton House, Christmas*

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill,  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still  
Each age has deem'd the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Iol more deep the mead did drain,  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew,  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer,  
Caroused in seas of sable beer,  
While round, in brutal jests, were thrown  
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow bone  
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,  
While Scalds yell'd out the joys of fight  
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,  
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,  
And dancing round the blazing pile,  
They make such barbarous mirth the while,  
As best might to the mind recall  
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall

10

20

And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,

And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all his hospitable train  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honour to the holy night,  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung, 30  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung  
That only night in all the year,  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear  
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen,  
The hall was dress'd with holy green,  
Foith to the wood did merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe  
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all,  
Power laid his rod of rule aside, 40  
And ceremony doff'd his pride  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose,  
The Lord, underogating, share  
The vulgar game of "post and pair"  
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,  
And general voice, the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, 50  
Went roaring up the chimney wide,  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue coated serving man,  
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary  
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell, 60  
How, when, and where, the monster fell,  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar  
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls  
There the huge sirlorn reek'd, hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie,

Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,  
At such high tide, her savoury goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in, 70  
And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystey ,  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;  
But, O ! what maskers, richly dight,  
Can boast of bosoms half so light !  
England was merry England, when 80  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale ,  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ,  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year

Still linger, in our northern clime,  
Some remnants of the good old time ;  
And still, within our valleys here,  
We hold the kindred title dear,  
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim 90  
To Southron ear sounds empty name ,  
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,  
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.  
And thus, my Christmas still I hold  
Where my great grandsire came of old,  
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air—  
The feast and holy-tide to share,  
And mix sobriety with wine,  
And honest mirth with thoughts divine 100  
Small thought was his, in after time  
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.  
The simple sue could only boast,  
That he was loyal to his cost ,  
The banish'd race of kings revered,  
And lost his land,—but kept his beard

In these dear halls, where welcome kind  
Is with fair liberty combined ,

Where cordial friendship gives the hand,  
 And flies constraint the magic wand 110  
 Of the fair dame that rules the land,  
 Little we heed the tempest dear,  
 While music, mirth, and social cheer,  
 Speed on their wings the passing year  
 And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,  
 When not a leaf is on the bough  
 Tweed loves them well, and turns again,  
 As loath to leave the sweet domain,  
 And holds his mirror to her face,  
 And clips her with a close embrace — 120  
 Gladly as he, we seek the dome,  
 And as reluctant turn us home

How just that, at this time of glee,  
 My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee !  
 For many a merry hour we've known,  
 And heard the chimes of midnight's tone  
 Cease, then, my friend ! a moment cease,  
 And leave these classic tomes in peace !  
 Of Roman and of Grecian lore,  
 Sure mortal brain can hold no more. 130  
 These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,  
 " Were pretty fellows in their day,"  
 But time and tide o'er all prevail—  
 On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—  
 Of wonder and of war—" Pious !  
 What ! leave the lofty Latian strain,  
 Her stately prose, her verse's charms,  
 To hear the clash of rusty arms  
 In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,  
 To jostle conjurer and ghost, 140  
 Goblin and witch !"—Nay, Heber dear,  
 Before you touch my charter, hear  
 Though Leyden aids, alas ! no more,  
 My cause with many-linguaged lore,  
 This may I say—in realms of death  
 Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith*,  
 Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,  
 The ghost of murder'd Polydore,  
 For omens, we in Livy cross,  
 At every turn, *locutus* Bos. 150

As grave and duly speaks that ox,  
As if he told the price of stocks :  
Or held, in Rome republican,  
The place of common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,  
Their legends wild of woe and fear.  
To Cambria look—the peasant see,  
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,  
And shun “the spirit’s Blasted Tree.”  
The Highlander, whose red claymore  
The battle turn’d on Maida’s shore,  
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,  
If ask’d to tell a fairy tale :  
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,  
Who leaves that day his grassy ring :  
Invisible to human ken,  
He walks among the sons of men.

160

Did’st e’er, dear Heber, pass along  
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,  
Which, like an eagle’s nest in air,  
Hang o’er the stream and hamlet fair?  
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,  
A mighty treasure buried lay,  
Amass’d through rapine and through wrong  
By the last Lord of Franchémont.  
The iron chest is bolted hard,  
A huntsman sits, its constant guard ;  
Around his neck his horn is hung,  
His hanger in his belt is slung ;  
Before his feet his blood-hounds lie ;  
An ’twere not for his gloomy eye,  
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,  
As true a huntsman doth he look,  
As bugle e’er in brake did sound,  
Or ever holloo’d to a hound.  
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,  
In that same dungeon ever tries  
An aged necromantic priest ;  
It is an hundred years at least,  
Since ’twixt them first the strife begun,  
And neither yet has lost nor won.

170

180

190

And oft the Conjuror's words will make  
 The stubborn Demon groan and quake,  
 And oft the bands of iron break,  
 Or bursts one lock, that still amain,  
 Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again  
 That magic stuff within the tomb  
 May last until the day of doom,  
 Unless the adept shall learn to tell  
 The very word that clench'd the spell, 200  
 When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell  
 An hundred years are pass'd and gone,  
 And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may  
 Excuse for old Pitscottie say,  
 Whose gossip history has given  
 My song the messenger from Heaven,  
 That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,  
 Nor less the infernal summoning,  
 May pass the Monk of Durham's tale, 210  
 Whose demon fought in Gothic mail,  
 May pardon plead for Foudun grave,  
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave  
 But why such instances to you,  
 Who, in an instant, can renew  
 Your treasured hoards of various lore,  
 And furnish twenty thousand more?  
 Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest  
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,  
 While gripple owners still refuse 220  
 To others what they cannot use,  
 Give them the priest's whole century,  
 They shall not spell you letters three,  
 Their pleasure in the books the same  
 The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem  
 Thy volumes, open as thy heart,  
 Delight, amusement, science, art,  
 To every ear and eye impart,  
 Yet who of all who thus employ them,  
 Can like the owner's self enjoy them?— 230  
 But, hark! I hear the distant drum!  
 The day of Flodden Field is come—  
 Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,  
 And store of literary wealth.

## CANTO SIXTH.

*The Battle.*

## I

WHILE great events were on the gale,  
And each hour brought a varying tale,  
And the demeanour, changed and cold,  
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,  
And, like the impatient steed of war,  
He snuff'd the battle from afar,  
And hopes were none, that back again  
Herald should come from Terouenne,  
Where England's King in leaguer lay,  
Before decisive battle-day; 10  
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare  
Did in the Dame's devotions share  
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd  
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,  
And, with short interval, did pass  
From prayer to book, from book to mass,  
And all in high Baronial pride,—  
A life both dull and dignified,—  
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd  
Upon her intervals of rest, 20  
Dejected Clara well could bear  
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,  
Though dearest to her wounded heart  
The hours that she might spend apart

## II

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep  
Many a rude tower and rampart there  
Repell'd the insult of the air,

Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,  
 Half breeze, half spay, came whistling by 30  
 Above the rest, a turret square  
 Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,  
 Of sculpture rude, a stony shield,  
 The Bloody Heart was in the field,  
 And in the chief three mullets stood,  
 The cognizance of Douglas blood  
 The turret held a narrow stair,  
 Which, mounted, gave you access where  
 A parapet's embattled row  
 Did seaward round the castle go 40  
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,  
 Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,  
 Sometimes in platform broad extending,  
 Its varying circle did combine  
 Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,  
 And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign,  
 Above the booming ocean leant  
 The far-projecting battlement,  
 The billows buist, in ceaseless flow,  
 Upon the precipice below 50  
 Where'er the fantallion faced the land,  
 Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd,  
 No need upon the sea-gut side,  
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide,  
 Approach of human step denied,  
 And thus these lines and ramparts rude  
 Were left in deepest solitude

## III

And, for they were so lonely, Clare  
 Would to these battlements repair,  
 And muse upon her sorrows there, 60  
 And list the sea-bird's cry,  
 Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide  
 Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,  
 And ever on the heaving tide  
 Look down with weary eye  
 Oft did the cliff and swelling main  
 Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—  
 A home she ne'er might see again,

For she had laid adown,  
 So Douglas bade, the hood and veil, 70  
 And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
 And Benedictine gown  
 It were unseemly sight, he said,  
 A novice out of convent shade  
 Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,  
 Aglow adorn'd her brow of snow,  
 Her raiment rich, whose borders, round  
 A deep and fletted border lay bound,  
 In golden foldings sought the ground 80  
 Of holy ornament, alone  
 Remain'd a cross with ruby stone,  
 And often did she look  
 On that which in her hand she bore.  
 With velvet bound, and border'd o'er  
 Her breviary book  
 In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
 At dawning pale or twilight dim  
 It fearful would have been  
 To meet a form so richly dress'd,  
 With book in hand, and cross on breast 90  
 And such a woeful mien  
 Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow  
 To practise on the gull and crow,  
 Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,  
 And did by Mary swear,—  
 Some love-loin Fay she might have been,  
 Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen,  
 For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen  
 A form so witching fair

## IV

Once walking thus, at evening tide, 100  
 It chanced a gliding sail she spied,  
 And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess, there  
 Perchance, does to her home repair,  
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,  
 Walks hand in hand with Charity,  
 Where oft Devotion's tranced glow  
 Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,  
 That the enaptured sisters see  
 High vision and deep mystery,

The very form of Hilda fair, 110  
 Hovering upon the sunny air,  
 And smiling on her votaries' prayer  
 O ! wherefore, to my duller eye,  
 Did still the Saint her form deny !  
 Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,  
 My heart could neither melt nor burn ?  
 O ! he my warm affections low,  
 With him, that taught them first to glow ?  
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew, 120  
 To pay thy kindness grateful due,  
 And well could brook the mild command,  
 That ruled thy simple maiden band  
 How different now ! condemn'd to bide  
 My doom from this dark tyrant's pride  
 But Marmion has to learn, ere long,  
 That constant mind, and hate of wrong,  
 Descended to a feeble gill,  
 From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl  
 Of such a stem, a sapling weak,  
 He ne'er shall bend, although he break. 130

## V

"But see !—what makes this armour here ?"—  
 For in her path there lay  
 Targe, corslet, helm,—she view'd them near—  
 "The breast-plate pierced !—Ay, much I fear,  
 Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,  
 That hath made fatal entrance here,  
 As these dark blood-gouts say—  
 Thus Wilton !—Oh ! not corslet's ward,  
 Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,  
 Could be thy manly bosom's guard, 140  
 On yon disastrous day !"—  
 She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—  
 WILTON himself before her stood !  
 It might have seem'd his passing ghost,  
 For every youthful grace was lost ;  
 And joy unwonted, and surprise,  
 Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.  
 Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
 That I can tell such scene in words

What skilful limner e'er would choose 150  
 To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
 Unless to mortal it were given  
 To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?  
 Far less can my weak line declare  
     Each changing passion's shade,  
 Brightening to rapture from despair,  
 Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
 And joy, with her angelic air,  
 And hope, that paints the future fair,  
     Then varying hues display'd 160  
 Each o'er its rival's ground extending,  
 Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,  
 Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,  
 And mighty Love retains the field  
 Shortly I tell what then he said,  
 By many a tender word delay'd,  
 And modest blush, and bursting sigh,  
 And question kind, and fond reply —

## VI

*DE WILTON'S HISTORY*

" Forget we that disastrous day,  
 When senseless in the lists I lay 170  
     Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,  
     For sense and recollection fled,—  
 I found me on a pallet low,  
     Within my ancient beadsman's shed  
 Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,  
 How thou didst blush, when the old man,  
 When first our infant love began,  
     Said we would make a matchless pair?—  
 Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled  
 From the degraded traitor's bed,— 180  
 He only held my burning head,  
 And tended me for many a day,  
 While wounds and fever held their sway  
 But far more needful was his care,  
 When sense return'd to wake despair,  
     For I did tear the closing wound,  
     And dash me frantic on the ground,  
 If e'er I heard the name of Clare

At length, to calmer reason brought,  
 Much by his kind attendance wrought, 190  
 With him I left my native strand,  
 And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd,  
 My hated name and form to shade,  
 I journey'd many a land,  
 No more a lord of rank and birth,  
 But mingled with the diegs of earth  
 Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,  
 When I would sit, and deeply brood  
 On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,  
 Or wild mad schemes uprear'd 200  
 My friend at length fell sick, and said,  
 God would remove him soon  
 And, while upon his dying bed,  
 He begg'd of me a boon—  
 If e'er my deadliest enemy  
 Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,  
 Even then my mercy should awake,  
 And spare his life for Austin's sake

VII

"Still restless as a second Cain,  
 To Scotland next my route was ta'en, 210  
 Full well the paths I knew  
 Fame of my fate made various sound  
 That death in pilgrimage I found,  
 That I had perish'd of my wound,—  
 None cared which tale was true  
 And living eye could never guess  
 De Wilton in his Palmer's dress,  
 For now that sable slough is shed,  
 And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,  
 I scarcely know me in the glass 220  
 A chance most wondrous did provide,  
 That I should be that Baron's guide—  
 I will not name his name!  
 Vengeance to God alone belongs,  
 But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
 My blood is liquid flame!  
 And ne'er the time shall I forget,  
 When, in a Scottish hostel set,

Dark looks we did exchange  
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell , 230  
 But in my bosom muster'd Hell  
 Its plans of dark revenge

## VIII

"A word of vulgar augury,  
 That broke from me, I scarce knew why,  
 Brought on a village tale ,  
 Which wrought upon his moody spirit,  
 And sent him aimed forth by night  
 I borrow'd steed and mail,  
 And weapons, from his sleeping band ,  
 And, passing from a postern door, 240  
 We met, and 'counter'd hand to hand,—  
 He fell on Gifford moor  
 For the death-stroke my brand I drew,  
 (O then my helmed head he knew,  
 The Palmer's cowl was gone,)  
 Then had three inches of my blade  
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—  
 My hand the thought of Austin staid ,  
 I left him there alone  
 O good old man ! even from the grave 250  
 Thy spirit could thy master save  
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er  
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,  
 Given to my hand this packet dear,  
 Of power to clear my injured fame,  
 And vindicate De Wilton's name —  
 Perchance you heard the Abbess tell  
 Of the strange pageantry of Hell,  
 That broke our secret speech—  
 It rose from the infernal shade, 260  
 Or featly was some juggle play'd,  
 A tale of peace to teach  
 Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,  
 When my name came among the rest

## IX

' Now here, within Tantallon Hold,  
 To Douglas late my tale I told,

To whom my house was known of old  
 Won by my proofs, his falchion bright  
 This eve anew shall dub me knight  
 These were the arms that once did turn 270  
 The tide of fight on Otterburne,  
 And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,  
 When the Dead Douglas won the field  
 Those Angus gave—his armourer's care,  
 Ere morn shall every breach repair,  
 For nought, he said, was in his halls,  
 But ancient armour on the walls,  
 And aged chargers in the stalls,  
 And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men  
 The rest were all in Twisel glen 280  
 And now I watch my armour here,  
 By law of arms, till midnight's near,  
 Then, once again a belted knight,  
 Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light

## X

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!  
 This Baron means to guide thee there  
 Douglas reveres his King's command,  
 Else would he take thee from his band  
 And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,  
 Will give De Wilton justice due 290  
 Now meeter far for martial broil,  
 Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,  
 Once more"—"O Wilton! must we then  
 Risk new-found happiness again,  
 Trust fate of arms once more?  
 And is there not an humble glen,  
 Where we, content and poor,  
 Might build a cottage in the shade,  
 A shepherd thou, and I to aid  
 Thy task on dale and moor?— 300  
 That reddening brow!—too well I know,  
 Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,  
 While falsehood stains thy name  
 Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!  
 Clare can a warrior's feelings know,  
 And weep a warrior's shame,

Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,  
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,  
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,  
And send thee forth to fame !”

310

## XI

That night, upon the rocks and bay,  
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,  
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,  
Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,  
Upon Tantallon tower and hall,  
But chief where arched windows wide  
Illuminate the chapel's pride,  
The sober glances fall  
Much was there need, though seam'd with scars,  
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars, 320  
Though two grey priests were there,  
And each a blazing torch held high,  
You could not by their blaze descry  
The chapel's carving fan  
Amid that dim and smoky light,  
Chequering the silver moon-shine bright,  
A bishop by the altar stood,  
A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white  
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye 330  
But little pride of prelacy,  
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,  
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,  
Than that beneath his rule he held  
The bishopric of fan Dunkeld  
Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood  
O'er his huge form and visage pale,  
He wore a cap and shirt of mail,  
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand 340  
Upon the huge and sweeping brand  
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,  
His foeman's limbs to shied away,  
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray  
He seem'd as, from the tombs around  
Rising at judgment day,

Some grant Douglas may be found  
 In all his old array,  
 So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
 So old his arms, his look so grim

350

## XII

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,  
 And Clare the spurs bound on his heels,  
 And think what next he must have felt,  
 At buckling of the falchion belt !

And judge how Clara changed her hue,  
 While fastening to her lover's side  
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,  
 He once had found untrue !

Then Douglas struck him with his blade  
 "Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,

360

I dub thee knight  
 Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !  
 For King, for Church, for Lady fair,  
 See that thou fight !"—

And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,  
 Said—"Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,  
 Disgrace, and trouble,

For He, who honour best bestows,  
 May give thee double !"—

De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—  
 "Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust

370

That Douglas is my brother !"—  
 "Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so,  
 To Surrey's camp thou now must go

Thy wrongs no longer smother  
 I have two sons in yonder field,  
 And, if thou meet'st them under shield,  
 Upon them bravely—do thy worst,  
 And foul fall him that blanches first !"

## XIII

Not far advanced was morning day,  
 When Marmion did his troop array

380

To Surrey's camp to ride,  
 He had safe conduct for his band,  
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
 And Douglas gave a guide

The ancient Earl with stately grace,  
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
 And whisper'd in an under tone,  
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown"  
 The train from out the castle drew, 390  
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu —  
 "Though something I might plain," he said,  
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
 Sent hither by your King's behest,  
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid;  
 Part we in friendship from your land,  
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand"  
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke —  
 "My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still 400  
 Be open, at my Sovereign's will,  
 To each one whom he lists, however  
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer  
 My castles are my King's alone,  
 From turret to foundation-stone—  
 The hand of Douglas is his own,  
 And never shall in friendly grasp  
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp"

## XIV

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
 And shook his very frame for ire, 410  
 And—"This to me!" he said,—  
 "An'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
 To cleave the Douglas' head!  
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
 He, who does England's message here,  
 Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
 Even in thy pitch of pride, 420  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)  
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!  
 And if thou said'st I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—  
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age 430  
 Fierce he broke forth,—“And daiest thou then  
 To beard the lion in his den,  
 The Douglas in his hall?  
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?  
 No, by Saint Bude of Bothwell, no!  
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!  
 Let the portcullis fall!”—  
 Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,  
 And dash'd the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung, 440  
 The ponderous grate behind him rung  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume

## XV

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
 Just as it trembled on the rise,  
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim  
 And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours, 450  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers  
 “Horse! horse!” the Douglas cried, “and chase!”  
 But soon he rein'd his fury's pace  
 “A royal messenger he came,  
 Though most unworthy of the name  
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!  
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!  
 At first in heart it liked me ill,  
 When the King praised his clerkly skill.  
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line 460  
 So swore I, and I swear it still,  
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill  
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood

'Tis pity of him too," he cried  
 " Bold can he speak, and fully ride,  
 I warrant him a warrior tried"  
 With this his mandate he recalls,  
 And slowly seeks his castle halls

470

## XVI

The day in Maimion's journey wore,  
 Yet, e'er his passion's gust was o'er,  
 They cross'd the heights of Stanig-moor  
 His troop more closely there he scann'd,  
 And miss'd the Palmer from the band —  
 " Palmer or not," young Blount did say,  
 " He parted at the peep of day,  
 Good sooth, it was in strange array"—  
 " In what array?" said Maimion, quick  
 " My Lord, I ill can spell the trick,  
 But all night long, with clink and bang,  
 Close to my couch did hammers clang,  
 At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,  
 And from a loop-hole while I peep,  
 Old Bell-thē-Cat came from the Keep,  
 Wrapp'd in a gown of sables fan,  
 As fearful of the morning air,  
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,  
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied,  
 By Archibald won in bloody work,  
 Against the Saracen and Turk  
 Last night it hung not in the hall,  
 I thought some marvel would befall  
 And next I saw them saddled lead  
 Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed,  
 A matchless horse, though something old,  
 Prompt in his paces, cool and bold  
 I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,  
 The Earl did much the Master pray  
 To use him on the battle-day,  
 But he preferi'd"—" Nay, Henry, cease!  
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace  
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,  
 What did Blount see at break of day?"

480

490

500

## XVII

"In brief, my lord, we both descended  
 (For then I stood by Henry's side)  
 The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,  
 Upon the Earl's own favourite steed  
 All sheathed he was in armour bright, 510  
 And much resembled that same knight,  
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight  
 Lord Angus wish'd him speed"—  
 The instant that Fitz Eustace spoke,  
 A sudden light on Marmion broke,—  
 "Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"  
 He muttered, "'Twas not fay nor ghost  
 I met upon the moonlight wold,  
 But living man of earthly mould  
 O dotage blind and gross! 520  
 Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
 Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
 My path no more to cross—  
 How stand we now?—he told his tale  
 To Douglas, and with some avail,  
 'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow  
 Will Surrey dare to entertain,  
 'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?  
 Small risk of that, I trow  
 Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun, 530  
 Must separate Constance from the Nun—  
 O, what a tangled web we weave,  
 When first we practise to deceive!  
 A Palmer too!—no wonder why  
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye  
 I might have known there was but one,  
 Whose look could quell Lord Marmion"

## XVIII

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed  
 His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,  
 Where Lennel's convent closed their march, 540  
 (There now is left but one frail aich,  
 Yet mourn thou not its cells,

Our time a fair exchange has made,  
Hard by, in hospitable shade,  
A reverend pilgrim dwells,  
Well worth the whole Bernadine blood,  
(That e'er wore sandal, flock, or hood)  
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there  
Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
And lodging for his train and Claire  
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,  
To view afar the Scottish power,  
Encamp'd on Flodden edge  
The white pavilions made a show,  
Like remnants of the winter snow,  
Along the dusky ridge  
Long Marmion look'd —at length his eye  
Unusual movement might descry  
Amid the shifting lines  
The Scottish host drawn out appears,  
For, flashing on the hedge of spears  
The eastern sunbeam shines  
Their front now deepening, now extending,  
Then flank inclining, wheeling, bending,  
Now drawing back, and now descending,  
The skilful Marmion well could know,  
They watch'd the motions of some foe,  
Who traversed on the plain below.

## XIX

Even so it was From Flodden ridge  
The Scots beheld the English host 570  
Leave Barmore-wood, then evening post,  
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd  
The Till by Twisel Bridge  
High sight it is, and baught while  
They dive into the deep dale,  
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,  
Beneath the castle's airy wall  
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,  
Troop after troop are disappearing,  
Troop after troop then banners rearing, 580  
Upon the eastern bank you see

Still pouring down the rocky den,  
 Where flows the sullen Till,  
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
 Standards on standards, men on men,  
 In slow succession still,  
 And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,  
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,  
 To gain the opposing hill  
 That moan, to many a trumpet clang,  
 Twisel' thy rocks deep echo rang,  
 And many a chief of birth and rank,  
 Saint Helen' at thy fountain drank  
 Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see  
 In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,  
 Had then from many an axe its doom,  
 To give the marching columns room

590

## XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
 Dark Flodden' on thy airy brow,  
 Since England gains the pass the while,  
 And struggles through the deep defile?  
 What checks the fiery soul of James?  
 Why sits that champion of the dames  
 Inactive on his steed,  
 And sees, between him and his land,  
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
 His host Lord Surrey lead?  
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?  
 O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!  
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!  
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
 Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,  
 And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"  
 Another sight had seen that moan,  
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
 And Flodden had been Bannockburne!—  
 The precious hour has pass'd in vain,  
 And England's host has gain'd the plain,  
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
 Around the base of Flodden hill

600

610

620

## XXI

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,  
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,  
 "Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum !  
 And see ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill,  
 Foot, horse, and cannon —hap what hap.  
 My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surley's o'er the Till !—

Yet more ! yet more !—how far array'd  
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,

630

And sweep so gallant by !

With all their bannets bravely spread,  
 And all their armour flashing high,  
 Saint George might waken from the dead,  
 To see fair England's standards fly"—

"Stint in thy plate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,  
 And listen to our lord's behest"—

With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—

"This instant be our band array'd,

The river must be quickly cross'd,

640

That we may join Lord Surley's host

If fight King James,—as well I trust

That fight he will, and fight he must,—

The Lady Clare behind our lines

Shall tarry, while the battle joins "

## XXII

Himself he swift on horseback thiew,  
 Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ,

Far less would listen to his prayer,

To leave behind the helpless Clare

Down to the Tweed his band he diew,

650

And mutter'd as the flood they view,

"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,

He scarce will yield to please a daw

Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,

So Clare shall bide with me "

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep

Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,

He ventured desperately .

And not a moment will he bide,  
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride, 660  
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,  
 And stems it gallantly  
 Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
 Old Hubert led her rein,  
 Stoutly they braved the current's course,  
 And, though far downward driven per force,  
 The southern bank they gain,  
 Behind them straggling, came to shore,  
 As best they might, the train  
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore, 670  
 A caution not in vain,  
 Deep need that day that every string,  
 By wet unhaim'd, should sharply ring  
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,  
 And breathed his steed, his men array'd,  
 Then forward moved his band,  
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,  
 He halted by a Cross of Stone,  
 That, on a hillock standing lone,  
 Did all the field command 680

## XXIII

Hence might they see the full array  
 Of either host, for deadly fray,  
 Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,  
 And fronted north and south,  
 And distant salutation pass'd  
 From the loud cannon mouth,  
 Not in the close successive rattle,  
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
 But slow and far between —  
 The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid 690  
 "Here, by this Cross," he gently said,  
 "You well may view the scene  
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare  
 O' think of Marmion in thy prayer —  
 Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care  
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare  
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,  
 With ten pick'd archers of my train,

With England if the day go hard,  
 To Berwick speed amain  
 But if we conquer, cruel maid,  
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,  
 When here we meet again "  
 He waited not for answer there,  
 And would not mark the maid's despair,  
 Nor heed the discontented look  
 From either squire, but spur'd amain,  
 And, dashing through the battle plain,  
 His way to Surrey took

700

## XXIV

" — The good Lord Marmion, by my life !  
 Welcome to danger's hour ! —  
 Short greeting serves in time of strife —  
 Thus have I ranged my power  
 Myself will rule this central host,  
 Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
 My sons command the vaward post,  
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight,  
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
 Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,  
 And succour those that need it most  
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know  
 Would gladly to the vanguard go,  
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,  
 With thee their charge will blithely share,  
 There fight thine own retainers too,  
 Beneath De Bug, thy steward true "  
 " Thanks, noble Surrey ! " Marmion said,  
 Nor farther greeting there he paid,  
 But, parting like a thunderbolt,  
 First in the vanguard made a halt,  
 Where such a shout there rose  
 Of " Marmion ! Marmion ! " that the cry,  
 Up Flodden mountain shilling high,  
 Startled the Scottish foes

710

720

730

## XXV

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
 With Lady Clare upon the hill,

On which, (for far the day was spent,)  
The western sunbeams now were bent  
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
Could plain their distant comrades view 740  
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
"Unworthy office here to stay !  
No hope of gilded spoils to-day  
But see ! look up—on Flodden bent  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent "  
And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,  
Was wreathed in sable smoke  
Volumed and fast, and rolling far, 750  
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke ,  
Not martial shout, not minstrel tone,  
Announced their march , their tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come —  
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,  
Until at weapon-point they close — 760  
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ,  
And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air ,  
O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair  
Long look'd the anxious squires , their eye 770  
Could in the darkness nought descry

## XXVI

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast ,  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears ,

And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
 As in the storm the white sea-mew  
 Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,  
 The broken billows of the war,  
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave, 780  
 Floating like foam upon the wave,  
 But nought distinct they see  
 Wide raged the battle on the plain,  
 Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain,  
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain,  
 Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,  
 Wild and disorderly  
 Amid the scene of tumult, high  
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly  
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white, 790  
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
 Still bear them bravely in the fight  
 Although against them come,  
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
 And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,  
 And many a rugged Border clan,  
 With Huntly, and with Home.

## XXVII

Far on the left unseen the while,  
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle,  
 Though there the western mountaineer 800  
 Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,  
 And flung the feeble target aside,  
 And with both hands the broadsword plied  
 'Twas vain —But Fortune, on the night,  
 With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight  
 Then fell that spotless banner white,  
 The Howard's lion fell,  
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
 Around the battle-yell 810  
 The Border slogan rent the sky!  
 A Home! a Gordon! was the cry  
 Loud were the clanging blows,  
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,  
 The pennon sunk and rose,

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
It waver'd 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear :  
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear  
I will not see it lost!"

820

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—  
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,  
Follow'd by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
Made, for a space, an opening large,—

The rescued banner rose,—  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,  
It sunk among the foes.

830

Then Eustace mounted too :—yet staid,  
As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,  
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;  
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
A look and sign to Clara cast

840

To mark he would return in haste,  
Then plunged into the fight.

## XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
Left in that dreadful hour alone :

Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;  
Perchance a courage, not her own,  
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—

The scatter'd van of England wheels ;—  
She only said, as loud in air

850

The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—  
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,  
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"

With that, straight up the hill there rode  
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,

And in their arms, a helpless load,  
 A wounded knight they bore  
 His hand still stain'd the broken brand,  
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand  
 Diagg'd from among the horses' feet, 860  
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,  
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
 Can that be haughty Marmion !  
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
 Said, " By Saint George, he's gone !  
 That spear-wound has our master sped,  
 And see the deep cut on his head !  
 Good-night to Marmion "—  
 " Unnurtured Blount ! thy bawling cease 870  
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace, " peace !"

## XXIX

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,  
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare —  
 " Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hale !  
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again !  
 Cry—' Marmion to the rescue '—Vain !  
 Last of my race, on battle-plain  
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—  
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly, 880  
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring  
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring —  
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie,  
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield  
 Edmund is down —my life is left,  
 The Admiral alone is left  
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—  
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
 Full upon Scotland's central host,  
 On victory and England's lost —  
 Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly  
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die "  
 They parted, and alone he lay,  
 Clare drew her from the sight away

Till pain wung forth a lowly moan,  
 And half he mumu'd,—“Is there none  
 Of all my halls have nuist,  
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
 Of blessed water from the spring,  
 To slake my dying thirst!” 909

## XXX

O, Woman ! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made,  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou !—  
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
 To the high streamlet ran 910  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,  
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
 Sees but the dying man  
 She stoop'd her by the tunnel's side,  
 But in abhorrence backward drew,  
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide  
 Was cuddling in the streamlet blue  
 Where shall she turn ?—behold her mark 920  
 A little fountain cell,  
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,  
 In a stone basin fell  
 Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink weary pilgrim drink, and pray.  
 For the kind, soul of Sptil Grep  
 Who, built, this, cross, and well.

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,  
 And with surprise and joy espied  
 A monk supporting Marmion's head,  
 A pious man, whom duty brought 930  
 To dubious verge of battle fought,  
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead

## XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—  
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
 "Or injuied Constance, bathes my head?"  
 Then, as remembrance rose,—  
 "Speak not to me of shift or prayer!  
 I must redress her woes  
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare, 940  
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—  
 "Alas!" she said, "the while,—  
 O, think of your immortal weal!  
 In vain for Constance is your zeal,  
 She———died at Holy Isle"—  
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
 As light as if he felt no wound,  
 Though in the action buist the tide,  
 In torients, from his wounded side  
 'Then it was truth,"—he said—"I knew 950  
 That the dark presage must be true  
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
 Would spare me but a day!  
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
 And priests slain on the altar stone,  
 Might bibe him for delay  
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—  
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,  
 And doubly cursed my failing hand! 960  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand"  
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,  
 Supported by the trembling Monk

## XXXII

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound.  
 The Monk, with unavailing caes,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady's voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear; 970  
 For that she ever sung,

*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
Where mingled war's rattle with groans of the dying!"*

So the notes rung,—

"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—

O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine,

O, think on faith and bliss!—

By many a death-bed I have been, 980

And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this"—

The war, that for a space did fail,

Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,

And—STANLEY! was the cry,

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye

With dying hand, above his head,

He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted "Victory!—

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" 990

Were the last words of Marmion

### XXXIII

By this, though deep the evening fell,

Still rose the battle's deadly swell,

For still the Scots, around their King,

Unbroken, fought in desperate ring

Where's now their victor vaward wing,

Where Huntly, and where Home?—

O, for a blast of that dread horn,

On Fontenabian echoes borne, 1000

That to King Charles did come,

When Rowland brave, and Olivier,

And every paladin and peer,

On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,

To quit the plunder of the slain,

And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,

Afar, the Royal Standard flies,

And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies, 1010

Our Caledonian pride!

In vain the wish—for far away,  
While spoil and havock mark the way,  
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray --  
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"  
And placed her on her steed,  
And led her to the chapel fair,  
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed  
There all the night they spent in prayer,  
And at the dawn of morning, there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare

1020

## XXXIV

But as they left the dark'ning heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death  
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,  
In headlong charge their horse assail'd,  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their King  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring,  
The stubborn spear-men still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell  
No thought was there of dastard flight,  
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
Gloom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well,  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands,  
And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,  
Sweep back to ocean blue  
Then did their loss his foemen know,  
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
Dissolves in silent dew.

1030

1040

1050

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
 While many a broken band,  
 Disorder'd, through her currents dash,  
 To gain the Scottish land,  
 To town and tower, to down and dale,  
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
 And raise the universal wail  
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song, 1060  
 Shall many an age that wail prolong  
 Still from the sire the son shall hear  
 Of the stern strife, and carnage dear,  
 Of Flodden's fatal field,  
 Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
 And broken was her shield !

## XXXV

Day dawns upon the mountain's side —  
 There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,  
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one  
 The sad survivors all are gone — 1070  
 View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
 Defaced and mangled though it be,  
 Nor to yon Border castle high,  
 Look northward with upbraiding eye,  
 Nor cherish hope in vain,  
 That, journeying far on foreign strand,  
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land  
 May yet return again  
 He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;  
 Reckless of life, he desperate fought, 1080  
 And fell on Flodden plain  
 And well in death his trusty band,  
 Firm clench'd within his manly hand,  
 Beseem'd the Monarch slain  
 But, O ! how changed since yon blithe night !—  
 Gladly I turn me from the sight,  
 Unto my tale again

## XXXVI

Short is my tale — Fit Eustace' case  
 A pierced and mangled body bare

To moated Lichfield's lofty pile , 1090  
 And there, beneath the southern aisle,  
 A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,  
 Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,  
 (Now vainly for its sight you look ,  
 'Twas levell'd when fanatic Blook  
 The fair cathedral storm'd and took ,  
 But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,  
 A guerdon meet the spoiler had !)  
 There eist was martial Marmion found,  
 His feet upon a couchant hound, 1100  
 His hands to heaven upraised ,  
 And all around, on scutcheon rich,  
 And tablet carved, and fretted niche,  
 His arms and feats were blazed  
 And yet, though all was carved so fair,  
 And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,  
 The last Lord Marmion lay not there  
 From Ettrick woods a peasant swain  
 Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—  
 One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay 1110  
 In Scotland mourns as "wede away "  
 Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,  
 And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,  
 Close by the noble Marmion's side  
 The spoils stripp'd and gash'd the slain,  
 And thus their corpses were mista'en ,  
 And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,  
 The lowly woodsman took the room

## XXXVII

Less easy task it were, to show  
 Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low 1120  
 They dug his grave e'en where he lay,  
 But every mark is gone ,  
 Time's wasting hand has done away  
 The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,  
 And broke her font of stone  
 But yet from out the little hill  
 Oozes the slender springlet still  
 Oft halts the stranger there,  
 For thence may best his curious eye  
 The memorable field descry , 1130

And shepherd boys repair  
To seek the water-flag and rush,  
And rest them by the hazel bush,  
And plait their garlands fair ,  
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,  
That holds the bones of Marmion brave —  
When thou shalt find the little hill,  
With thy heart commune, and be still  
If ever, in temptation strong,  
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong , 1140  
If every devious step, thus trod,  
Still led thee farther from the road ,  
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom  
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ,  
But say, " He died a gallant knight,  
With sword in hand, for England's right "

## XXXVIII

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,  
Who cannot image to himself,  
That all through Flodden's dismal night,  
Wilton was foremost in the fight , 1150  
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,  
'Twas Wilton mounted him again ,  
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,  
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood  
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,  
He was the living soul of all ;  
That, after fight, his faith made plain,  
He won his rank and lands again ,  
And charged his old paternal shield  
With bearings won on Flodden Field 1160  
Nor sing I to that simple maid,  
To whom it must in terms be said,  
That King and kinsmen did agree,  
To bless fair Clara's constancy ,  
Who cannot, unless I relate,  
Paint to her mind the bridal's state ;  
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,  
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke  
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,  
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw , 1170

And afterwards, for many a day,  
That it was held enough to say,  
In blessing to a wedded pair,  
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

### L'Envoi.

#### TO THE READER

Why then a final note prolong,  
Or lengthen out a closing song,  
Unless to bid the gentles speed,  
Who long have list'd to my rede?  
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign  
To read the Minstrel's idle strain, 1180  
Sound head, clean hand, and pick'ing wit,  
And patriotic heart—as PITT!  
A garland for the hero's crest,  
And twined by her he loves the best  
To every lovely lady bright,  
What can I wish but faithful knight?  
To every faithful lover too,  
What can I wish but lady true?  
And knowledge to the studious sage,  
And pillow to the head of age 1190  
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay  
Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
Light task, and merry holiday!  
To all, to each, a fair good-night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!



## NOTES

### INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE TO CANTO VI

*Richard Heber* "Richard Heber (long member of Parliament for the University of Oxford) happened to spend this winter" (1799-1800) "in Edinburgh, and was welcomed, as his talents and accomplishments entitled him to be, by the cultivated society of the place. With Scott his multifarious learning, particularly his profound knowledge of the literary monuments of the middle ages, soon drew him into habits of close alliance. The stores of his library, even then extensive, were freely laid open, and his own oral commentaries were not less valuable. But through him Scott made acquaintance with a person still more qualified to give him effectual aid in this undertaking" (*i.e.* the production of *The Border Minstrelsy*), "a native of the Border—from infancy, like himself, an enthusiastic lover of its legends, and who had already saturated his mind with every species of lore that could throw light upon these relics" (*i.e.* John Leyden. See l 143, and n )—LOCKHART

N B Heber also introduced Scott to George Ellis

*Meiton House, Christmas* Meiton House was the seat of Scott of Harden. It is on the Tweed, near Dryburgh Abbey. The introduction to the last canto was written, says Lockhart, "during the Christmas festivities of Meiton House, where, from the first days of his ballad-rhyming down to the close of his life, he, like his bearded ancestor" (see l 95, and n ), "usually spent that season with the immediate head of the race." Cf l 94-5

6-23 *The savage Dane* *Iol*, &c "The Iol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones, and Torfaeus tells a long and curious story, in the *History of Hrolfe Kraka*, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable intrenchment against those who continued the raillery

The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees, are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says they danced with such fury, holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly plucked out, and obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for 'spoiling the king's fire'—SC N

N B *Iol* = 'yule' Cf *Icel* 'jól,' Dan 'jul'

17 *Scalds* The ancient Scandinavian bards

31-3 "In Roman Catholic countries Mass is never said at night, *except on Christmas-eve*"—SC N

45 "In a description of one of Ben Jonson's *Masques for the Court* we read 'Enter Christmas The names of his children, with their attire. . . *Post and Pav*, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with paus and paws, his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters'"—SC N

74-5 *Traces of ancient mystery* "It seems certain that the *Mummers* of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare, and the *Gusays* of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (*me ipso teste*), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot, the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbours' plumb cake was deposited. . . In all there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited"—SC N

89-93 *Its far-fetch'd claim* As an amusing example, take Baillie Nicol Jarvie's words to Helen MacGregor, when he "claims kindred with the MacGiegors"

"I dinna ken," said the Baillie, "if the kindred has ever been weel redd out to you yet, cousin—but it's kend and can be proved. My mother, Elspeth MacFarlane, was the wife of my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvie—peace be wi' them baith—and Elspeth was the daughter of Parlane MacFarlane, at the sheling of Loch Sloy. Now this Farlane MacFarlane, as his surviving daughter, Maggie MacFarlane, *alias* MacNab, wha married Duncan MacNab, o' Stuckavallachan, can testify, stood as near to your gudeman, Robin MacGregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred, for"—(But here he is interrupted)—*Rob Roy*, chap xxxi

95-106 *My great-grand sire . . . but kept his beand* "My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale

by the surname of 'Beardie' 'Beardie,' my great-grandfather aforesaid, derived his cognomen from a venerable beard, which he wore unblemished by razor or scissors, in token of his regret for the banished dynasty of Stuart. It would have been well that his zeal had stopped there. But he took arms, and intrigued in their cause, until he lost all he had in the world, and, as I have heard, run a narrow risk of being hanged, had it not been for the interference of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth"—SC *Autob*

96-100 *With amber beard, &c* "Mr Scott of Harden, my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are imitated. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Meitoun House, the seat of the Harden family

"*With amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air,  
Free of anxiety and care,  
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine,  
We'll mix sobriety with wine,  
And easy mirth with thoughts divine*

Pray come, and welcome, or plague it  
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott'

"*Mr Walter Scott, Lessuden*"—SC n

III *The fair dame* "The young Lady of Harden, whose marriage occurred in the autumn of 1795. She was daughter of Count Bruhl, of Martkirchen, long Saxon Ambassador at the Court of St James's. spoke her father's language perfectly, corresponding regularly with many of her relations on the Continent, and was very fond of the rising literature of the Germans. The young kinsman (i.e. the poet) was introduced to her soon after her arrival at Mertoun, and his attachment to German studies excited her attention and interest. I have often heard him say that among those many 'obligations of a distant date which remained impressed on his memory, after a life spent in a constant interchange of friendship and kindness,' he counted not as the least the lady's frankness in correcting his Scotticisms, and more especially his Scottish rhymes. His obligations to this lady were indeed various, but I doubt, after all, whether these were the most important. He used to say that she was the first woman of real fashion that took him up, that she used the privileges of her sex and station in the truest spirit of kindness; set him right as to a thousand little trifles, which no one else would have ventured to notice, and, in short, did for him what no one but an elegant woman can do for a young man whose early days have been spent in narrow and provincial circles.

When I first saw Sir Walter," she writes to his biographer, "he was about four or five and twenty, but looked much younger. He seemed bashful and awkward, but there were from the first such gleams of superior sense and spirit in his conversation, that I was hardly surprised when, after our acquaintance had ripened a little, I felt myself to be talking with a man of genius. He was most modest about himself, and showed his little pieces apparently without any consciousness that they could possess any claim on particular attention"—  
LOCKHART

131-32 *Noll Bluff* See Congreve's play, *The Old Bachelor* (1692-93) "Captain BLUFF 'Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted. But, alas! sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth'"

143-44 *Leyden* "This extraordinary man, born in a shepherd's cottage in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire, and of course almost entirely self-educated, had, before he attained his nineteenth year, confounded the doctors of Edinburgh by the portentous mass of his acquisitions in almost every department of learning. He had set the extremest penury at utter defiance, or rather he had never been conscious that it could operate as a bar, for bread and water, and access to books and lectures, comprised all within the bound of his wishes, and thus he toiled and battled at the gates of science after science, until his unconquerable perseverance carried everything before it, and yet with this monastic abstemiousness and iron hardness of will, perplexing those about him by manners and habits in which it was hard to say whether the moss trooper or the schoolman of former days most prevailed, he was at heart a poet." Leyden sailed to India in 1803, "raised for himself, within seven short years, the reputation of the most marvellous of Orientalists, and died, in the midst of the proudest hopes, at the same age with Burns and Byron, in 1811." He was invaluable to Scott in the preparation of *The Border Minstrelsy*. "In this labour," says Scott, "he was equally interested by friendship for the editor and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders, and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated

ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of what he used to call the *saw tons* of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity"—LOCKHART. N.B. (1) Leyden wrote from India what Scott calls "a furious remonstrance" on the subject of the "letter forged" by Marmion's order. (ii) An extract from his *Ode on visiting Flodden Field* is on the title page of *Marmion*. (See p. 21.) The *Ode* will be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*.

146 *Ulysses meets, &c.* See *Odyssey*, xi. 601-26.

147-48 *Ceneas Polydore*. See *Æneid* iii. 13-68.

157-59 *To Cambria. Blasted Tree*. The Welsh legend is too long for quotation. It will be found among Scott's notes to *Marmion*. (Note 4 G.)

161 *Maida*. An English victory over the French in South Italy (July 6th, 1806), which had a very important moral effect on the war. "The veterans of Napoleon had fled before the British steel." In *The Field of Waterloo*, speaking of the glory England had won, Scott says—

"On the broad wave its earlier lustre came,  
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,  
And *Maida's* myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,  
Where first the soldier, stung with generous shame,  
Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,  
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away."

169 *Franchémont*. Near Spa, one of the fortresses of William de la March, the Wild Boar of Ardennes. See *Quentin Durward*.

205-9 *Old Pitcottie the messenger from heaven the infernal summoning*. See IV. xv-xvii, V. xxv-xxvi, and the extract from Lindsay of Pitcottie, IV. xvii. n.

210-11 *The Monk of Durham's tale mail*. See III. xiv. 462, n., IV. xxii. 462-63, n., and *Border Minstrelsy*, Introduction to the Tale of Tamlane.

212-13 *Fordun grave goblin-cave*. See III. xix. John of Fordun (*temp.* Richard II.) wrote a history of Scotland, called *Scotichronicon*.

220 *Griple*= 'avaricious,' 'grasping' (from root of A.S. *gripan*, 'to seize')

## CANTO VI.

INTRODUCTION —(A) In this, the last canto, we have, of course, the winding up of the story. We shall expect to find in it all that has been left mysterious cleared up, and all that has been left in suspense settled for weal or woe. (1) One great question all through has been, Who is the mysterious Palmer?

We have already anticipated the answer—that he is De Wilton. The truth is now revealed by Scott to his readers, and becomes known both to Marmion and to Clare. We have De Wilton's history from the time of his overthrow at Cottiswold (st vi-ix), and in the course of it all that was mysterious about Marmion's encounter at the Pictish camp is made clear (St viii). Then we watch De Wilton ride off to Flodden to win fame once more, and after Flodden, "his faith made plain," the lovers are united (St xxxviii).

(11) But the chief interest centres round, not Clare and De Wilton, but Marmion dying on Flodden Field. The great baron is removed from the necessity of weaving the "tangled web" of deceit (See st xvii 532-33). In the hour of battle he forgets all but his country, and dies—

"A gallant knight,  
With sword in hand, for England's right "

—St x

(B) The battle scene at Flodden, where his hero meets death, is the finest of all Scott's poetry "*Marmion*" (as we know) "was composed in great part in the saddle, and the stir of a charge of cavalry seems to be at the very core of it." Most of all is this true of the story of the day of Flodden, composed, as we have seen (Intro. p. 19), while the poet rode on his charger within the beating of the waves upon the Scottish shore. Nowhere else in the English language is there a war-picture so full of life and fire as this. Like the old chronicler he tells us of,\* Scott's heart "never fails to overflow when he describes the encounter of a body of men-at arms—the waving of banners and pennons, the dashing of spears into the sides of chargers, and their springing forward to battle—the glittering of armour, the glancing of plumes, the headlong shock and splintering of the lances, the swords flashing through the dust over the heads of the combatants, the thunder of the horses' feet and the clash of armour, mingled with the war cry of the combatants and the groans of the dying." Here at least—in his battle scenes—he is without an equal among English poets.

N.B. To be compared with the description of Flodden, but inferior to it, are (1) the Battle of Beal'an Duine (*Lady of the Lake*, VI xv-xxi), (11) the Battle of Bannockburn (*Lord of the Isles*, VI xx-xxv).

I 2 *Each hour a varying tale* Cf V xxxiv 996-1021

3-4 *The demeanour changed bold* Cf V xxxiv 1031-32

5-6 *And, like the impatient steed afar* Cf V 1022-30

7-10 *That back again Herald should come from Tereouenne*

"In June or July, 1513, Henry VIII sailed to France with

\* Froissart

a gallant army, where he foimed *the siege of Terouenne* James IV now took a decided step. He sent over his principal *herald* to the camp of King Henry before Terouenne (see V liii 386-87), summoning him in haughty terms to abstain from aggressions against James's ally, the king of France, and upbraiding him, at the same time, with the death of Baiton, the impunity of the Bastard Heron, the detention of the legacy of Henry VII to his daughter the Scottish queen, and all the subjects of quarrel which had occurred since the death of that monarch. Henry VIII answered this letter, which he justly considered as a declaration of war, with equal bitterness, treating the king of Scots as a perjured man, because he was about to break the peace which he had solemnly sworn to observe. His summons he rejected with scorn. 'The king of Scotland was not,' he said, 'of sufficient importance to determine the quarrel between England and France.' The Scottish herald returned with this message, but not in time to find his master alive," *ie* not until after "the decisive battle day"—*Sc T of Grand* 1 180

N B (a) The approach of a decisive battle made Marmion's further stay in Scotland useless, for his orders were only to remain while any hope of peace still existed. Cf V xv 423-29. (b) *In leaguer* = 'in a camp besieging' (Terouenne) (Gl)

12 *The dame* Douglas's wife, the Countess of Angus

14 *Her sons*. Douglas had two sons with the army they both fell at Flodden. See VI lii 376, and V xv 434-35, n

II 34-6 *The Bloody Heart was in the Field*, &c. We have here a description in the language of heraldry of the famous coat-of-arms of the Douglasses (Cf I vi 82-7, n)

*Field*=the background in a coat-of-arms

*The chief*=the part of the shield above a horizontal line drawn across it, dividing the upper third part from the rest

*Mullet*=star of five points. It may be regarded as representing the rowel, or little wheel of a spur (Gl)

*Cognizance*=the sign by which they were known, the badge. (Gl)

"The well-known arms of the Douglas family are *the heart and three stars*"—*B Minst* 494

The 'Bloody Heart' was placed on the Douglas shield in memory of the expedition of the good Lord James of Douglas to Spain with the Bruce's heart. Lord James was one of Bruce's two greatest commanders (see st xx 609-10), and Bruce on his death-bed "desired his heart to be carried to Jerusalem after his death, and requested Lord James of Douglas to take the charge of it" (See V xvi 457-61, n). Douglas never reached Palestine. He landed in Spain on his way, and helped the king of

Castle against the Mooris During a battle he "saw a Scottish knight fighting desperately, surrounded by many Mooris, who were hewing at him with their sabres 'Yonder worthy knight will be slain,' Douglas said, 'unless he have instant help' With that he galloped to his rescue, but presently was himself also surrounded by many Mooris When he found the enemy press so thick round him as to leave him no chance of escaping, the earl took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it, as he would have done to the king had he been alive, 'Pass first in fight,' he said, 'as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die' He then threw the king's 'enemy, and rushing forward to the place where he was slain His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart"—*T. of Grand I* 86, 87

39 *A parapet's* . . . row, i.e. the upper part of a wall with battlements (*Parapet*, Gl)

45 *Bartizan* A turret in which an archer was stationed, projecting from the parapet or from the face of the building (*Bulwark* and *Bartizan*, Gl)

46 *Bastion* A projecting part of a fortification, intended to bring every point at the foot of the rampart as much as possible under fire (Gl)

*Vantage-coign* *Coign*= 'corner' (Gl) Cf—

"No jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor *coigne of vantage*, but this bud  
Hath made his pendent bed"—*Macbeth*, I vi

III 58 *For* is a conjunction = 'because'

66 *Main*= 'sea'

67 *Whitby's fane*, i.e. the abbey at Whitby (Lat *fanum*= 'temple')

71 *Frontlet* The small band worn by nuns on the forehead (or *front*)

72 *Benedictine* See II iv 69, 70, and n

74 *Novice* *Claire*, as we have seen (see II v 89, and n), was not a 'sister professed' She had not taken the vows which bound her to remain always a nun, in other words, she was a 'novice' (Gl II)

85 *Breviary* A book containing the daily prayers, &c., which all who are in orders are bound to read It contains in a *shortened* form the services of the early church, which were exhausting from their great length hence the name (See Gl)

96 *Fay*= 'fairy'

IV 106-7 *Devotion's tranced glow*, &c While the nuns pray, the warmth of their devotion throws them into a *trance*;

*i.e.* a state in which the eyes of the soul are opened, and it can see heavenly visions; *e.g.* the form of *S. Hildd* (l. 110), which was believed to appear at Whitby Abbey.

112 *Volaries*; *i.e.* (the nuns) devoted to her service.

115 *Sear'd* = 'made hard, and without feeling.'

*Scorn*; *i.e.* of Marmion.

118 *Him*; *i.e.* De Wilton.

120 *Grateful due*. 'Debt of gratitude.'

124 *Dark tyrant*; *i.e.* Henry VIII., who had said Clare should marry Marmion, and as usual was determined his kingly will should prevail. See II. xxix. 544-6, and n.

V. 131 *What makes . . . here*; *i.e.* 'What does . . . here,' 'why is it here?'

133 *Targe*. 'Round shield.'

*Corslet*. 'Body armour.' (Gl. V.)

*Helm*. 'Helmet.'

138-9 *Not corslet's ward, not truth, &c.*; *i.e.* Neither the strength of your armour nor the justice of your cause could ward off from you ruin.' (*Ward*, Gl. I.)

138-143 *Wilton himself before her stood!* The meeting between Clare and De Wilton is finely described. She sees the armour on the ground, the breastplate pierced. She naturally thinks at once of the fatal fight in which De Wilton fell, and then—De Wilton himself is before her.

147 *Strange wildness*; *i.e.* the wild look described in I. xxviii. 482-3.

150 *Limner* = 'painter.' (Gl. IV.)

VI. *De Wilton's history.* In the next four stanzas De Wilton tells the story of his life since his defeat by Marmion and the degradation that followed it. These stanzas should be most carefully read, for they explain very much that is strange and mysterious in Cantos III.-V.; *e.g.* (i.) The scene at the inn (explained in l. 216-235), and Marmion's midnight encounter with the supposed phantom. (l. 235-249.) (ii.) The defiance to the demon summoner who appeared during the interview between the Abbess and the Palmer. (l. 260-4.)

N.B. We have already guessed that the Palmer is De Wilton; but it is only now that Scott reveals the secret to his readers and to the principal characters in his story.

169 "*That disastrous day*;" *i.e.* the day of the combat in the lists at Cottiswold. See I. xii.; II. xxviii.

173 *Pallet*. 'A couch,' 'mattress,' properly of *straw*. (Fr. *paille*.)

174 *Beadsman* = 'pensioner'; *lit.* 'a man employed in praying for another.' (See *Bead*, Gl. I.)

179 *Flud* is p part, and l 179 is nom absolute See I xvii 272, n

181 *He, ze* 'Austin'—the subject being repeated for the sake of clearness (Cf I xviii 484-7, and n) De Wilton interrupts himself in l 175, after mentioning Austin's name, and now goes on with his story

185 *When sense retun n'd to wale despair*, ze when the fever left De Wilton's brain, and he could not endure the sorrows now brought clearly before him

190 *Wrought* (p part) 'Produced,' 'brought about'

192 *Weeds* = 'clothes,' 'dress' Cf V vi 168 (Gl V)

197 *For my reason fear'd*, ze feared De Wilton would go mad Cf I xlviii -lxxx, esp end of lxxix

VII. 212 *Fame of my fate*, &c, ze there were various rumours (or reports) of what had happened to me Cf V xxiv 998, and n

218 *Sable slough* = 'dark disguise,' ze the Palmer's 'black mantle' and 'sable cowl' (See I xvii 461-2) NB *Slough* = 'the cast-off skin of a snake' (cf Geim *schlauch*, 'a skin,' 'bag'), so it is very naturally used by De Wilton here He has thrown off his pilgrim life and its dress, and is a warrior once more

222 *That Baron*, ze Maimion De Wilton hates Maimion so much, that he cannot trust himself to 'name his name' (See l 223-6, and cf st x 286) For the way in which De Wilton became Maimion's guide, see I xlii -xlvi

228-29 *Dark looks*, &c See III v vi

231 *Hell* is nom, subject to *mustered*, which = 'arranged,' 'formed' (*lit* of an army assembling)

VIII 233 *A word*, &c, ze the reference to what was popularly considered an omen De Wilton alludes to his words in III xiii 217—"The death of a dear friend"—which caused Maimion such pain, and made the host tell the tale of the Elfin Knight (See III xiv -xviii) (For *augury*, see III xv 238, n)

233-249 The lines that follow explain Maimion's midnight adventure at the Pictish camp It was De Wilton that he met with there He had 'borrowed steed and mail' from Maimion's sleeping followers This accounts for the sorry plight of Blount's horse in the morning, and the disarrangement of the armour See IV 1 9-18

235 *Wrought upon his moody spirit*, ze 'influenced his oppressed spirit or soul' See III xlviii 537, where Maimion says— "Fitz Eustace! rise, I cannot rest,

Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast."  
(*Sprite*, Gl III)

240 *Postern door*, i.e. a small door, so placed that it was easy to leave the house by it unobserved (See Gl)

241 '*Counter'd*' = 'encountered'

244-5 *O then my helm'd head he knew* We have had Marmion's account of the fight already (see IV xvi, and n), and now we have De Wilton's. It is wonderful how Scott can put himself in the place of both, and realize what each would feel in such a case. Marmion, when he rides out to the camp, is so tortured with remorse and alarm for Constance, that he cannot help being carried away by superstitious fears when the

"Unexpected foe

Seems starting from the gulf below"

He never dreams that it is De Wilton in the flesh, and not a ghost, that stands before him. But De Wilton, of course, knows nothing of Marmion's state of mind. Scott can tell exactly what De Wilton must feel under the circumstances, just as he could tell exactly what Marmion must feel. "So, with an equally accurate insight into the human mind, De Wilton is represented as quite in the dark about Marmion's superstitious fancies, he believes that Marmion recognized him in the flesh, and that his enemy was cowed, not by preternatural terrors, but by the dread of an earthly vengeance

"Oh, then my helm'd head he knew,

The Palmer's cowl was gone"—DOYLE, II 6.

246 *Had* = 'would have' Cf IV xviii 372, and n

248-256 *My hand the thought of Austin's aid* name De Wilton spies his deadliest enemy, lying conquered before him, as Austin on his death bed had begged him, for his sake, to do (See st vi 203-208). It was indeed fortunate he did not kill Marmion, for it was from fear of Marmion that the Abbess gave De Wilton (the supposed Palmer) the packet which contained the proofs of his innocence. See V xviii 517-20, and xiv 677-82

N B Why did Scott mention this request of Austin's? Because it might otherwise have seemed unnatural that De Wilton should have spared Marmion. For he is burning for revenge; he rides out to meet his foe and yet he does not slay him when he has him at his mercy. That there was a severe struggle in De Wilton's mind, we know from Marmion's account. "Thrice" (he says) "o'er my head he shook the blade," and then Marmion prays to "good St George" for aid, perhaps thus turning the scale in De Wilton's mind in favour of mercy, for it is only then that the supposed phantom "plunges the sword in the sheath"—finally conquering the desire of vengeance with a mighty effort—and seems to melt away before Marmion's bewildered eyes (See IV xxi 441-6)

258 *Pagantry of Ill* The procession of demon summoners described in V xiv 718 *et seq* (Gl V)

261-62 *Faalty* *A tale of peace to teach* Scott himself thinks that very probably the demon summons, like the supposed apparition in Linlithgow Church, was devised by the opponents of the war, who hoped to play upon the well known superstition in James's character See IV xvi end of n

N B *Faalty* = 'skilfully,' 'adroitly' (*jeat* der from Lat 'factum')

263-64 *Appeal to Heaven I judg'd*, &c It was *De Wilton* then who interrupted the demon herald See V xvi 766-70

"But then *another* spoke

'Thy fatal summons I deny,

*Appealing me to Him on High,*" &c

We were not told at the time whence the second voice came It might, for aught we knew, have come, like the first voice, from "the spectie crowd" Note the poetic insight of Scott in this It would jar with the mystery of the vision if we were told that a mere mortal replied Besides, if the Abbess and the reader had known that it was the Palmer who had spoken, the secret would have come out that the Palmer was De Wilton himself (DOYLE, p 125)

IX 266-68 *To Douglas won by my proofs* This accounts for Douglas's coldness to Marmion (V xxiv 1031-32) De Wilton, by means of the papers he received from the Abbess, has proved his innocence and Marmion's guilt.

268 *Falchion* = 'sword' (Gl II)

269 *Dub me knight, &c* 'Make me a knight by a stroke on the shoulder with a sword' The ceremony is described in st xii—which see, and n, especially l 359-61

*Answer* Because De Wilton had been degraded after Cottiswold See I xii 185, n

270 *These, &c* the arms Clare had seen See st v 131-34

271-73 *Otterburne Dead Douglas, &c* The battle of Otterburne was fought in 1388 between Douglas and Harry Percy (*Hotspur*) Douglas had invaded England, and "penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned Hotspur lay in garrison In a skirmish before the walls, Percy's lance, with the pennon, or guidon, attached to it, was taken by Douglas—as most authors affirm, in a personal encounter between the two heroes The earl shook the pennon aloft, and swore he would carry it as his spoil into Scotland, and plant it upon his castle at Dalketh 'That,' answered Percy, 'shalt thou never!' Accordingly, having collected the forces of the marches, Hotspur made a night attack upon the Scottish camp, at Otterburne,

about thirty-two miles from Newcastle. An action took place, fought by moonlight, with uncommon gallantry and desperation. At length Douglas, armed with an iron mace, which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions, followed only by his chaplain and two squires of his body. Before his followers could come up, their brave leader was stretched on the ground with three mortal wounds, his squires lay dead by his side, the priest alone, armed with a lance, was protecting his master from farther injury. 'I die like my forefathers,' said the expiring hero, 'in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard, and avenge my fall.' *It is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a field*, and I hope it will be accomplished this night. With these words he expired, and the fight was renewed with double obstinacy around his body. When morning appeared, however, victory began to incline to the Scottish side. Harry Percy himself was taken prisoner. The number of captives, according to Wintoun, nearly equalled that of the victors. Upon this the English retired, and left the Scots masters of the dearly-bought honours of the field.—*B. Minst.* p. 165

275-77 *Every breach*. Cf. st. v. 134-37.

280 *Twisel glen*. 'Where the Tweed joins the Till' (see map, and st. xix.)

281-82 *I watch my armour*, &c. This was part of the preparation for knighthood. The watching generally took place in a church or chapel.

283 *Belted knight*. The belting on the sword was part of the ceremony of knighthood. See st. xii. 354.

X. 286 *This Baron* = 'Maimion'. De Wilton cannot endure to name him. See st. vii. 222-26.

301-3 *That reddening brow*. De Wilton's changing colour shows that not even with Clare would he find happiness, unless his honour were cleared.

307 *Red Earl Gilbert*. 'Stout Gloster's earl,' Clare's ancestor. See st. iv. 128.

XI. 314 *Embrasure*. 'A loophole or aperture with sides splayed (or slanting) outwards.'

319-22 *Though seam'd with scars*. *torch held high*. A little involved in construction. There were four torches. 'Seam'd' (l. 319) is p. part, and agrees with 'veterans' (l. 320). 'Were there' refers to 'veterans' as well as to 'priests'.

326 *Chequering*. Crossing with bands of another colour. (See IV. xxv. 525, n., and *check*, Gl. I.)

327-335 *A bishop*, &c. This was *Garwan Douglas*, son of the

Earl of Angus (l 328), and Bishop of *Dunkeld* (l 335) He did not, however, become bishop till the beginning of the next reign (A D 1515) He is one of the great names in early Scottish poetry Among his works is a translation of Virgil's *Æneid* (l 333)

N F l 329 *Shen* = 'bright' Cf 'satin sheen,' V viii 215 (Gl V)

*Rocquet* = 'rochet,' i.e. a garment of plaited lawn, worn by bishops (Gl)

331 *Pride of prulacy*, i.e. the proud bearing of a great bishop  
340-44 *The huge and sweeping brand* For the night of Douglas see the story of his fight with Spens of Kilsplindie (V xiv 388-404, n) The huge two-handed sword he used in this fight came into the possession of Lord Lindesay of the Byles, who thus speaks of it before Mary Queen of Scots "With this same weapon the same inflexible champion of Scottish honour and nobility slew at one blow Spens of Kilsplindie, a courtier of your grandfather, James the Fourth, who had dared to speak lightly of him in the royal presence They fought near the brook of Fala, and Bell-the-Cat with this blade sheathed through the thigh of his opponent, and lopped the limb as easily as a shepherd's boy *slices a twig from a sapling*" (Cf l 344)—Sc *The Abbot*, ch xvi (*Brand*, Gl III)  
342 *Wont of yore* 'Was accustomed of old' (*Yore*, Gl V)

XII 357-8 *A friend* i.e. his falchion (= 'sword') N B *Once*, i.e. when he was defeated by Marmion at Cotteswold

359-61 *Then Douglas struck him with his blade* The ceremony of knighthood is well described in this stanza He who was to be knighted received a slight blow on the neck with the flat of the sword from the person who dubbed him (as it was termed), and who at the same time spoke as Douglas does in lines 360 *et seq* It is worth noticing that it was not only a king who could confer knighthood The greatest princes sought to receive the title "at the hands of the worthiest knight whose achievements had dignified the period Thus Francis I requested the celebrated Bayard, the good knight without reproach or fear, to make him knight, an honour which Bayard valued so highly, that, on sheathing his sword, he vowed never more to use that blade, except against Turks, Moors, and Saracens There is even a case in a romance where the hero is knighted by the hand of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, when dead A sword was put into the hand of the skeleton, which was so guided as to let it drop on the neck of the candidate for knighthood"—(Sc *Essay on Chiv*) N B Of Deloraine we read, that

"Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword"

—See *Lay*, IV. xxi.

363 *For King* *far* "The oath of chivalry was lastly taken (in the ceremony of knighthood) to be loyal to God, the king, and the ladies"—Sc

379 *Foul fall him*, &c, i.e. 'evil befall' (or 'happen') to him who first shrinks from the fight (*Blanch*, Gl I)

XIII 382 *Surrey* The commander of the English army  
See st xxii 677, n

383 *Safe conduct* A paper (from the Scotch king) enabling Marmion to travel safely through Scotland, though war with England had begun

389 *Stoop* The word used of a hawk swooping down on its prey Cf I vii 287, n NB Douglas means that De Wilton has already left the castle See st vii 506-13

392 *Plain*='complain' Cf *Plaintiff*=complainant'

402 *Lists*='pleases' Cf I viii 108 (Gl I)

403 *Unmeet*=unfit'

*Peer*='equal,' and therefore here='associate' (Gl I)

XIV 412 *An 'twere not*='if it were not' NB *And, an*', or *an*, was formerly used in conditional sentences instead of *if*, or sometimes together with *if* (e.g. in IV iii 60) Cf

"No more of that, Hal, *an* thou lovest me"

—I *Henry IV* I ii

"For once he had been ta'en or slain,  
*An* it had not been for his ministry"

—*Lay*, II xlii

421 *Hold* 'Stronghold,' 'castle'

422-3 *Nay, never look upon your lord* He turns here to Douglas's followers, who, indignant at Marmion's defiance of their lord, only wait for a sign from Douglas to attack him

434 *Unscathed*='unhaimed' From *un*='not,' and *scathe*='harm,' 'hurt,' 'injury'

436-7 *Up drawbridge*, &c The way out of the castle is to be closed For the use of the *portcullis* and *drawbridge*, see I iv 54-7, and n., and *Lord of Isles*, V xxi, where it is said of Edward Bruce, when beginning an attack on a castle, that—

"Upon the *bridge* his strength he threw,  
And struck the iron chain in two,

By which its planks arose,  
The *walrus* next his axe's edge  
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,  
'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge'  
The gate they may not close"

(*Walrus*, *Portcullis*, Gl I)

439 *Rowels* = 'spurs,' lit the little wheel in a spur, set with sharp points (Gl)

441 *Grate*, i.e. the portcullis See l 437

XV 451 *Gauntlet* 'Iron glove' (Gl)

456 *A letter forged!* Douglas has heard from De Wilton of Marmion's treachery, and of the forged letters written by Constance at Marmion's wish (See V *xxxiii* 655 *et seq*) There is no doubt that Scott made a mistake in making Marmion a party to a vile forgery There is a meanness about the crime of forgery that does not seem to fit in with our notions of the proud knight Marmion, and of the scenes of chivalry amid which he moved There is here, then, a real blot in the story Byron laughed at this when he said—

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,  
The golden crested haughty Marmion,  
Now *forging scrolls*, now *foremost in the fight*,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace "

And Scott does not attempt to defend it "This gross defect," he says, "ought to have been remedied or palliated Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen" The poem, he tells us, was finished in haste, and he did not think it wise to make the correction after it was once published

*St Jude to speed* Cf III *xxii* 429, and n (*Speed*, Gl III)

458 *Liked* 'Pleased'

459 *Clerkly skill* = ability to write, which in those days was confined almost entirely to *clerics* or *clerks* (the clergy) (Gl III)

Readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember the surprise of Quentin's uncle on hearing his nephew could read and write "To write, say'st thou, and to read! I cannot believe it—never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Lesly either I can answer for one of them I can no more write than I can fly Now, in St Louis's name, how did they teach it you?" But then Quentin had been brought up by the monks (See *Quentin Durward*, chap vii p 448) So Deloraine, in the *Lay*, says the Lady need not caution him against reading the wizard's book, for "Letter nor line know I revei a one"—"not even enough," he goes on to say, "to save me from hanging"—*Lay*, I *xxiv* -end

461-3 *Gawain boy-bishop* For Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, see st *xi* 327, n

470 *Mandate* = 'command,' i.e. the order to his followers to pursue Marmion See l 452.

XVI 472 *Wore* Past tense of *wear*, used intrans (= 'to be spent')

478 *Parted* = 'departed' (F1 'partir

481 *Spell* 'Interpret,' 'explain'

486 *Bell the Cat*, i.e. Douglas See V xiv, and n.

500 *The Master* A name given, by courtesy, to the eldest son of a peer, in conjunction with the name from which his father takes the title e.g. 1 (here) the Master of Angus, 11 (in the *Bride of Lammermoor*) the Master of Ravenswood

497-505 *A matchless horse, though something old*, &c Blount, in his talk about the horses, is forgetting all about the answer to Marmion's question, viz, What has become of the Palmer? By this little touch Scott makes the brave but somewhat dull squire more real to us than by pages of description

XVII 515-537 *A sudden light*, &c The truth breaks upon Marmion, that the Palmer was De Wilton, and that it was De Wilton himself, and not a ghost, whom he had met in combat at the Pictish camp (See IV xxi) He sees at once his danger De Wilton has convinced Douglas will he also convince Surrey? Marmion has been false and treacherous, and now he does not know how to get out of the difficulty he has brought upon himself

518 *Wold* 'Down,' 'moor' See Canto III l 423, 440 (Gl IV)

520 *Dotage* Generally, 'the childishness of old age.' here, 'foolishness' Marmion's meaning is explained by l 521-3 Had he not been frightened, because he thought he was fighting with a ghost (see IV xx 414-20), he might have killed De Wilton, and rid himself of his enemy for ever

521 *As wont* = 'as I was accustomed to do,' i.e. 'with my usual courage and skill'

524 *How stand we now?* i.e. Let me consider what my present position is, and the danger from him

526 *His*, i.e. Douglas's Marmion now understands Douglas's rudeness See V xxxiv 1031-2, VI xiii 398 *et seq*

528 *Disproved* 'Proved to be false' (because Marmion had won the victory, when he and De Wilton appealed to Heaven's judgment in the combat at Cottiswold) See II xxviii 521-536

531 *Must separate*, &c Marmion had let Constance fall into the hands of the Church, thinking she would be out of his way in a 'convent strange' (III xi 246-7) But now that he knows De Wilton is alive, and dangerous to him once more, he feels he must remove Constance, who knows that he is guilty, and who indeed had actually forged the letters See V xliii 655 *et seq*

N B We must never forget that Marmion knows nothing of Constance's death, or of her confession

532-3 *O what a tangled web* . Marmion, we have already seen, has acted basely, but there is so much of noble in his nature, that he cannot be happy in success by evil means

"Conquest by that meanness won  
He almost loathed to think upon"

—V xxviii 829-30

A brave heart, like Marmion's, must hate the lie, for

"Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod"

Yet he now sees himself drawn on from one deception to another

534-7 *A Palmer too!* &c Marmion is thinking over the past, and his mind goes back to the scene at the inn (See III xiv) He knows now that the Palmer was the man he had so deeply wronged

XVIII 540 *Lennel's convent* See map

545 *A reverend pilgrim, &c* Patrick Brydone, author of *A Tour through Sicily and Malta*, published in 1773

546 *Bernardine brood* 'Followers of St Bernard' Lennel was a Cistercian house, and St Bernard (twelfth century) was the great glory of the Cistercian order of monks

554-56 *White dusky* Note the 'two strokes of colour' here Cf IV xxv 531-32 For Scott's love of colour, see IV xxx n, and *Lay*, VI xxiii

"The blackening wave is edged with white,"

where a sea-storm is painted in a single line, and entirely by Scott's perception of colour We are told nothing of the shape, size, &c, of the waves, and yet—there is the storm before us"  
—RUSKIN (*Pavilion*, Gl IV)

XIX 569 *et seq* *Even so it was the English host* . It is very important to understand this march of the English army. At first, as we have seen, the English were at Wooler, south-east of James's position on Flodden Hill (See map, and V xxxiv 1015, n) This hill is very steep on that side, far steeper than on the northern, so Surrey, having failed to induce James to come down into the plain, and being "distressed for provisions, was obliged to resort to another mode of bringing the Scots to action He moved northward, sweeping round the hill of Flodden, keeping out of the reach of the Scottish artillery, until, crossing the Till near Tynsl Castle, he placed himself, with his whole army, betwixt James and his own kingdom The king suffered him to make this flank movement without interruption, though it must have afforded repeated and advantageous opportunities for attack But when he saw the English army interposed betwixt

him and his dominions, he became alarmed lest he should be cut off from Scotland. In this apprehension he was confirmed by one Giles Musgrave, an Englishman, whose counsel he used upon the occasion, and who assured him that if he did not descend and fight with the English army, the Earl of Surrey would enter Scotland and lay waste the whole country. Stimulated by this apprehension, the king resolved to give signal for the fatal battle"—*T of Grand* 1 184

N B (1) A flank movement is a movement along the side of a position (11) *Barmore Wood* (See map) (111) *Twisel Bridge* is close to where the Till flows into the Tweed (See map)

583 *The sullen Till* The Till is a deep and slow river, as the following popular rhyme shows—

"Tweed said to Till,  
'What gais ye in sae still?'  
Till said to Tweed,  
'Though ye rin wi' speed,  
And I rin slaw,  
Yet where ye down ae mon (= 'one man')  
I drown twa '"

593-95 *Saint Helen' at thy fountain* "The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with *hawthorn*. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called *St Helen's Well*"—SC.

XX 601 *The deep defile, &c* at Twisel See st xiv

605-7 *And sees, between him and his land* . See map, and st xiv 569, n

608 *Knight-errant, &c* 'a knight wandering' (Lat 'errare') 'in search of adventures' (Cf *Don Quixote*) The line means that the king had too much of the spirit of the knight-errant—was brave and chivalrous, but no general. Pitscottie says that James refused to let his chief gunner fire on the English army while they were crossing the bridge, saying, 'like to a man bereft of all wit and judgment, 'I shall cause hang thee and quarter thee if thou shoot a shot this day, for I will have them all in plain field before me, and assay them what they can do'" This was a brave speech, but showed he was no general. The Bruce did not act thus at Bannockburn.

609-16 The great leaders in Scotland's struggle for her freedom against Edward I are here referred to

(1) *Wallace wight* (= 'Wallace the hero' Cf III xiv 508, and see *wight* (11), Gl III) led the revolt against Edward's rule in 1297 with great skill as well as great courage, though he was finally defeated by the English king

(11) *Bruce* won independence for Scotland at *Bannockburn* in 1314, when Edward II was utterly defeated. Bruce did not, like James IV, think a leader had only to be brave. He was a skilful general, and won Bannockburn by his generalship. By a sudden charge of cavalry he destroyed the English archers, who had caused the desert of Wallace's army years before, and then, when the English cavalry advanced, they suffered dreadfully because—

"In mid-space, *the Bruce's care*  
Had bored the ground with many a pit,  
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,  
That form'd a ghastly snare"

Lastly, when both sides were well-nigh exhausted by the fight—

"*Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,*  
The slackening of the storm could spy,"

and seized the proper moment for a decisive charge. See *Lora of Isles*, VI xxii–xxiii, *T of a Grand*, I ch x.

(111) *Douglas* and *Randolph* were the two great lieutenants of Bruce at Bannockburn and all through his wars. See *Marmion* V xvi 457–61, n, VI ii 34–6, n, *Lord of Isles*, VI xviii, and *T of a Grand* ch ix, "The Exploits of Douglas and Randolph," and ch xi.

XXI 626 *Hap* = 'happen'. *Hap what hap* = 'happen what may happen, i.e. 'come what may' (Gl I).

627 *Basnet* 'A light helmet' (Gl).

636 *Stint in thy prale* 'Stop chattering'. N.B. From *prale*, 'to talk idly,' is der *prattle* (*Stint*, Gl).

638 *Kindling*. Marmion is burning with delight at the approach of the hour of battle. We remember his warlike delight in the view of the Scottish army, when

"Within him burned his heart,  
And lightning from his eye did part,  
As on the battle day"

See IV xxi 580–85. Cf. V xxiv 1022–1030.

640 *The river* i.e. the Tweed. Marmion was at Lennel. See st xviii 540, and map.

XXII 652 *In the falcon's claw*. Marmion's crest was a falcon. See I vi.

657 *Leat*. A small stream running into the Tweed. See map.

659–662 *Headmost of all*. Marmion's boldness in venturing first into the river reminds us of Scott's own exploit in 1805. There had been a dreadful storm, followed by a tremendous flood, and the ford over the Tweed at Ashesuel,

where Scott then lived, was for some time after very dangerous to cross. "He was himself the first to attempt the passage on his favourite black horse Captain, who had scarcely entered the river when he plunged beyond his depth, and had to swim to the other side with his burden. It requires a good horseman to swim a deep and rapid stream, but he trusted to the vigour of his steady trooper, and in spite of his lameness kept his seat manfully"—LOCKHART, *Life*. For Scott's horsemanship see *Intro. Ep. IV* 204-5, n.

677 *Surrey* Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of Barnet (1471). He fought for Richard III at Bosworth (1485), was taken prisoner there, and imprisoned in the Tower by Henry VII. King Henry asked him "how he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant Richard," to which he answered, "He was my crowned king, and if the parliamentary authority of England set the crown upon a stock, I will fight for that stock, and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you when you are established by the said authority." In the rebellion against the king by the Earl of Lincoln, the Lieutenant of the Tower offered the Earl of Surrey the keys of the Tower, in order to set himself at liberty, but he replied, "That he would not be delivered by any power but by that which had committed him." After he had been in prison three years and a half, the king gave him his liberty, and knowing his worth and nice sense of honour, he took him into favour, and delivered up to him all his estates. The earl took all occasions of relieving the oppressed subjects, and was accounted one of the ablest and greatest men in the kingdom. We have already heard of his march into Scotland at the time when James took up the cause of Perkin Warbeck. (See I. xviii 298-301.) On that occasion James sent a herald with a challenge to him, to which he made a sensible and spirited answer. "That his life belonged to the king whilst he had the command of his army, but when that was ended, that he would fight the king on horseback or on foot." It was Surrey who had been chosen to escort the Princess Margaret to Scotland in 1502 for her marriage with James IV, and Henry VIII so depended on him, that when he heard that the Scots were preparing to invade England, he said, "That he had left a nobleman who would defend his subjects from insult." He was made Duke of Norfolk in 1514, and was a great opponent of Wolsey; but finding all opposition to the powerful minister vain, he retired from court. He died in 1524. (LAMBE'S *Notes to Flodden*, p. 1, 2.)

XXIII 683-84 *Thir marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west* . . . We must remember that the English had got between

the Scotch army and Scotland, and were therefore facing the south, as the old poem of *Flodden Field* says—

“The English line stretch’d east and west,  
And southward werc their faces set,  
The Scottish northward proudly prest,  
And manfully their foes they met”

N B This old poem, quoted by Scott himself, will be found useful to illustrate his account of the battle. It is called “An Exact and Circumstantial History of the Battle of Flodden,” and was written by an Englishman about the time of Queen Elizabeth.

685–89 *Distant salutation*. From the loud cannon mouth  
The effect of the English cannon is amusingly described in *Flodden Field*—

“Then ordnance great anon out brast,  
On either side with thundering thumps,  
And roaring guns, with fire fast,  
Then levelled out great leaden lumps

“With rumbling rage thus Vulcan’s art  
Began this fierce and dreadful fight,  
But the arch-gunner on the English put  
The master Scot did mark so right,

“That he with bullet burst his brain,  
And hurled his heels his head above,  
Then piped he such a peal again,  
The Scots he from then ordnance drove

“So by the Scots’ artillery  
The Englishmen no harm did hend,  
But the English gunner grievously  
Them tennis-balls did sousing send”

—*Fl F st 485 et seq* (LAMBE’s Edit.)

696 *Widz* = ‘welfare’ (Gl V)

700 *Amam* = ‘with strength,’ *ze* ‘as fast as possible’ See V ii 33–5, n

706 *The discontented look from either square* Cf st xlv 741–43

XXIV 710 *et seq* *The good Lord Marmion*, &c Spoken by SAUCY

713 *Ranged my power*, *ze* ‘arranged my force’ (= ‘army’) The following plan\* will show clearly the position of the various commanders.

\* FROM PINKERTON II 102

# PLAN OF BATTLE OF FLODDEN

Clare's position



Dacres  
Cavalry

Barley

Vice Admiral Stanley

Sir Edmund  
Howard

The  
Admiral

London  
Argyle

Clare's position

Crawford  
Montrose

Huntley  
Home

Bothwell

715 *Stanley* Cf st XLVII 798-803, LXXIX LXXIII  
 716 *My sons*, i.e. Sir Edmund Howard and Lord Thomas Howard, now *Lord High Admiral* of England, one of the commanders who had captured Barton's ship (See V XIII 383, n)  
 "Their divisions were separated from each other, but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own" (SC) See plan, p 359

N B Surrey's words to Sir Edmund, when he made him Knight Marshal of the army, are worth quoting—

"Chief captain of the right-hand wing,  
 To brother thine I thee ordain,  
 Now surely see thou serve the king,  
 And for his sake never think it pain"

—*Flodden Field*, p 67

*The vaward post* = 'the vanguard,' the opposite to 'rear-guard' (See GI)

717 "*Tunstall* perhaps derived his epithet of *undefiled* from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith" (SCOTT) According to the old poem, it was this Tunstall's father who won the title of "undefiled," for his fidelity to the Lancastrian cause at all events, the son had the same reputation When Stanley, on the march, sees his troops approaching, he says—

"Would Christ he would but take our part!  
 His clean and undefiled blood,  
 Good speed doth promise at my heart

"Blaze out, therefore, I bid you soon,  
 The Earl of Darby's banner brave,  
 By chance with us he will be one,  
 When it in fight he shall perceive

"But Tunstall took no heed that tide,  
 Without salt or sugar he past,  
 Upon the vanishing side

His faithful heart he fixed fast"—*Flodden Field*, p 44

For the glorious death of Tunstall, see st LXX 884, n

718 *Dacre* was "Warden of the West March" With him were

"The bows of Kendal bold,  
 Who fence will fight, and never flee,"

and— "All Westmoreland, both north and south,  
 Whose weapons were great weighty bills"

"No lustier lord was in this land,  
 Nor more might boast of birth and blood"

—*Fl Field* pp 9, 74

723 *The Admiral, &c Loid Thomas Howard.* See I 716, n

XXV 740 *Plain* (adv) = 'plainly,' 'distinctly'

743 *No hope of gilded spurs, &c* no hope of *being knighted* for their warlike deeds Cf I vii 95 and n

744 *Bent* A noun (See IV xiv 519 and n Gl IV)

764 *Portentous* 'Ominous,' 'fore-showing,' 'being the sign of dreadful deeds to follow'

768 *Recoil* The temporary falling back, when a charge has spent its force

*Rally* The re-forming and fresh attack of troops that have been thrown into confusion

771 *Descry* = 'discern,' 'make out'

N B. Scott makes the course of the battle clear to us, by placing us a little apart from it, at the side of Eustace, Blount and Claire, and making us see the fight with their eyes Cf the description of the siege of Torquilstone Castle, in *Iranhoe*, where Rebecca describes what is taking place to the wounded knight See DOYLE, 131-32

XXVI 773 *The shroud, &c*, &c "the clouds of smoke and dust" which hid the two armies See I 748-771

776 *Pennon* 'A knight's banner' See I iii 30, n and Gl I

777 *Sea-mew* A kind of gull N B There are some wonderfully fine similes in this part of the poem, esp in I 776-781, 814-8, 829-32

784 *Falchions* 'Swords' (Gl II)

785 *Fell England's arrow flight like rain.* See V i 12-18, n, for the prowess of the English archers

786 *Crests* Cf I vi 82-3, and n —

"Amid the plumage of the crest  
A falcon hover'd on her nest"

788 *et seq* *Amid the scene of tumult they saw* We must remember that Claire is supposed to view the battle from a hillock behind the English right wing, somewhere near the spot marked in the plan on p 359 When the Scotch made their attack the Admiral held his ground, but the extreme right wing of the English, under Sir Edmund Howard, was defeated, and it is in this conflict that Marmion is supposed to receive his mortal wound (Cf st xxii 677-682, xxvii 804 *et seq*, and Scott's notes)

N B The plan on p 359 should be consulted all through the stanzas that follow—to make Scott's account of the battle perfectly clear

XXVII 798-804 *Far on the left Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle* (See plan, p 359) Opposite the left wing of the  
2 A

English army was "a division of Highlanders, commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyll, and these were so insufferably annoyed by the volleys of the English arrows, that they broke their ranks and in despite of the cries, enticements, and signals of De la Motte, the French ambassador, who endeavoured to stop them, rushed tumultuously down hill, and being attacked at once in flank and rear by *Sir Edward Stanley*, with the men of *Cheshire* and *Tamworth*, were routed with great slaughter." Stanley then moved towards the right to attack the king's division on the flank. For this important movement see st xxix 888-890, xxxii 985 (SCOTT, *T of Grand I* 185).

802 *Targe* 'Round wooden shield' (SC) Cf V v 124

804 *On the right*, i.e. where Sir Edmund Howard commanded and Marmion fought. See plan and l 788, n.

806 *Spotless banner white*, i.e. Tunstall's. See st xxx 884, and n.

807 *The Howard's lion*. The standard of Sir Edmund Howard. Cf l 791, 886, and n.

811 *Slogan* 'War cry'. Cf V iv 73, n (Gl V).

815 *Penon* (Marmion's) banner, the rallying point for his followers in the battle. Cf Scott's *Halidon Hill* SWINSON (*log*)—

"There moves not then one pennon to our aid

Of all that flutter yonder."

823 *Bid your beads* = 'tell your beads,' = (lit.) 'pray your prayers,' 'pray'. See I xxvi 452, n, and Gl I.

827-8 *The fury youth, with desperate charge*, &c. "When men fought hand to hand, the desperate exertions of a single champion, well mounted and armed in proof, were sometimes sufficient to turn the fate of a disputed day"—SC *Essay on Crit* p 45.

836 *His* 'The steed's'. See l 839.

838 *Housing*. The ornamental covering placed over the horse. Cf I vi 91 (Gl I).

840 *And Eustace, maddening at the sight*. Eustace has a divided duty. It is his duty as a squire to obey Marmion, and see that Clare is safe. But it is also his duty as a squire to rescue the knight he follows if that knight is in danger. The sight of Marmion's idle steed destroys his hesitation. He must save the wounded Marmion, or die in the attempt. NB.—The following extract from Scott's *Essay on Chivalry* illustrates the devotion of the squires to their knight. "Lord Audley led the van of the Black Prince's army at the battle of Poitiers, attended by four squires who had promised not to fail him. They distinguished themselves in the front of that bloody day, leaving such as they overcame to be made

prisoners by others, and ever pressing forwards where resistance was offered. Thus they fought in the chief of the battle until Lord James Audley was sorely wounded, and his breath failed him. At the last, when the battle was gained, *the four faithful esquires bore him out of the press, disarmed him, and staunched and dressed his wounds as they could.* As the Black Prince called for the man to whom the victory was in some measure owing, Lord Audley was borne before him in a litter, when the Prince, after having awarded to him the praise and renown above all others who fought on that day, bestowed on him five hundred marks of yearly revenue, to be assigned out of his heritage in England. Lord Audley accepted of the gift with due demonstration of gratitude; but no sooner was he brought to his lodging than he called before him the four esquires by whom he had been so gallantly seconded, and the nobles of his lineage, and informed his kinsmen, 'Sirs, it hath pleased my Lord the Prince to bestow on me five hundred marks of heritage of which I am unworthy, for I have done him but small service. Behold, Sirs, these four squires, which have always served me truly, and specially this day; the honour that I have is by their valour. Therefore I resign to them and their heirs for ever, in like manner as it was given to me, the noble gift which the Prince hath assigned me.'

XXVIII. 846 *Reason*. Here 'mind,' 'brain.'

849 *The scatter'd van*; i.e. 'the lytle wynges' (as Hall calls it. See xxix. 886-7, n.) commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, and stationed close to the right of the main body of the *vanguard* under the Lord Admiral. (See plan p. 359.) It had been broken by the charge of Home and Huntley. Cf. st. xxiv. 716 and n.

867 *Sped*, pp. of *sped*. 'Despatched,' 'slain.' (Gl. III.)

870 *Unnurtured*. 'Not properly educated,' 'uncivil,' 'rude.'

XXIX. 872 *Doff'd his casque*; i.e. 'his helmet being taken off.' A nominative absolute. See note I xvii. 272. (*Casque*, Gl. I.)

880 *Yet my last thought is England's*. Marmion has sinned deeply through selfishness: now in his death he forgets self. Cf. st. xxxi. 938-39. Very fine is the poetic art of Scott here, "by the help whereof the warlike baron is dismissed from life whilst all the noble qualities of his nature are in the ascendant—like his wounds, it might perhaps be said, all in front." We pass away from the "heartless treachery against Constance" and "the miserable self-seeking that made light of crime and dishonour to attain its ends," and see only "the unselfish loyalty of a patriotic soldier and statesman, who loves

his country so deeply, that when her interests are at stake, even the terrors of the grave cease to appal him. Whatever may happen afterwards, it matters not. His last thought must be hers."—DOYLE, p. 137.

881-82 *To Dacre bid, . . . bring.* This is said to Blount. Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. (See plan, p. 359; cf. st. xxiv. 718-20.) Dacre acted as Marmion advises here. When Sir Edmund's division was routed, "the Admiral stood firm (l. 887), and Dacre, advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check."—SC.

883 *Hie* = 'hasten.'

884-85 *Tunstall lies dead . . . Tunstall's valour and glorious death are thus described in Flodden Field—*

"Then first before, in foremost ray,  
The trusty Tunstall bold forth sprung;  
His stomach could no longer stay,  
But thundering thrust into the throng.

"He still his foes pursued fast,  
And weapon in Scotch blood he warnied,  
And slaughter lashed, till at the last  
The Scots so thick about him swarmed,

"That he from succour covered was,  
And from his men which Scots had skailed;  
Yet for all that he kept his place,  
He fiercely fought, and never failed.

"Till with an edged sword one came,  
And at his legs below did dash;  
And near a score of Scots the same  
Upon his helmet high did clash.

"Though he could not withstand such strength,  
Yet never would he flee, nor yield;  
Alas! for want of aid, at length  
He slain was, fighting in the field.

"Down fell this valiant, active knight,  
His body great on ground did lie;  
But up to heaven, with angels bright,  
His golden ghost did fluttering fly.

"Who now, intombed, lies at a church,  
Carved out in stone to shew his fate—  
That though, by fate, left in the lurch,  
He died a death renowned and great."

886-87 *Edmund is down the Admiral alone is left* The Scotch, we are told, "by force caused the lytle wynges" (i.e. Sir Edmund's) "to flye, and the same Syn Edmonde three tymes felled to the grounde, and left alone saving his standard beaier, and two of hys servantes, to whome came Jhon Heron bastarde soie hunte, saying there was never nobleman's sonne so lyke to be loste as you be thys daye, for all my hutes I shall here byde and dye with you, and there the sayde Syn Edmonde Howarde was in great danger and jeopardie of hys lyfe, and hardelye escaped, and yet as he was goyng to the body of the Vantgard he met with Davy Home, and slew hym hys awne hande and so came to the Vantgarde Eastwarde" (of Sir Edmund's division) "was the lorde Admyrall with the Vantgarde, with whom encountered the eyles of Ciafforde and Montroos" (see plan, p. 359) "accompanied with many loides, knyghtes and gentelmen, all with spears on foote, but the Lorde Admyrall and hys compaignie acquyted themselves so well, and that with pure fighting, that they brought to grounde a great number, and both the eyles slayne"—HALL'S *Chron* p. 562

886 *Reft* = 'taken from me,' pp. of *reave* (cf. 'bereave'), really the same word as 'rob'

892 *Must I bid true?* The squires naturally hesitate to leave their master in his agony

N.B. *Varkit*, now a term of contempt, meant originally simply a young attendant. Marmion means, "You are my attendants, and must obey me" (Gl.)

XXX 905 *Aspen* The trembling poplar

908 *The pitious accents*, i.e. Marmion's. See l. 896-901, "Is there none," &c.

914 *Runnel* = 'a small stream' Der. from 'run'

930-32 *A pious man whom duty brought*, &c. Cf. *Lay*, V. xxii. xxiii. When Musgrave falls in the fight with Deloraine, we are told that

"In haste the holy Friar sped,

He raised the dying man"

And they bid him "haste ere the sinner shall expire

Of all his guilt let him be *shriven*,

"And smooth his path from earth to heaven"

931 *To dubious verge*, &c., i.e. close to the fight which was still undecided

932 *Shrieve* See l. 930, n., I. xxi. 362, n., and Gl. I

XXXI 934 *Lave* 'Bathe' (Lat. 'lavo')

938 *Shrift* Cf. l. 930-2, n.

939-49 *I must redress her woes*. Observe once more how, in his hour of death, the higher side of Marmion's nature wins

the mastery over the lower, and he forgets self. Just as he forgot his own fate, and determined to give his last thought to his country (see st. xxi<sup>l</sup>. 877-80), so now he forgets the loss of fame that will be his when the truth is known, and thinks only of making some atonement to Constance.

951 *Presage* = 'foreboding,' 'sign of some future event.' Marmion is thinking of the Palmer's words, "The death of a dear friend," and of the death-bell he seemed to hear at the inn, which the Palmer explained as above. See III. xiii. 217, &c. (Gl. IV.)

952 *I would* = 'would that!' 'O that!'

957 *Might bribe him for delay*. This line is explained by two lines (afterwards omitted) which appear in the original MS.—

"And all by whom the deed was done

Should with myself become his own" (*i.e.* the Fiend's). Marmion looks upon himself as about to fall into the power of the Evil One, for the wrong he has done to Constance. He longs for vengeance on her judges. He deems guilty "all by whom the deed was done;" and so he could offer the Fiend *their* souls, as well as his own, as a bribe for time to slay them.

959 *Curse on . . . lance*. Cf. st. xxviii. 867. "That spear-wound has our master sped."

*Marauder*. 'One who roves about in search of plunder.' (Gl.)

N.B. Marmion was wounded in fight with the *Borderers*. See st. xxvii. 811 *et seq.*

XXXII. 972-3 *In the lost battle*, &c. (i.) These lines occur in Constance's favourite song, the one sung by Eustace at the inn. (See III. x. 170-3.) "The ominous song is repeated here, as it rises up before the soul of the doomed sinner, with solemn effect."—DOYLE, p. 136.

(ii.) Scott seems to have known that his greatest work as a poet was this sixth canto of *Marmion*; for in his *Farewell to the Muse* (A.D. 1822) he recalls this scene, when he wants to give an example of what the Spirit of Poetry had taught him—

"'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,

To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,

And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,

And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain."

(iii.) The expression '*war's rattle*' (l. 973) is found also in the short poem of *The Maid of Toro*, written by Scott in 1806, about the same time as *Marmion*.

"All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,

With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fall,

Till the shout, and the groan, and the *conflict's* dread rattle,

And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale."

974 *So the notes rung*. Notice the fine effect of the very short line here.

975 *Avoid thee* 'Avaunt,' 'begone'

976 *Sand* The allusion is to the hour-glass Cf —

"The sands are numbered that make up my life"

—SPAKS 3 *Hen VI* 1 4

983 *et seq* *The war* Stanley' was the cry Marmion  
hears not the monk But the shouts of "Stanley!" tell him his  
advice has been followed ("Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,  
With Chester charge," &c, st xxix 888 *et seq*), and as he  
dies, his last thought is for the victory of "E 31-1"

984 *Saw it'd the gale* Cf "Came gale," at the  
end of l 972-3, n

XXXIII 995-1011 *For still the Scots, around their King,*  
&c. The Scotch centre, where the king fought, was now  
attacked on both flanks by the English We must remember  
that Huntley and Home, commanding the Scottish left (which  
in this battle was the '*forward wing*' of the Scotch army), had  
routed Sir Edmund Howard Home's men, chiefly Borderers,  
began to pillage, and Home is much blamed by the Scotch  
historians for not having hastened to the support of the other  
divisions of the army But it seems probable that he was held  
in check by Dacie's cavalry (See plan, p 359, and notes  
st xxix &c) Meanwhile the Admiral had routed Crawford  
and Montrose, and Stanley, on the English left, had beaten the  
Highlanders opposed to him, and now Stanley comes up on  
one side and the Admiral on the other to attack the division  
commanded by James himself "This division consisted of the  
choicest of the Scottish nobles and gentry, whose armour was so  
good that the arrows made but slight impression upon them  
They were all on foot, the king himself had pacted with his  
horse They engaged the Earl of Surry, who opposed to them  
the division which he personally commanded The Scots  
attacked with the greatest fury, and for a time had the better"  
Even when the English wings closed round them the Scotch  
fought here with "the most undaunted courage Uniting them  
selves with the reserve under Bothwell, *they formed into a*  
*circle*, with their spears extended on every side, and fought  
obstinately"—*T of Grand I* 185-6 (l 997 *Forward*, Gl)

999-1004 *That dread horn* Roncesvalles Roland or  
Orlando, the most famous of the *paladins*, or great knights of  
Charlemagne, commanded the rear-guard on the return of the  
Emperor from Spain, and fell into an ambuscade in the defile of  
*Roncesvalles*, in the Pyrenees He sounded his horn to give  
Charlemagne notice of his danger At the third blast it cracked  
in two, but so loud was the blast, that buds fell dead, and the  
whole Saracen army was panic struck Charlemagne hastened  
back to the rescue, but arrived too late N B (1) *Roland*

and *Oliver* vied with one another in feats of chivalry. On one occasion they fought for five days following, without either gaining the slightest advantage. Hence the proverb, "A Roland for an Oliver;" i.e. 'tit for tat' (ii.) *Paladin*. See Gl.

1009 *Flies*. 'Waves,' flutters in the breeze.'

1010-11 *And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies . . .* The following account of the fight between the Stanleys and James is taken from an alliterative poem called *The Scottish Ffeilde*. It is written in honour of the Stanleys, and its author was probably present at the battle—

"Wee mett him in the midway . and mached him full even.

Then was there *dealing of dints*: that all the dales rangen.

Many helmets with heads: were hewd all to peeces.

This layke (=game) lasted on the land: the length of fou  
houres.

Lancashire like Lyons: laid them about,

All had been lost, by our Lord: had not those leeds been."

XXXIV 1022-52 . . . *Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep, to break, &c.* "The English advanced on all sides with their *bills*, a huge weapon *which made ghastly wounds* (See l. 1031, and l. viii. 104, n.) But they could not force the Scots either to break or retire, although the carnage among them was dreadful. James himself died amid his warlike peers and loyal gentry. He was twice wounded with arrows, and at length despatched with a bill. Night fell without the battle being absolutely decided, for the Scottish centre kept their ground, and Home and Dacre held each other at bay. But during the night the remainder of the Scottish army died off in silent despair from the bloody field, on which they left their king and their choicest nobles and gentlemen."—Sc. *T. of Grand*.

1038 *Serried*. 'Close knit,' 'compact.' (Gl.)

*Phalanx*. A body of spearmen in close order, as in the Macedonian armies.

1039-40 *Groom fought like noble . . . well*. The devoted bravery of the Scotch is well illustrated by the ballad of *The Laird of Muirhead*, which Scott explains as referring to this battle.

"Afore the king in order stude

The stout laird of Muirhead,

Wi' that same twa-hand muckle sword

That Bastram fell'd stark dead.

"He sware he wadna lose his right

To fight in ilka field;

Nor budge him from his liege's sight,

Till his last gasp should yield.

"Twa hundre mair, of his ain name  
 Fiae Torwood and the Clyde,  
 Sware they would never gang to hame,  
 But a' die by his syde

"And wondrous weel they kept their troth,  
 This sturdy royal band  
 Rush'd down the biae, wi' sic a pith,  
 That nane could them withstand

"Mony a bloody blow they dealt,  
 The like was never seen,  
 And hadna that braw leader fall'n,  
 They ne'er had slain the king"—*B Minst* 86

1048-1059 *Their loss red Flodden* "The victors had about five thousand men slain, the Scots twice that number at least But the loss lay not so much in the number of the slain as in their rank and quality The English lost very few men of distinction The Scots left on the field the king, two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thutteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers The number of gentlemen slain was beyond calculation Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden, and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow" (Sc *T of Grand* 186, and n) Aytoun, in his ballad of *Edinburgh after Flodden*, has given us a fine picture of the reception of the dreadful news at the Scottish capital

1060 *Tune and song, e.g. The Flowers of the Forest* See st xxxvi 1110, n

N B Speaking of this stanza, Sir Francis Doyle says "Where, out of Homer, will you find so grand a song of battle? And it is all the grander to us, because it is not a hymn of victory, but of sublime defiance under the frowns of hostile fortune The finest statue in the last Paris Exhibition was one of a dying soldier He still grasps the broken sword, he still confronts in the spirit those implacable enemies, whom his nerveless arm and perishing body can no longer struggle against in the flesh Upon the pedestal of this statue these memorable words are inscribed, 'Gloria Victis' Actuated by feelings akin to those of the French sculptor, the greatest among Scotchmen has shed a pathetic light upon the ruins of a terrible national disaster"

XXXV 1071-81 *View not that corpse mistrustfully*  
 "The Scots were much disposed to dispute the fact that James IV had fallen on Flodden Field Some said he had retired from the kingdom, and made a pilgrimage to Jeru-

*salem* Others pretended that in the twilight, when the fight was nigh ended, four tall horsemen came into the field, having each a bunch of straw on the point of their spears, as a token for them to know each other by. They said these men mounted the king on a dun hackney, and that he was seen to cross the Tweed with them at nightfall. Nobody pretended to say what they did with him, but *it was believed he was murdered in Home Castle*, and I recollect, about forty years since, that there was a report that, in cleaning the draw well of that rumous fortress, the workmen found a skeleton wrapt in a bull's hide, and having a belt of iron round the waist. There was, however, no truth in this rumour. It was the absence of this belt of iron which the Scots founded upon to prove that the body of James could not have fallen into the hands of the English, since they either had not that token to show, or did not produce it. But all these are idle fables. The reports are contrary to common-sense. Lord Home was the chamberlain of James IV, and high in his confidence. He had nothing whatever to gain by the king's death. The consequence of James's death proved, in fact, to be the earl's ruin. It seems true that the king usually wore the belt of iron in token of his repentance for his father's death, and the share he had in it. But it is not unlikely that he would lay aside such a cumbrous article of penance in a day of battle, or the English, when they despoiled his person, may have thrown it aside as of no value. The body which the English affirm to have been that of James was found on the field by Lord Dacre, and carried by him to Berwick, and presented to Surrey. Both of these lords knew James's person too well to be mistaken. The body was also acknowledged by his two favourite attendants, who wept at beholding it. — *SCOT of a Grand* 1 186-7 1082-4 *And will in death firm clench'd* "No one failed him," says Randolph Murray, who brought the news of the great defeat to Edinburgh.

"He is keeping  
Royal state and semblance still,  
Knight and noble lie around him,  
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill

As the wolves in winter circle  
Round the leagner on the hearth,  
So the greedy foe glared upward,  
Panting still for blood and death  
But a rampart rose before them,  
Which the boldest dared not scale  
Every stone a Scottish body,  
Every step a corpse in mail!

*And behind it lay our monarch,  
Clenching still his shir and sword  
By his side Montrose and Athole,  
At his feet a southerland "*

—A1 FOUN, *Edinburgh after Flodden*

1085 *Yon blithe micht* See V vii et seq

XXXVI 1095-8 *When fanatic Brook the fair cathedral storm'd* . "The storm of Lichfield Cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the king, took place in the great Civil War Lord Brook, who with Sir John Gill commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet The royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St Chad's Cathedral, and upon St Chad's day, and received his death wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this and other occasions, the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers"—SC n

1097 *St Chad*, or *Cerdla*, was at one time a monk at Holy Island He was the fifth bishop of the Mercians (669-72), but the first whose see was fixed at Lichfield

1098 *Guendon meet* 'Fitting reward' (*Guendon*, Gl)

1099 *Eist* 'Formerly' (Gl V)

1100 *Corchant* (a heraldic term See *Couch*, Gl. I) '*Lying down with the head raised*'

1102 *Scutcheon* 'Shield' Cf I xi 152, n (Gl I)

1110-11 *One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay* Scott here refers to the ballad of *The Flowers of the Forest*, which describes the desolation of Scotland after Flodden The following are three of its six stanzas—

"I've heard them liling, at the ewe-milking,  
Lasses a' liling, before dawn of day,  
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,  
*The flowers of the forest are a' wude awae*

"~~Doel~~ and wae for the oider, sent our lads to the Border '  
The English, for unce, by guile wan the day  
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
The prime of our land, we cauld in the clay

"We'll hear nae mae liling, at the ewe-milking,  
Women and banns are heartless and wae  
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—  
The flowers of the forest are a' wude awae"

—*B Minst* p. 83-4.

N B (1) Lines 1 and 4 of the above are really ancient The rest is modern, and was written by a Scottish lady in happy imitation of the manner of the ancient minstrels

(11) *The forest* = Ettrick Foirest (l 1108) or Selkirkshire, "the inhabitants of which suffered a distinguished share in the calamities accompanying the fatal battle of Flodden" (Foi Ettrick Forest, see Introd Ep II 1-21)

(11) *Wede away* (l 1111) = 'weeded out'—Sc

XXXVII 1138 *With thy heart commune* . See *Psalms*

4 "Stand in awe, and sin not, *commune with*," &c

N B *Commune*, from Lat 'communicare'

XXXVIII 1147 *Dull elf* 'Dull fellow,' 'simpleton,' 'oaf'

N B The word 'oaf' is merely a Scand form of 'elf' (Gl III)

1155 *Hollinshead or Hall* English chroniclers, who lived in the sixteenth century, used by Shakspeare in writing his historical plays

N B An extract from Hall's account of the battle of Flodden is given at st xxix 886, n

1157 *His faith*, *ie* his good faith, his innocence of the treason Marmion accused him of

1159-60 *Charged his shield with bearings won* . *ie* in the same way that Surrey did, who received from his king, when he returned from France, "an augmentation of his arms, viz, to bear on the bend the upper part of a red lion, depicted in the same manner as the arms of Scotland, pierced through the mouth with an arrow"

*L'Envoy*. "A sort of postscript sent with poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call the moral of them"—TYRWHITT

1178 *Listed* = 'listened' (See *List*, 111, Gl I) *Rede*, from A S, *1æd*, 'advice,' 'opinion'

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO VI.

**bartizan.** Of the same origin as *brattice*, 'wooden planks to support a wall or roof,' from O F *bridesche*, 'a small wooden outwork,' &c, probably from Germ *bratt*, 'a board,' 'plank'

**basnet** (or *basenet*), 'a light helmet,' from O F *basnet*, so called because formed like a small basin, dimin of O F *basin*, 'a basin,' a word of Celtic origin, meaning 'a hollow'

**bastion**, through F, from Ital *bastire*, connected with O F *bastir* (Mod F *bâti*), 'to build' (See *Battled*, Gl I)

**blench**, 'to start back,' 'flinch,' der through M E *blench* n, 'to turn aside,' from A S *blencan*, 'to deceive' N B It originally meant 'to make to blink' (just as *drench* means 'to make to drink'), hence 'to impose upon,' 'to deceive,' but it was often confused with *blink*, as if it meant 'to wink,' and hence 'to flinch'

**breviary**, dei through F. from Lat *brevis*, 'short.' Cf *brief*

**bulwark**, 'a rampart,' from Scand *bul*, 'a stem,' 'stump,' 'log of a tree,' and *verk*, 'work' *Bulwark* therefore=*bole-work*, i e (*lit*) 'a fort made of the stumps of felled trees'

**cognizance**, der through O F *connaissance*, from Lat *cognoscere*, 'to know' N B A *g* was again inserted in the word at a later time, to make it agree more closely with the Latin

**coign**, through F, from Lat *cuneus*, 'a wedge' It is the same word as *coin*, 'stamped money,' so called because stamped by means of a wedge

**gauntlet**, 'an iron glove,' from O F *gant el et*, dimin of O F *gant*, 'a glove' A word of Scand. origin

**guerdon**, 'a reward,' dei through O F from Low Lat *widerdonum*, a hybrid made up of O H G *wider* (=Mod G *wider*), 'against,' 'back again,' and Lat *donum*, 'a gift.'

**leaguer**, 'a camp,' especially of a besieging army, from a Dutch word *leger*, 'a bed,' 'camp,' which=Eng *lay* Cf *beleaguer*, 'to besiege' N B *Leger* is from a word allied to Eng *lay*

**marauder** The verb *maraud* is from Ff *maraud*, 'a rogue,' 'vagrabond,' which is probably from O F *marir*, 'to stray,' 'wander,' with suffix *-aud*, expressing the agent

**mitie**, der through F and Lat from Gk *μῆτρα*, 'a belt,' 'head band,' 'fillet,' which is perhaps allied to *μῆτρος*, 'a thread'

**mullet**, from O F *moultte*, 'the rowl of a spur,' der from It *mola*, 'a mill' N B From meaning 'the wheel of a water-mill,' the word came to mean any wheel, including the little wheel or 'rowl' of a spur

**paladin** properly denotes a knight of a *palace* or royal household, der through F and Ital from Lat *palatinus*

**parapet**, through F from Ital *para-petto*, where *para*=Lat *parere*, 'to adorn,' 'protect,' *petto*=Lat *pectus*, 'the breast,' Hence *parapet* means *lit* 'a protection for the breast,' hence 'a wall breast high'

**postern**, der through O F *postern*, *postern*, from late Lat *posterula*, 'a small back-door,' from *posterus*, 'behind'

**rocquet**, commonly spelt *rochet*, 'a kind of surplice worn by bishops,' der through F from O II G *roch*, *huch*, 'a coat,' 'frock'

**rowel**, der through F *roulle*, from Low Lat *rolla*, 'a little wheel,' dimin of *rota*, 'a wheel'

**seiried**, 'crowded,' 'pressed together,' der through F *serre*, 'to press together,' 'lock,' and Low Lat *serre*, 'to bolt,' from Lat *serre*, 'to join or bind together'

**stint**, from M E *stinken*, generally trans, 'to cause to cease,' but also intrans, 'to pause,' from A S *stytan*, a causal verb, formed by vowel change from A S adj *stunt*, meaning 'short of wit,' 'dull,' 'stupid'

**variet**, from O F *variet* (older spelling *vasket*), 'a groom,' also 'a stripling,' 'a youth' *Vasket* is for *vassal* it, dimin of O F *varial* (of Celtic origin)

**vaward, vanguard** *Van-guard* is der from O F *avant garde*, later *avant-garde*, 'the vanguard of an army,' where *avant*=Low Lat *ab ante*, 'before' N B *avant* is ~~not~~ = *vanguard*, *guard* being merely the Teut *ward* in a French form. Cf *garde*, *ware*, &c

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